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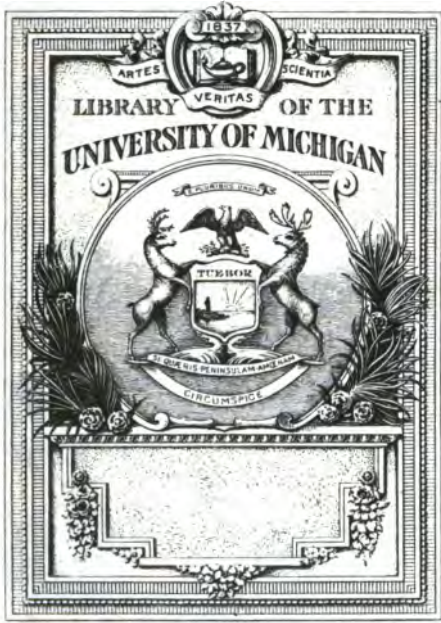
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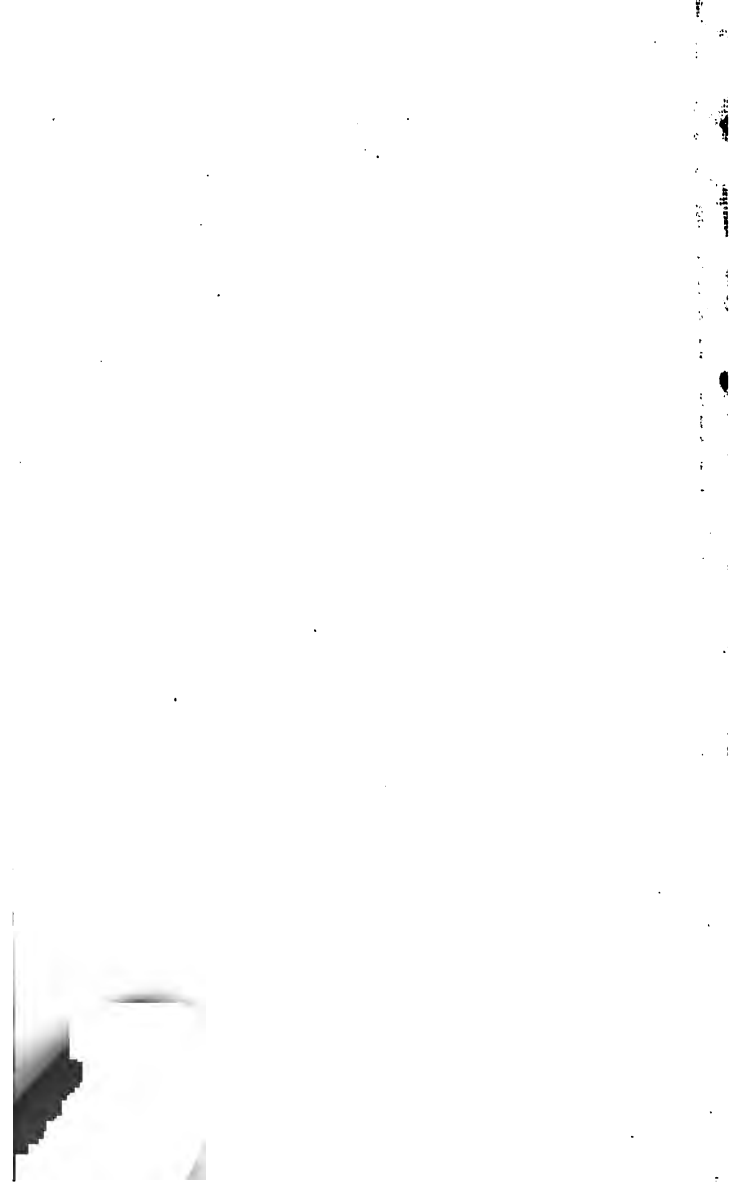
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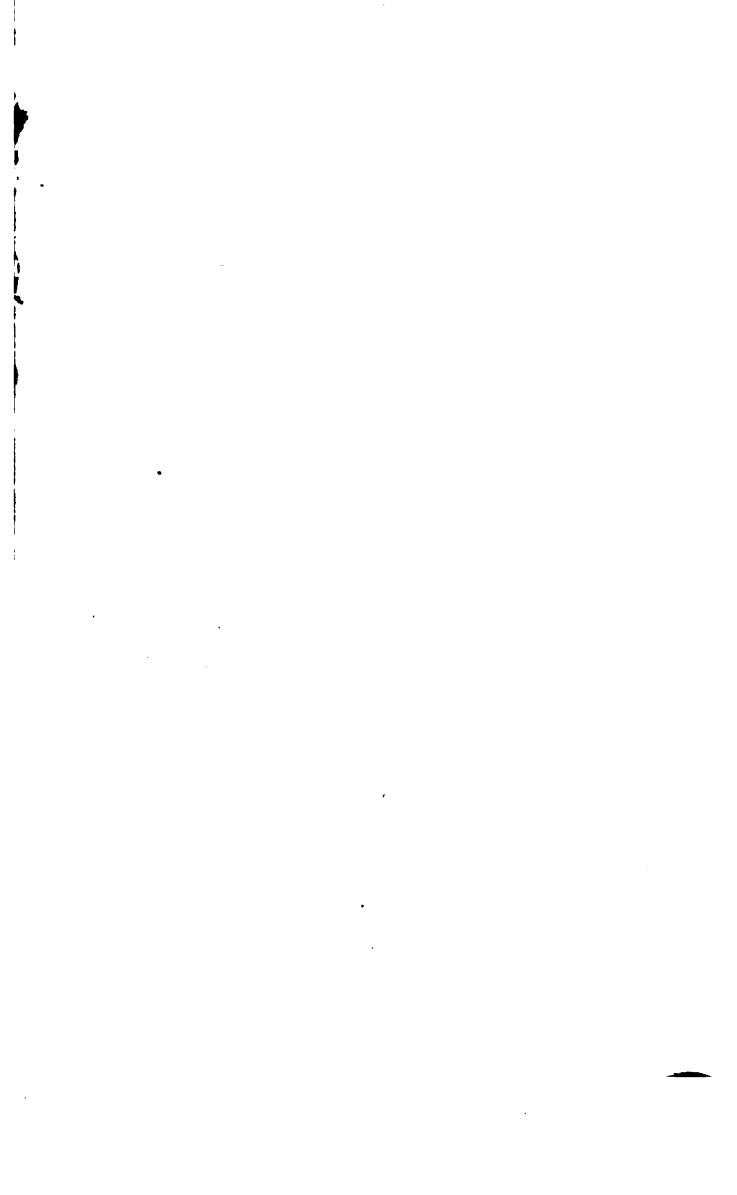
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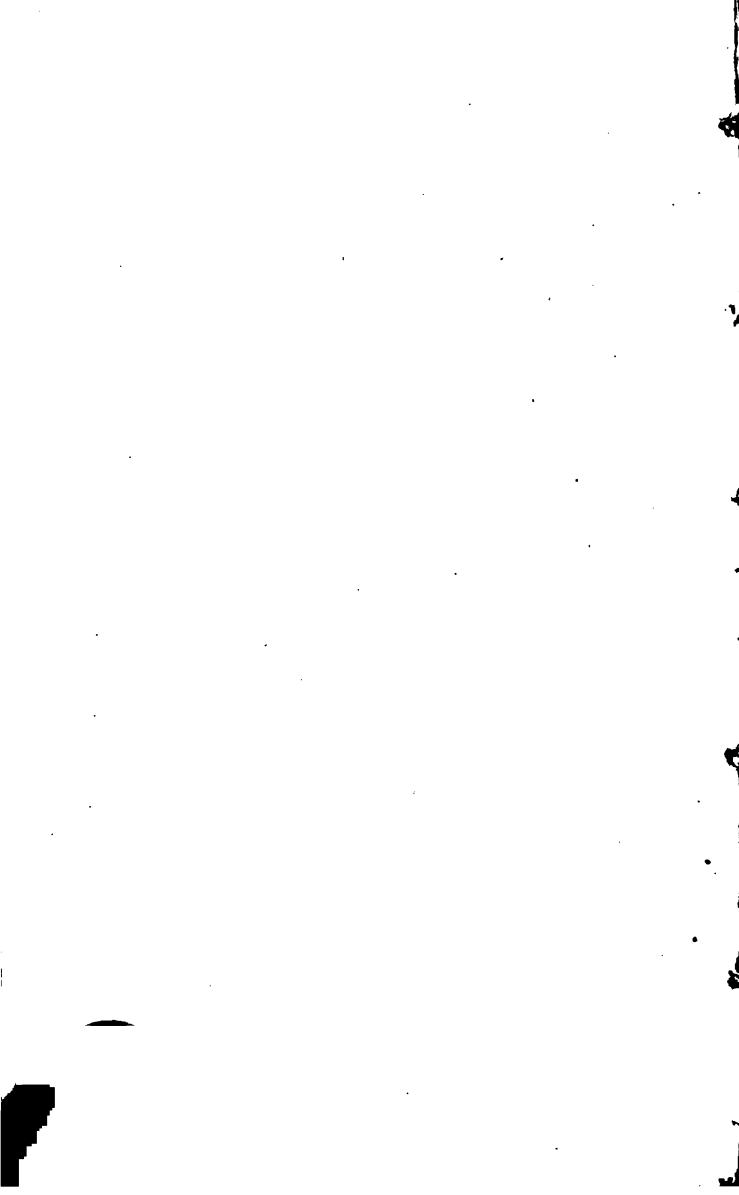
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## NOTICES OF THE FIRST EDITION

OF

## PATRICK WELWOOD.

---

“ ‘Patrick Welwood’ is a valuable contribution to a department of literature, an ignorance of which is the source of much of that indifference and hostility to the church of our fathers, which are now too prevalent, and a better early acquaintance with which would certainly have preserved many in these days from indulging in much ignorant and insolent remark on that venerable institution. We hail it as not the least effective of those numerous powerful publications now in extensive circulation, that exhibit to our countrymen their invaluable ecclesiastical privileges, and are so well calculated to unite them in calm and firm resistance to all unscriptural encroachment on the free Kirk of Scotland.”—*Witness*.

“ This is a heart-stirring, and most affecting story of the sufferings of our martyred forefathers, in the times of prelatical persecution. We have met with nothing of the kind to be compared with it, if we except the ‘Persecuted Family,’ by the lamented author of the ‘Course of Time’—and we have no hesitation in saying, that ‘Patrick Welwood,’ for simplicity and beauty of style, striking incident, and the display of valuable principle, is superior to that justly celebrated story.”—*Covenanter*.

“ Though somewhat beyond the age of the young, for whom this work is intended, we perused it with a feeling of deep and thrilling interest, which, instead of abating, increased as we advanced to its close. It contains many passages of rare beauty and melting pathos. It is fervently to

be wished that the perusal of the contendings and sufferings which are narrated with so much of the power of genius, and so much of the vividness of truth in 'Patrick Welwood,' may, by the Divine blessing, be instrumental in kindling in the breasts of our Scottish youths, that spirit of devoted and invincible adherence to the cause of Christ's crown and covenant, which was the glorious characteristic of our Scottish martyrs."—*Christium Instructor*.

"This little volume is exactly what the title page describes. It is a stirring 'Tale of the times of the Kirk and Covenant,' and affords the youthful reader a very good insight into the motives and principles which roused the Scottish conscience to resist the encroachments of temporal power."—*Journal of Education*.

"The whole volume is creditable to the author's taste, industry, and talent. It is pervaded with a noble Presbyterian spirit, and a feeling of buoyant and generous enthusiasm, which exercise a singular command over the reader's sympathies. We are confident the work must become popular, and it has our best wishes. When it reaches a second edition, which we hope will not be far distant, the excellent author need not be ashamed to put his name on the title page. We conclude by cordially recommending Patrick Welwood to the friendship of our young readers."—*Scottish Guardian*.

"This is an admirable tale, happily conceived, and happily told. It is designed for the young, and it is easy to see that it will be an especial favourite with them. The subject—the contendings and sufferings of our covenanting forefathers, in behalf of the Church of Scotland, must be at all times an interesting one, but particularly so at the present moment, when the great principles involved in that memorable struggle are occupying so much of the public attention. There are some passages of stirring interest, full of great pathos, and of great power."—*Kilmarnock Journal*.

"The plan of this tale is simple—the parts varied, and the whole sustained with an animation of style and glow of imagination that cannot fail to render it a favourite, not only with the young, but with all who delight to see poetic beauty—graphic power—pathos and eloquence combined in the illustration of one of the most stirring periods of the olden time."—*Glasgow Courier*.



“ ‘Patrick Welwood’ contains much valuable information, set off in the colourings of a vivid and fascinating imagination. For force of argument—exalted sentiment, and graphic delineation of character, few superior books have been recently published. No one can rise from its perusal without satisfaction and profit.”—*Scotsman*.

“ As a work written expressly for the young, it will fill a place in the library of the family or Sabbath school hitherto unoccupied.”—*Greenock Advertiser*.

“ Before closing our remarks, we must say a few words respecting the literary merits of the Tale. It is by no means rare to meet with proofs of piety in the author of a work professedly religious; and these proofs are not wanting in the Tale of the Kirk. We have also what we often long to find in such works, but generally long for it in vain. We have copious evidence of a well cultivated mind, of refined taste, of an imagination decidedly poetical—all high qualities, and holding out the promise of high performances yet to come. What we admire as displayed in the present work is, the happy combination of these excellences of mind—none of them shooting out into extravagance—all acting in harmony—all conspiring to the same good end. If taste and other intellectual gifts ought to be regarded as valuable endowments, given us for worthy ends, to what nobler or more worthy purpose can they be applied than in making religion attractive in the eyes of the young—by dignifying the exhibition of it with the charms and graces of high intellectual accomplishments? And what other application of such talents can give more lasting satisfaction to their possessor? We conclude by expressing a hope that this pleasing and instructive little volume will soon become popular throughout Scotland, and that its contents will be duly appreciated, especially by the young, for whose benefit it has been written.”—*Perthshire Constitutional*. †

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" Go, call thy Sons—instruct them what a debt  
They owe their Ancestors, and make them swear  
To pay it, by transmitting down entire  
Those Sacred Rights to which themselves were born."

*Akenside.*

" The life and death of Martyrs, who sustained,  
With will inflexible, those fearful pangs  
Triumphantly displayed in records left  
Of Persecution and the Covenant—Times  
Whose echo rings in Scotland to this hour."

*Wordsworth.*

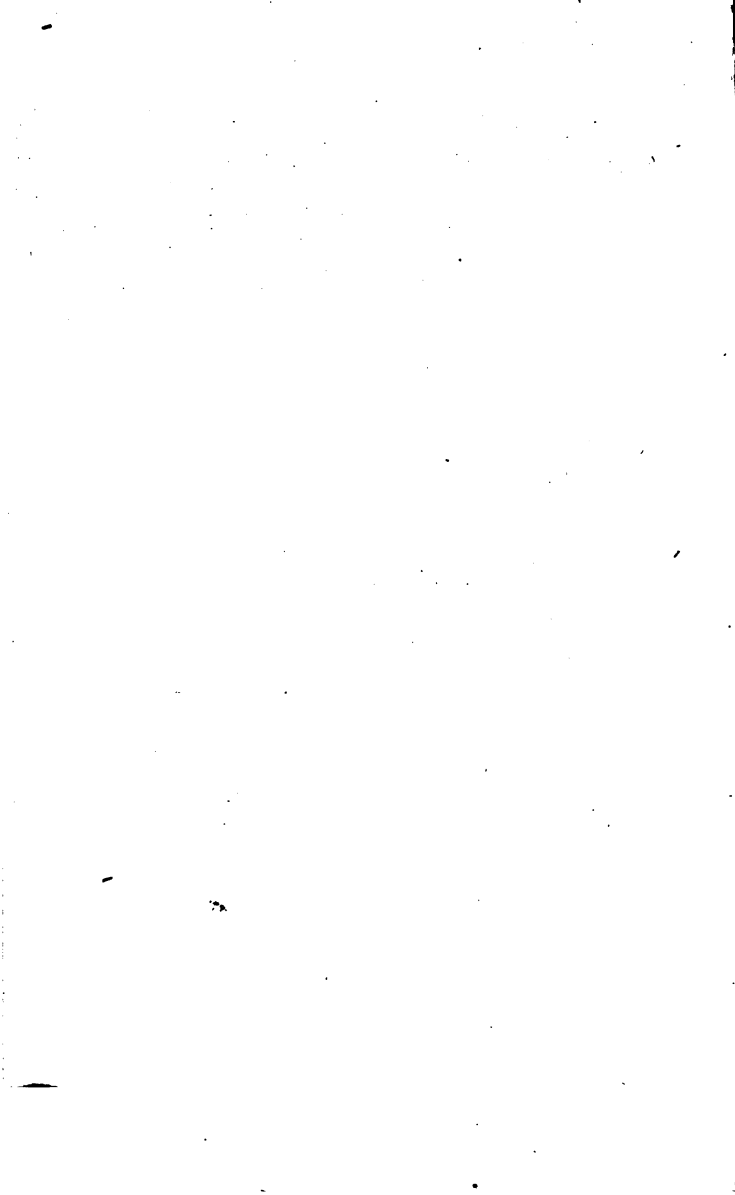
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## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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ENCOURAGED by the favourable reception which the First Edition of this little work has met—a reception much more favourable than the Author ventured to anticipate—he sends forth this Second Edition, which he has not only considerably enlarged, but, as he hopes, somewhat improved.

H——, 1st October, 1840.



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## TO THE YOUNG READER.

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YOUNG READER,—“Our fathers of the Scottish nation,” says one who was himself an illustrious Scotsman, “were a mighty and valiant people who dwelt in the face of all their enemies, nor were afraid to encounter the might of them all. God put within them an indomitable spirit which would not be enforced by the power of man. Our fathers may be said to have lived for centuries in the tented field; yea, and to have slept by night with arms in their hands: and had they not been of such a temper, long ere this the name of Scotland would have been lost among the nations.” How they contended against the might of England—unsurpassed in arms—led by the mightiest of her kings, in the days of William Wallace and Robert Bruce, these two mighty men of war, thou already knowest. This know, however, that even the wars of the Scottish kingdom are less worthy of admiration than the wrestlings of the Scottish Kirk. Against what enemies, dost thou ask, did the Kirk of Scotland wrestle with such valiancy? First, against the Papacy; the head of which mighty system of error and evil, superstition and slavery, being originally nothing more than an ordinary minister of Christ, did set himself to reign in Christ’s stead, pretending that all power had

been given him over earth, heaven, and hell, and that of these three worlds he had the keys. To the dominion of this wicked man whom men call the Pope, but whose designation in Scripture is Antichrist, and of that mightiest conception of error and evil, that "master-piece of Satan," the Papacy, Scotland was the last among the nations to submit. Yet submit even she at length did. There were multitudes, however, who did not. In the cells of the Culdees there existed not only confessors for the old faith, and the old forms, but from these retirements there went forth over the land, and even into other lands, protesters against the Papacy as an utter corruption and subversion of both. The opposition thus made for centuries came to a head in 1560. In this memorable year, by one indignant and simultaneous heave of the whole nation, this cruel and cursed superstition was overthrown, and the Kirk of Christ in Scotland—Protestant in its doctrines and Presbyterian in its constitution, according to the apostolic model—was established on its ruins.

The next enemy with which the Kirk of Scotland had to wrestle, was the Prelacy, or, more properly speaking, the Papacy seeking to regain its old supremacy, and putting on for this end the guise of Prelacy. The wrestlings of the Kirk with the Papacy in this form began as early as the year 1621, when James VI. introduced the Five Acts of Perth. They continued under Charles I. till the year 1638, when, by the taking of the Covenant, in which all ranks, for themselves and posterity, swore to "adhere unto and defend the true religion in its purity and liberty, as established at the Reformation;" and by the Acts of the famous Assembly that

met at Glasgow, they were crowned with triumph.

The twelve years that followed these contentings, called the Twelve Reforming Years, were the best days that the Kirk of Scotland ever saw. For the purity of her doctrines, the simplicity and scripturalness of her forms, both of worship and government, for the strictness of her discipline, and above all, for the apostolical success of her ministers, and the holiness of her members, she was the model and marvel of all the Reformed Churches.

The next of her witnessing and wrestling periods, was from the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660, to the glorious Revolution in 1688, a period of twenty-eight years.

What those principles and privileges were, for which, during this period, the Kirk of Scotland witnessed and wrestled, for which her children wandered as outlaws on the mountains, pined in dungeons, fell in battle, or perished on the scaffold, may be seen in Wodrow's History. When the father of the historian was on his death-bed, it is said that it lay heavy on his heart that he had not recorded what he knew of these witnessings and wrestlings, and that he took a vow of his son that he would write the history of the period. How faithfully he kept his vow, how nobly he performed his task, needs not to be told. Robert Wodrow, historian of The Martyr Church of Scotland, was minister of Eastwood parish. In its lone and still church-yard his mortal remains lie buried. The spot is undistinguished by any mark or memorial. His work, it is true, is his monument, more durable than brass or marble; yet surely it were no unmeet thing that he who did so much to

record the names of others, he through whose labours the land is peopled with the names and actions of saints and martyrs,

“ The ivied pillar, lone and grey,  
 Claims kindred with their silent clay;—  
 Their spirits wrap the dusky mountains;—  
 Their memory sparkles o'er the fountains;—  
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river,  
 Rolls sparkling with their fame for ever—”

and but for whom, many of these names and actions must have been swept into oblivion—should have a stone erected on which to inscribe his own.

● To this great work, an edition of which has lately appeared, with an able preliminary dissertation, notes, &c., by the Rev. Dr. Burns of Paisley, who has thereby done signal service to the cause for which our forefathers contended, thou shouldst at once, young reader, be referred, were it not that the work is large and very costly. Yet, that thou mayest have some idea of what these principles and privileges were—in our day neither understood nor valued, and not without being, in some measure, we fear, in peril, through ignorance and indifference on the part of some, and hostility on the part of *others*—this little work is now published. “ Though there be the greater lights of heaven, the sun and moon, and stars of the first magnitude, yet the least appearing star is some lustre to the heaven and light to the earth.” Though small and humble, should it be a means of convincing thee, or confirming thee in the conviction that the Kirk of Scotland is a true Kirk of Christ—having pure doctrines—a lawful and rightly ordained ministry—a primitive and apostolic constitution, as Cranmer and Jewell, and all the

great English divines of the best days of the Church of England admitted—and of teaching thee to despise, or rather to pity the insane ravings of those who, in these days, doubt or deny this—should it fill thee with kindling and increasing admiration of the men who asserted the great Protestant principles, and secured for us, at the price of their blood, the great Protestant privileges—“Freedom to read the Word of God, and freedom to worship God according to His Word”—should it fill thee with an all-pervading abhorrence of Popery, which stands in the denial of both—should it rouse thee to resist its return, even though it should be unto the death—should it rouse thee not only to resist its return, but to long and to labour for its extermination—should it fill thee with such views of the evil of this mighty system of superstition, sorcery and slavery—that when it is destroyed, and the cry is heard—“Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen”; and it is said, “Rejoice over her thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets, for God hath avenged you on her;” thou wilt respond on earth and say, “Amen; Alleluia, Alleluia.” Should this little book, even as a small pebble stirs the great and deep sea into which it is cast, stir thy heart, and awaken in its depths affections like these, it shall not be “cast on the waters in vain,” and in its influence at least, will “be found after many days.”

“The kings of old have shrine and tomb,  
 In many a minster’s haughty gloom,  
 And green along the ocean’s side,  
 The mounds arise where heroes died;  
 But show me on thy flowry breast,  
 Earth, where thy hidden martyrs rest.”

*March 1st, 1839.*



# PATRICK WELWOOD.

---

## INTRODUCTION.

ON the 29th May, 1660, the king landed at Dover. His return to the throne of his ancestors was the occasion of great and general rejoicing. Beacons blazed on the heights, and bonfires on the streets,—cannons were fired, and bells were rung,—thanksgivings were offered in the churches,—festivities were held in the halls of the great, and in the hovels even of the poor. In cottage and castle, in city and country, the cry was—"THE KING IS COME!" Enthusiastic as these rejoicings were in England, they were even more so in Scotland. The people of Scotland, equally attached with the people of England to the throne, were more attached to the king's person. They looked upon him as peculiarly a prince of their own. When driven from England by that "fierce democracy" which warred alike against Kirk and King, and which brought his unhappy father to the scaffold, Charles II., had been called in Scotland to the throne. Whatever exceptions had then been taken to his conduct,—whatever lack there might be towards his kingly person of courtesy,—there was none of true love and loyalty. His errors, at that time noted and lamented, were now forgotten. His sufferings, it was hoped, had

been sanctified, and that he had returned a sadder man, and a wiser monarch. On the disastrous fields of Worcester and Dunbar, Scotland had seen the blood of her best and bravest children poured out like water in his cause. It was hoped that her sacrifices then would not be forgotten,—that the banner which had been struck down by the iron mace of the usurper, and that had been trodden under the foot of sectarian pride and power, would be raised and unfurled,—that the work of Reformation, so much marred and so long hindered, would be renewed, and that once more the cause of the Kirk and Covenant would be triumphant. Such were the expectations created and cherished on this occasion. Nor did the Kirk of Scotland indulge in idle expectations only. These expectations she took early and active measures to realize. Mr. James Sharpe, one of the most accomplished and zealous of her ministers, who for some years had been settled at Crail, she sent up to London, with instructions “to use his utmost endeavours to secure for the Kirk of Scotland, without encroachment and without interruption, the enjoyment of her privileges, ratified by the laws of the land.” From time to time Sharpe continued to write to his brethren, who, like the aged Eli, sat by the wayside, their hearts trembling for the ark of God,—“that the king was willing to restore the kingdom to its ancient privileges, and to preserve the settled government of the Kirk.” The king himself wrote to the same effect; so that the universal belief was that the warfare of the Scottish Kirk was now accomplished,—that the time to favour her, yea, the set time had come,—that at length God had opened for her a doof of hope, and that, emerging from the wil-



derness in which she had long wandered, she would be made to take her harp from the willows, and to sing, as in the days of her youth—the days of her first and second Reformations, when, under Knox and Melville, Henderson and Dickson, Argyll and Warriston, she had come up out of the land of Egypt. How her efforts were defeated—how her expectations were blasted—how Sharpe betrayed the cause he was commissioned and committed to plead—how Charles, within a short time of his restoration, overturned and destroyed what he had formerly covenanted, and what he now promised, on the faith of a king, to protect and preserve—how the day of his return, hailed with such universal joy, turned out to be the darkest day in the history of this broken and bleeding Kirk and Kingdom, are things on which I need not dilate; they have been written in blood.

After that dark and dismal day on which the Act Recissory was passed by the Scottish Parliament, rescinding every statute and ordinance which had been made in favour of the Presbyterian Kirk during the twelve reforming years,—and when, by a subsequent Act, Prelacy, so fervently disliked, and so frequently abjured, was thrust upon a reclaiming nation,—and when, in consequence of conscientiously refusing to conform, nearly four hundred parish ministers were in one day ejected from their homes, and, amid the tears and lamentations of their people, were driven forth with their families, like Hagar of old, to wander, and famish, and faint in the wilderness,—Knockdailie became a place of general resort to the persecuted wanderers, and I may say a house of refuge, a lodge in the wilderness of wayfaring men. Little did I, who was

then but a child, jalouse, as I gazed on the pale faces, and listened to the privations and perils of the persecuted wanderers, what was one day to befall myself,—that the scenes and the sufferings which I heard described by Semple and Welsh, Cargill and Peden, were but the foreshadowings of scenes in which I was myself doomed, and at no distant day, to mingle, and of sufferings which I was myself doomed to dree. It did not, it could not, occur to me then, that like them I was to wander in deserts and on mountains, to have a price set upon my blood, to be driven from the dwellings of men, and to find no refuge on the earth but in its dens and in its caves,—to witness those dearer to me than the light and the air of heaven put to violent and untimely deaths,—to flee from one hiding place to another, till, having become familiar with every form of evil, I was to pine for years in a prison, and perhaps to perish at last upon a scaffold. No; what man has the heart to inflict, God has the mercy to conceal. What I was destined to become,—the scenes I was destined to witness,—and the sufferings I was destined to endure, the frail memorial I am now, by the dim and dying lamp of my dungeon, inscribing, will show, should it ever reach the light of day; and should it ever arrest the eye of man.

## CHAPTER I.

## MY PARENTAGE.

My father, Josiah Welwood, was Laird of Knockdailie, a small estate near the water of Dee, in Galloway. He was a good man, and one who feared God above many. During a long lifetime, he had seen many strange and sad vicissitudes both in Kirk and State. He had lived under both Reformations; he was one of the "ancient men" who had seen the first house, the foundations of which were laid by that great master-builder, Knox, and the top-stone of which was brought forth by one not unworthy to be his successor, Andrew Melville. While the first house he had merely seen, and that in its decay, —the second house he contributed to build.

"Mr. Welwood," said Mr. Gilbert Traill, addressing my father, one evening in the December of 1665, as we were seated around the family hearth, "I have this morning given the children an outline of the history of the first Reformation, may I ask you to give us the history of the second, and of the part which you were honoured to take in promoting it."

This, at the request of Mr. Traill, who at that early period of the persecution was a wanderer and a sufferer, and who, at the moment I am now writing, is a brother and companion in tribulation, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ, my father gave us in

these words:—"In the earlier part of his reign," said he, "James VI. was a Presbyterian. In the presence of the General Assembly, as I was told by Mr. David Calderwood, who was present on the occasion,—he praised God that he was born at such a time, in the clearest light of the Gospel, and that he was a member of such a kirk,—the sincerest kirk of the world. The Kirk of Geneva," said he, "keept Pasch and Yule; what have they for them? They have no institution. As for our neighbour Kirk in England, their service is an ill said mass in English. They want nothing of the mass but the liftings. I charge you, my good people, ministers, doctors, elders, nobles, gentlemen, and barons, to stand to your puritie, and to exhort the people to do the same, and I, forsooth, so long as I brook my life and crown, shall maintain the same against all deadly, &c." Whereupon there was nothing heard in the Assembly, for a quarter of an hour, but praising God, and praying for the king. How truly the king kept his word, his attempts to introduce prelacy, and his actually introducing the Five Articles of Perth,—viz. "kneeling at the sacrament," "private communion," "private baptism," "confirmation of children," and the "keeping of holy days," declare. The day on which the 'Five Articles of Perth,' so called from having been enacted by an Assembly held there, were ratified in the Scottish Parliament, was long remembered in Scotland. On the Grand Commissioner's rising from the throne to ratify the Act, an immense thunder-cloud, which had for some minutes been gathering over the city, burst. For a moment the House was illuminated by three fearful flaughts of fire, and then enveloped in darkness. The beacon at the haven of

Leith was extinguished, and the tower on which it stood shattered to pieces. The thunder was succeeded by a tempest of wind, and hail, and rain, such as had not been experienced in the memory of the oldest men alive. This took place on the 4th of August, 1621, and was long remembered, and is spoken of as the *black Saturday* until this day. On Monday, when the Act was proclaimed at the cross, the thunder and tempest were renewed and raged with almost equal fury as on Saturday, so that they were interpreted, whether truly or not I do not take upon me to determine, as tokens of the Divine displeasure; certain it is that such signs were that day seen, which made the profane wits of the time say, that the laws of the Parliament, like those of Moses, were given in fire. This was, however, when both the fire and their own fears were over.

“ What James thus commenced, his son and successor, the First Charles, with equal bigotry, and with greater blindness and boldness, attempted to complete. Having, with the assistance of Archbishop Laud, who is said not only to have been at heart a Papist, but to have entertained the idea of restoring Popery, framed a liturgy with a book of canons for the bishops and clergy, enjoining and regulating the new mode of worship, it was confirmed under the great seal, and transmitted to Scotland for the use, in all time coming, of the Kirk, which was thus to be brought not only into a complete conformity with the Church of England, but in many respects with the Church of Rome itself. In addition, for example, to the five articles and the use of the liturgy, the book of canons enjoined fonts for baptism to be erected near the doors; the altar

to be placed in the chancel or east end of the church, that the worshippers might look toward the east; the apocrypha was to be read along with the prayers, as part of inspired writ; prayers were to be said for the dead; private confession was to be made to the minister, who was to dispense absolution to penitents. Like the Romish priests, the minister was to stand with his back to the communion table, with his hands lifted up as if in adoration of the elements; the people were to bow at the name of Jesus, and kneel at the sight of the cross; ministers were forbidden to expound the scriptures in private; the right to convene General Assemblies was asserted to belong only to the king, whose supremacy in all things, secular and spiritual, was declared to be absolute, unlimited, and irresponsible. The doctrines contained in the liturgy were also papistic. Such was the liturgy, and such the book which Charles had prepared, and which he was desirous of imposing on this Kirk and Kingdom, by which the Presbyterian form of government, worship, and discipline, were not only to be subverted, but the Protestant faith itself, and by which the privileges of both Kirk and Kingdom were to be swept away. Thus gloomy was the state of things at this period. For a long time, ever indeed since the coronation in 1633, great fears had been entertained as to the bringing in of Popery. These fears were now fully justified, and it seemed as if they were about to be realized. When the tide is at the height, however, it is at the turn. At 'evening time' it is written, 'there shall be light.' It was so in the present instance: no sooner had the king's designs been fully noised abroad, than a cry of indignation broke out against them, over the land. A cup

of disaffection both towards the person and measures of the king had in silence and secrecy been filling up; it had reached the brim, and this last drop was alone wanting to make it overflow. Like Issachar, the Scottish nation had been crouching down between its burdens; it now arose and shook them off. As if moved by some mighty and mysterious impulse, without communication and without concert, multitudes from all quarters and of all ranks, noblemen and gentlemen, barons and burghers, clergymen and commoners, crowded into Edinburgh. Among others I was moved by that mysterious impulse—I followed that unseen guide. A meeting of those thus strangely and suddenly convened, was held in the house of Nicolas Balfour in the Cowgate. Here we took our measures with much deliberation and with much prayer, not only to be directed ourselves aright, but that the king's heart might be turned to such purposes as would issue in the glory of God, his own honour, the purity of the Kirk, and the safety of the State. What our measures were, and what they led to, you shall afterwards hear. Meantime the part taken by the inhabitants of Edinburgh on this occasion is worthy of being noticed. On the 23d day of July, the introduction of the liturgy, with great state and show, was attempted. The attempt was defeated, and on this wise:—Scarcely had the services of the day, after the new fashion, commenced, when they were interrupted by loud cries of 'A Pope! a Pope!' 'They are going to say mass.' 'They are bringing in Popery upon us.' 'They are setting up Baal.' 'Sorrow, sorrow, for this doleful day.' So that what with these cries, and with clapping of hands, not a word of the service could be heard.

“ Amid this confusion of tongues, Janet Geddes, an old woman who kept an herb-stall at the Tron Kirk, taking hold of the stool which she had brought along with her to the church, threw it with a loud, and, sooth to say, not an over-courteous exclamation, at the head of the Dean. On this, as at a signal, bibles and boards, stones and sticks, were hurled in the same direction, so that the bewildered Dean was forced, not only to desist, but to make his escape. Lindsay, Bishop of Edinburgh, arrayed in his episcopal robes, now ascended the pulpit, and by arguments and entreaties, and solemn appeals, sought to quell the tumult, but in vain. He was assailed with similar missiles, and forced also to make his escape: not only was he driven from the church, he was pursued to his house by an immense multitude, exclaiming ‘The book we will not have—the book we will not have.’ This made Lord Rothes, who loved a jest, say, ‘That he would write the king that matters were now changed at court; that, whereas Lord Traquair used to have the best backing, the Bishop of Edinburgh had now the greatest number of followers.’ A godly woman being that day derided and laughed at for her signs of sorrow, by one of the flouting daughters of Ishmael, rebuked her in these weighty words,—‘Wo unto them that mock when Zion mourns.’ Such was the dread this outbreak of the people inspired, none of the bishops, for a time, ventured to appear on the streets. For a month there was no public preaching in Edinburgh; not a kirk-door being all this time oponed, and not a kirk-bell rung. Though the introduction of the detested book was thus prevented by the people, it was not revoked by the king, nor was the intention of yet introduc-



ing it abandoned by the prelates. So far from this, orders were issued to the presbyterian ministers to purchase and to introduce it, under heavy pains and penalties. This, however, only served to hasten the crisis. Not one obeyed. To Baal not a knee bowed. To the yoke of the Black Book not a neck was bent. Petitions were poured in against it, while with complaints and denunciations the parishes and pulpits resounded. While the country was thus moved, we, who had hurried at the first alarm into the city, and those who had come in afterwards, judging the cause on which we had met common, formed ourselves, as had been done during the first Reformation, into 'bands,' which, from the circumstance of our sitting at four different tables in the Parliament house, came to be known by the name of Tables. The first great measure that this national committee, which represented the nobles and gentry, the clergy and commons, suggested and recommended, was a renewal of the National Covenant.

" This measure we declared, in our communications with the country, to be the only one we could devise, that, under God, was likely to avert the evils which we saw impending and endangering our laws, and liberties, and lives. The idea was no sooner suggested, than it was hailed by the acclamations of the whole country. Thus responded to, the Tables proceeded, and in a short time the Covenant, with additions suited to the circumstances of the times, was completed. The day fixed on for its being taken, was March 1st, 1638; the place was the Greyfriar's church. Thither, as at the sound of a bell—as at the sight of the fiery cross, the people assembled in troops from all parts of the country.

“On the morning of that memorable day, and for several days indeed preceding, might be seen passing through the city-gates, and along the streets, persons of all ages—the grey-haired elder and his fair-haired sons; persons of all ranks—the peer and the peasant—the baron and the burgher—the husbandman from the field, and the mechanic from the shop,—all thoughts of gain or of pleasure abandoned—all tending to one common centre, and all intent on one common end—cherishing the same sentiment, and forming the same high resolve of making common cause for the common weal; and of rallying round the ancient banner that was that day to be shaken loose from its folds, and to be displayed, as in earlier days it had been, for the truth. Never had I witnessed a braver and more stirring sight. I remembered the words of the prophet, ‘In those days, and at that time, saith the Lord, the children of Israel shall come, and the children of Judah together; going and weeping they shall go and seek the Lord their God. They shall seek the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, come and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten;’ and it seemed to me that these words were this day fulfilled. But if it was a stirring sight to see the preparations for the taking of the Covenant, what a spectacle was that Great National Sacrament itself? It was a scene never to be forgotten, and never to be remembered but with emotions of wonder and joy. Early in the morning, both the church and the churchyard were crowded. About two o’clock, Henderson, Dickson, and Johnston, with Lords Rothes, Loudon, and Sutherland, entered the church. Henderson prayed, after which, Loudon,

in all the transactions of that period his right hand man, spoke, with great eloquence and effect. The Covenant, written on a long roll of parchment, was then produced and read, at which some shouted, but others wept, so that 'the voice of them that shouted could not be distinguished from the voice of them that wept.' The signing then commenced. The first to affix his name was the Earl of Sutherland, the next was Sir Andrew Murray, two noblemen who thought it an honour to be among the first subscribers and swearers of the covenant that day. When all had subscribed who were within the walls of the church, it was carried out and spread upon one of the large grave-stones in the church-yard, and there it was signed by the living, upon the dead—generations of whom were sleeping beneath; their memory forgotten, their love and their hatred perished, and having no more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun. When all had subscribed their names, many having done so with the ink of their own blood, the oath was administered. Hereupon, with tears streaming from our eyes, we lifted up our right hands at once, and swore by 'Him who liveth for ever and ever,' and as we hoped to receive the 'crown of life,' to be 'faithful unto death.' At length the work was concluded; and solemnly, as if it had been the evening of a Sabbath, yea, as on the evening of a high communion Sabbath, under a deep sense of the Divine presence we dispersed, each returning soon afterwards to his own home. Copies of the Covenant were transmitted by the Tables to the principal places of the country, where its appearance was hailed like the lifting up of a banner. 'On the day that it was signed and sworn at Lanark,' said

Mr. Livingston, 'I was present, and may truly say that in all my life, except at the kirk of Shotts, I never saw such motions from the Spirit of God.' Such in Scotland were the days of the Redeemer's power, when a willing people came to him, in number and in beauty, 'like dew from the womb of the morning,'—when the land was 'married to the Lord,' and when it was named 'Hephzibah and Beulah.'"

"The next measure recommended by the Tables, and of which," continued my father, "you may wish to hear something, was the indicting of a General Assembly. For thirty years there had been no General Assembly of the Kirk in Scotland. This both James and Charles had forbidden. The time had now come when the Kirk resolved to indict one in virtue of her own inherent rights. To prevent this, the king consented that an Assembly should be held, and indicted one, by his royal proclamation, to meet at Glasgow, on the 21st November, 1638. In the same proclamation he discharged the use of the liturgy, the book of canons, and the five articles of Perth. Not that he abandoned his original design of imposing them, but reserving this for a more convenient season.

"According to indictment, the Assembly met at Glasgow. In that famous Assembly I was returned to serve as ruling elder. Never had the approach of any Assembly created greater excitement than this. It was on all hands felt that the crisis of the Kirk had come, and that Glasgow was to be the Pharsalia of Prelacy and Presbytery. The west had now, for some time, been the great centre of attraction; thither multitudes of all ranks, and from all parts, were to be seen trooping, as they had done to Edinburgh at the

taking of the Covenant; so that by the 21st there was a greater concourse of people in Glasgow than had ever been in that part of the country. The place where the Assembly was to hold, was the cathedral of St. Mungo; and thither, on the morning of the 21st, through dense masses of spectators who lined the streets, we threaded, or rather, as I may say, forced our way. Capacious as the cathedral of St. Mungo is, it was crowded to excess; so that the inconvenience was not only great, but the clamour and confusion were grievous. When order had been effected, and the different parties, the royal commissioner, who, as you are aware, was the ill-fated Marquis of Hamilton—the chief lords of the council and of the Covenant—the members of Assembly and the spectators, among whom were great numbers of the nobility, had taken their respective places, which they did in the following order,—the lords of the covenant, among whom were Rothes, Montrose, Eglinton, Loudon, Balmerino, with the elders—amounting in all to upwards of a hundred—in the centre; on circular benches, surrounding the seats of the lords and elders, the ministers, to the number of one hundred and forty; in galleries erected for the occasion, on each side, the relations of the nobles; in the distant aisles and in the vaults above, the spectators; and, conspicuous of course, above all, the commissioner, on a throne, at the chief end of the cathedral—the spectacle that burst on the sight was at once solemn and splendid. It was the first time I had seen the interior of this ancient cathedral, the immense size of which—its lofty walls, its high embowered roof, its long pillared aisles, its solemn windows,—I need scarcely say, filled me with admiration. Had the occasion of my

entering beneath its roof been different, this admiration I might have cherished; other thoughts and emotions also would naturally have been created,—emotions of pity and compassion for the votaries of that old superstition who reared this majestic edifice to ONE, and who came to bow down their souls in it to ONE who was to them the UNKNOWN God, and with whom in their worship, prayers, and chants, they associated angels and saints, and her in especial whom they named and adored as the Mother of God and the Queen of Heaven. Emotions of gratitude, also, to those men who, under God, overthrew this cursed and cruel superstition, a superstition which shut out the light of the truth from the souls of men, and made that house a gate to hell which should have been the gate of heaven. But, alas! anxiety for the present, and fears for the future, for the overthrow of our Protestant laws, liberties, and religion, by the return of this exposed, and, as we had trusted, exploded superstition, forbade my indulging admiration of the cathedral, and of the assemblage of the noble and the beautiful, as well as of the grave and the learned, by which it was crowded. Nor is it indeed for any outward splendour, state and show, that this great Assembly is entitled to consideration—it is for its acts. Among other acts for which it will long be held in remembrance, it asserted the intrinsic and inalienable right of Christ's free Kirk of Scotland to convene her own Assemblies. It deposed the Bishops. The five articles of Perth it declared to have been abjured by the Covenant, as it was sworn in 1580 and 1590. The liturgy and book of canons it condemned as contrary to the standards of the Kirk. All the Assemblies that had met since the accession of James to the

throne of England, it annulled, as having neither been free nor lawful. In fine, it declared 'that all Episcopacy different from that of a pastor over a particular flock, was abjured by the Confession, and therefore, that it ought to be removed out of this Kirk.'

"At this Assembly it was my happiness to meet, not only in public, but in private also, with Henderson and Dickson, Rutherford and Livingston, Calderwood and Row, the prime of Scottish presbyters,—with Rothes and Erskine, Loudon and Argyle, the flower of Scottish nobles. The Boanergic Henderson,—the learned Dickson,—the gentle Livingston,—and the seaphic Rutherford, I heard, on different occasions during the Assembly, preach. I heard the eloquent Warriston plead. I was present when Lord Erskine came forward from a crowd of nobles, and, with tears in his eyes, confessed his sin and sorrow in not having sooner taken the Covenant, which he requested he might be permitted to do in these touching words:—'My lords and other gentlemen here assembled, my heart has been long with you, but I have quenched the inward light of my conscience; I have dallied with God, which I may not do longer. I humbly entreat that you will receive me into the Covenant, and that you will pray to Christ for me, that my sin may be forgiven.' The noble then subscribed the Covenant, which he had no sooner done, than, touched by his example, several others of the spectators came forward, and did so likewise. Among these were Mr. Patrick Forbes, son of Mr. Forbes who suffered so much under the former reign for the Aberdeen Assembly, and another young man, both of them preachers of the gospel, who had been with

the army in Holland, where hearing of the approaching Assembly they had come expressly to attend it, and, having newly landed, they came in at that moment and requested to have their names also enrolled in the Covenant. The son of such an old and worthy champion of the church was welcomed with singular satisfaction, and the Moderator, addressing him, said:—‘Come forward, Mr. Patrick; before, ye were the son of a most worthy father; but now, ye are to be the most worthy son of a most worthy father.’ Here too, the good Argyle publicly espoused the cause which he afterwards sanctified on the scaffold by his blood. Whereupon, looking on these things as evident tokens, in the words of Mr. David Dickson, that day, that ‘the eye of God was guiding, and the hand of God guarding us,’—like the apostles in similar straits, when they saw similar signs, we ‘thanked God, and took courage,’ and went forward in the work, not ceasing till the last stone of Popery and Prelacy in Scotland was overturned.

“ ‘We have now,’ said Henderson, in the concluding words of his concluding speech, ‘we have now cast down the walls of Jericho,—let him that rebuildeth them beware of the curse of Hiel the Bethelite.’ The Moderator having prayed, he gave out these words of the 133d Psalm, which, our eyes filling with tears, and our voices trembling with emotions of joy, ministers, elders, and people (the church having continued crowded with spectators to the last) rose up as with one accord, and sang:—

Behold how good a thing it is,  
And how becoming well,  
Together such as brethren are,  
In unity to dwell.



As Hermon's dew,—the dew that doth  
On Sion hills descend;  
For there the blessing God commands,  
Life that shall never end.

“ The benediction having been pronounced, we parted, many of us never to meet on earth again; but with such a sense of the Divine goodness as has seldom been felt; and with such harmony and peace has seldom in the history of this Kirk and Kingdom been seen. Truly, when I reflect on the signs and seals of the Divine presence that were vouchsafed in the city of Glasgow on that occasion, I may say that the prayer of Henderson was heard, and that the name written on its gates was, Jehovah Shammah,—the Lord is there. When tidings of the Assembly reached the king, he was filled with rage, and, as his custom was, he swore that he would make its members repent their rashness and rebellion. On receiving the Assembly's address, in which we entreated his Majesty to ratify our proceedings, he is reported to have said, ‘ So they have broken my head, and now they offer to put on my crown.’ We were incontinent thereafter declared rebels, and war was proclaimed against us.

“ From the Scotsmen then at court, the king exacted an oath to repudiate the Assembly, and to renounce the Covenant. He erected his royal standard at York, and commanded his loyal subjects to repair thither. In a short time he collected a considerable army. Many of his soldiers, however, in their hearts were alienated from his person, and were lukewarm in a cause which they felt to be a crusade against liberty. Meantime we were not idle or inactive. Force we prepared to repel by force. The chief command of our army was given to Leslie, an officer

of skill and experience, who had studied the art of war under the great Gustavus. Having no knowledge of war, I received no command, but entered the army as a volunteer. Never had a finer army been raised in Scotland. It was not an army of courageous soldiers only, it was an army of chosen saints; it was a consecrated host.

“The war, with preparations for which all Scotland now rang from side to side, was in truth a holy war. As such it was commenced, and as such it was carried on. ‘Holiness to the Lord was written on the bridles of the horses,’ on the sabres of the horsemen, and on the spears of the footmen. ‘In the name of God we set up our banners.’ The camp seemed one great conventicle. We had sermons during day, to which we were summoned by the roll of drums. Our watch-fires were surrounded by groups of soldiers engaged in reading the Scriptures, and in religious conference. The ear of night was invaded only by the voice of prayer, while the approach of day was saluted by a universal swell of praise. While the ‘voice of joy and melody’ was heard issuing from the soldiers’ tents, the camp-colours, that hung idly in the stirless air, or that floated on the breeze, bore emblazoned on their silken folds, these words, written in letters of gold, ‘FOR CHRIST’S CROWN AND COVENANT.’

“The king, not wise enough to avoid provoking such a spirit, but too wary and too weak to attempt quelling it by actual battle, entered into a treaty with our leaders at Ripon, the issues of which were the ratification of the Covenant and Acts of Assembly; whereupon, having won this great and bloodless victory,—having secured

our liberties and laws without shedding of blood, or striking a blow, we broke up our encampment on Dunselaw, and returned home.

“ Better days than those which now followed, the Kirk of Scotland never enjoyed. In the words of one whom some of you here know, ‘ every parish had its minister, every village had its school, every family, almost, had a Bible, and almost all could read. Every minister was a full professor of the Reformed Religion, according to the large Confession of Faith, framed at Westminster by the divines of both nations. Every minister was obliged to preach thrice a-week, to lecture and to catechise once, besides other private duties in which they abounded, according to their proportion of faithfulness and abilities; none of them might be scandalous in their conversation, and negligent in their office so long as a Presbytery stood; and among them were many holy in conversation, and eminent in gifts; nor did a minister satisfy himself, except his ministry had the seal of a divine approbation as might witness him to be really sent from God. Indeed, in many places the Spirit seemed to be poured out with the Word, both by the multitude of sincere converts, and also by the common work of reformation on many who never came the length of a communion; there were no fewer than sixty aged people who went to school that they might be able to read the Scriptures with their own eyes. I have lived many years in a parish, where I never heard an oath, and you might have rode many miles before you had heard any; also, you could not have lodged in a family where the Lord was not worshipped by reading, singing, and prayer. Nobody complained more of our church government than the taverners

whose ordinary lamentation was, that their trade was gone, people had become so sober. Scotland had been likened by foreigners to the Church of Philadelphia; and now she seemed to be in her flower. Every minister was to be tried five times a-year both for his personal and ministerial behaviour, every congregation was to be visited by the presbyteries, that they might see how the vine flourished, and how the pomegranate budded.

“ ‘As the bands of the Scottish Church were strong, so her beauty was bright; no error was so much as named; the people were not only sound in the faith, but innocently ignorant of unsound doctrine. No scandalous person could live; no scandal could be concealed in all Scotland, so strict a correspondence was there betwixt ministers and congregations. The General Assembly seemed to be the priest with Urim and Thummim; and there were not an hundred persons in all Scotland to oppose their conclusions; all submitted, all learned, all prayed. Then was Scotland a heap of wheat, set about with lilies, a palace of silver, beautifully proportioned. This seems to me to have been her high noon. The only complaint of profane people was that the government was too strict, and that they had not liberty enough to sin.’ Such was the glorious appearance which God made in my days for the Kirk of Scotland; such the men and such the measures by which he was pleased to bring about, in these lands, the second Reformation. Many of the great men whom he employed in this work,—my guides and mine acquaintances, with whom, on the sunny brae-face of Dunselaw, it was my lot to take sweet counsel together, and with whom, at the taking of the Covenant, and the solemn assembly, I walked

unto the house of God in company,—Henderson and Dickson, Gillespie and Bailie, Livingstone and Rutherford, are gone. Providence, it is said, packs up its best goods first. As God would not suffer Luther to see the evils that were coming upon Germany, neither would he suffer them to see the evils that were coming upon Scotland. Happy has their lot been compared with mine. They lived just long enough to see the Kirk in her 'high noon.' I have lived to see the night-fall that is at hand, yea, that is already on. The star of her second Reformation they lived to see as it ascended the highest point in the heavens, where for years it continued to shine in such peerless beauty and brightness as to attract the gaze, and kindle the admiration of foreign lands. I have lived—wo is me!—to see it set in darkness and blood."

My father ceased. He was affected to tears; we wept with him. Conversing on subjects suggested by the narrative to which we had listened,—on the men and measures of that remarkable period, and on the tide of defection setting so darkly and rapidly in, the evening wore on till the hour of worship, with which, as was our wont, it was solemnly and serenely closed.

## CHAPTER II.

## MY EDUCATION.

AMONG the ejected ministers who found refuge at Knockdailie, I have mentioned Mr. Gilbert Traill. Mr. Traill had been ordained to the sacred office of the ministry, at Rutherglen, in 1656, where he continued to labour with great success till his ejection in 1662. Wandering about for some time, after many troubles, he came to Knockdailie, where he abode for several years. At my father's request he undertook the education of myself and my only sister, Alison. Never had parent or pupils more cause to be grateful for a preceptor. Mr. Traill was one of God's giving. To the fidelity of a tutor, he added the affection of a brother. He was at once a scholar and a saint. Grave in appearance beyond his years, for he was yet young, he was at the same time cheerful, and even joyous. Suffering, it was evident from him, is not synonymous with sorrow. It is so only when it is the fruit of sin. Then it is sorrow upon sorrow. When it is for righteousness' sake it is a source of consolation. The outward man it may cause to decay—but the inward man it causes to revive. Like darkness, it descends on the path of the Christian, and it is night; but in the depth of that night we discover his soul shining like a star in serenity undisturbed, and in beauty undecaying. The joyousness, however, of Mr. Traill

was not of this world. It was not a spark of this world's kindling. It was kindled by the breath, and it was kept alive by the oil of heaven. It was thus like the fire on the altar of old, which never went out. That he must have had his inward sorrows, as well as his outward sufferings, every man knows who knows himself, and no one else can. For it is through the knowledge of ourselves alone that we can arrive at the knowledge of others. Of this knowledge I had indeed at that time little or none. The sorrows of Mr. Traill, however, were not even to me a secret. Often have I heard him at midnight pouring out his heart to God in prayer, "with strong crying and tears," and with such moving expressions, that I have been constrained to rise and go to my knees, and mingle my supplications and my tears with his. Often when my heart was growing hard, has the overhearing of him at prayer, and the thought that perhaps he was at that moment praying for myself, caused it to melt. Much of his time was spent alone; in his own chamber, and in a neighbouring glen. Thither my father and he went regularly twice a-day, but each alone. Nor did any other member of the family venture to enter it when either of them was there. The cave of Glengarlie was doubtless, to both, the chamber of divine communion; and there, in the clefts of its rocks, doubtless they often met Him whom they so diligently sought, the Rock of their salvation. It is needless to say, that while in common with every Christian he had cause of continual sorrow on his own account, bearing about with him a "body of sin and death," his chief cause of sorrow, as it was to all the truly godly of the time, was the broken and buried Covenant, and the decaying state of

the church. For the work of education Mr. Traill was eminently qualified. Education in his hands was not a cultivation of the understanding only, but also of the will and the affections. He sought not to teach the knowledge of things only, but also of principles and duties. With that great poet and puritan Milton, "the end of education," he used to say, "was to repair the ruins of the fall; to communicate to the soul of a child the knowledge of God, so that out of that knowledge the child might love, imitate, and obey Him." With another great English writer he believed the "chief end of education" to be "virtue;" and that to this, all other considerations and accomplishments ought to give way. He used frequently to repeat the sentiment of a foreign divine, which he admired greatly, "I had rather be the means of saving one soul, than making a hundred learned." In his own quaint but graphic words, ("the end of education was not so much to make great scholars, as good children;" and this he sought with much pains, and with many prayers. The Bible was our chief school-book. While we read its contents, he explained to us as we could receive them, its credentials—its evidence from prophecy and from miracles—from its internal character—and its saving power. As one directs the waters of the ocean into the empty pools along the shore, so did he from this great ocean of truth, direct the waters of life into our dark hearts, and into our empty souls. While he suffered us to neglect none of the usual and useful subjects of study,—while we read with him the histories of ancient and modern times—the poets of England, from Chaucer to Spenser and Milton,—the divines of both countries, such as Taylor and



Hall, Howe and Baxter, Owen and Bates, and Flavel, of England; Guthrie and Durham, Grey and Binning, Rutherford and Brown, of Wamphray, of Scotland, of which his library consisted chiefly;—while he read to us the Book of nature with its three leaves,—the sky, the sea, and the earth, which, marred and mutilated as they are, are legible records of the being, greatness, and glory of God; and seal the truths of Scripture, though they could never have discovered them,—still our principal study was the Word of God. We were students of the Scriptures. Our favourite science was the science of salvation. “This,” said he, “is the sublimest, and in reality the most useful of all the sciences. You might know the history of all nations, the situations and the sizes, the languages and the laws of all countries. You might be able to tell the names of the plants and of the flowers—to tell of the suns and stars that be near or afar in the heavens; to count their number, and to describe their paths. You might know, in one word, the laws of mind and matter; but what would all this avail, if ignorant of the truth; that truth through the knowledge and belief of which we are sanctified and saved; if ignorant of the Scriptures which are able to make us wise unto salvation. The knowledge of other things is useful and ornamental—but this is necessary; other studies may please and profit for a time—this will please and profit for ever; other studies may make us great—this makes us good; other studies may qualify us for stations on earth—this qualifies us for stations in heaven.”

While the Word of God was thus the chief subject of our study; and while he taught us to regard it as a sufficient, the only sufficient rule

of faith and manners, the choice helps which our fathers had furnished us with for its clearer apprehension, he did not despise nor undervalue. The "Shorter Catechism," compiled by the Westminster Assembly of Divines—which he considered as the best form of sound words, not inspired, that had ever been penned—he made us commit to memory; after which, he read and explained to us the "Larger," and the "Confession of Faith." In this way we were made to see the truths of Scripture in their natural order and connection; thus they were laid up in our minds not merely as things of sacredness, but of science and system.

Thus, as Christians, he taught us the contents and the credentials of Christianity. As Protestants he instructed us in Protestant truths, and to discern and detest Popish errors. Popery, he showed us, was unscriptural in its doctrines—immoral in its principles—idolatrous in its worship—blasphemous and despotic in its government—and sanguinary in its spirit, and as such to be detested and destroyed. "It was," said he, "the motto of Queen Elizabeth, 'No peace with Spain,' ours ought to be 'No peace with Rome.'" As Presbyterians, he proved to us that Presbytery was founded on, and agreeable to the the Word of God; that Bishop and Presbyter were but two names signifying one and the same office; that ministers were co-ordinate and co-equal, having no head, temporal or spiritual, but Christ, who was the true and sole King and Head of the church, to the exclusion alike of Pope, Prince, and Prelate; that the government of the church did not belong to one or several, but to all; a confederation of any number of whom, within certain bounds, constituting a Presbytery, to

whom pertains, among other rights, that of ordination, or of laying on of hands; that the ministers of the Church of Scotland being ordained by Presbyters, their ordination was regular, apostolic, and valid; and that they, though differing in gifts and grace, as one star differs from another star in glory, were equal in place and power, being all held in the right hand of the Head of the church, and though not equal in lustre, yet co-ordinate in rank, and co-equal in dignity. "The Presbyterian form of church government," said he, "is not, what the curates and prelates would have you to believe—a novelty. Prelacy, as some of the greatest luminaries of the Episcopal persuasion—and in no other has there been greater—have admitted, is the novelty. Presbytery is as old as Christianity. The individual who sought first to introduce Prelacy into Scotland, was Palladius, a Bishop of Rome. This was in the fifth century, and at this time Christianity, both in doctrine, and worship, and government, was greatly corrupted. The ministers of Christ, in Scotland, were then simple Presbyters—each ruling his own flock, and none having rule over another. The model which Palladius brought with him, the nation refused to receive, assigning as the reason, 'that the primitive and apostolic church admitted of no subordination of ministers—and that ordination did not reside in one, but in all who in rank and order were equal.' For this they were censured at the time by a Synod in France, which, among other things, affirmed of our Scottish Presbyters, that they ordained elders and deacons without license of lords or superiors. In a council held at Cealhythe, in the ninth century, Scotsmen were forbidden to exercise any clerical ministry, 'be-

cause they had no bishops, and because they gave no honour to others,' which," said Mr. Traill, "shows that up to this period there was none in the Scottish church which held higher rank than that of Presbyter."

The simplicity of the Scottish church, it is true, was at last corrupted—her independence was at last destroyed. The nation that never bent her neck to Rome-pagan, bowed to Rome-papal. At the blessed and glorious era of the Reformation, this yoke was broken in pieces, and the church was once more settled after the ancient model, and became the same free Presbyterian Kirk that, till corrupted and enslaved by the Church of Rome, it had ever been. This took place in the year 1567. In the year 1560, Popery was by law abolished. Seven years afterwards, THE FORESAID KIRK, to use the words of the statute, that is, the Protestant and Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland was by law established, and declared to be the "only treu and holy kirk within the realm," while, to use the words of Knox, by whom the petition to Parliament was presented, "(All sic fredome, privilege, jurisdiction, and authoritie, as justly appertene to the treu kirk and immaculat spouse of Jesus Chryst,)" was DECLARED and ORDAINED. To preserve the kirk thus modelled, and thus settled—to countervail the plots of her enemies—to cast up a bastion on which the waves of Popish rage might not only dash in vain, but dash themselves in pieces,—the nation entered into covenant with God. This covenant, wherein the king, the nobles, barons, gentlemen, ministers, and commons, protested not only their detestation of Papistry, but their belief of, and their determination to abide in the obedience of, the doctrine

and discipline of the Reformed Kirk of Scotland, and to defend the same according to their vocation and power, all the days of their lives. This covenant, I say, was thus by all ranks, and for these ends, sworn in 1560, with much cheerfulness and gladness of heart, for the whole land rejoiced in the oath of God. Enlarged and adapted to the circumstances of the times, we have seen how it was renewed in 1638. While the "National Covenant" was thus entered into and sworn as a protest and preservative against Popery, the "Solemn League and Covenant" was entered into by the two kingdoms, and was a protest, and was designed to be a preservative at once against Popery and Prelacy. It was in the August of 1643, and by the General Assembly which met this year in the new church of St. Giles, with the aid of commissioners from England, viz., Sir William Armyn, Sir Harry Vane, Mr. Hatcher, and Mr. Darley, for the Parliament, with Mr. Stephen Marshall and Mr. Philip Nye, for the Assembly of Divines, that this important document was drawn up. When the Moderator, who was Mr. Alexander Henderson, of famous memory, and who now occupied the moderator's seat for the third time, presented and read the draught of it to the Assembly, it was so "heartily embraced," says an eye-witness, "and with such affectionate expressions as none but eye and ear-witnesses can conceive. When the vote of some old ministers was asked, their joy was so great, that tears did interrupt their expressions." In the September of the same year, and on the 25th of that month, both Houses of Parliament, with the Assembly of Divines, and the Scottish Commissioners, met in St. Margaret's, Westminster, London.

Here the Solemn League, as drawn up by the Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, was read, after which it was adopted and ratified, the Members of both Houses standing uncovered, and swearing to it with their hands lifted up to heaven. On this solemn occasion, Mr. Henderson said, ("Had the Pope at Rome knowledge of what is doing this day in England, and were this Covenant written on the plaster of the wall over against him, where he sitteth Belshazzar-like in his sacrilegious pomp, it would make his heart to tremble, his countenance to change, his head and mitre to shake, his joints to loose, and all his Cardinals to be astonished.") These two Covenants—the National and the Solemn League, Mr. Traill was at great pains with us to show, were of binding force and obligation on the nation and on posterity. "Are promises," said he, "binding whether personal or national? then are the Covenants binding, for they are national promises—are *vows* binding? the Covenants are binding, for they are national *vows*—are *oaths* binding? did Joseph take an oath of the children of Israel, that they would carry up his bones with them into the land of promise? did the spies swear to preserve Rahab alive at the sacking of Jericho? did Moses swear unto Cabel that he would give him a particular inheritance in Canaan? and were these oaths held to be of binding force, and as such, were they observed? these Covenants also are binding, for they were solemn national *oaths*. Are *laws* binding? then are the Covenants binding, for they are national laws, having been solemnly ratified by Acts of Parliament, and registered among the fundamental laws of the kingdom. In one word, are *contracts* binding? if a nation contract a debt

to another, is it bound to pay it—and if it fail to do so, is this at the expense of the national honour—then are these Covenants binding, for they are national contracts—contracts with the God of nations—into which these lands have entered—avouching themselves to be the Lord's—and under the most solemn and awful sanctions, promising to keep his statutes, promote his interests, and walk in his ways. Could it be shown, indeed, that in these deeds, whether as to their *form*, their *matter*, or their *end*, there was any thing immoral or improper, they would not be binding either on those who subscribed them, or on us whom they represented, for we can neither bind nor be bound to evil; but if this cannot be shown—if, on the other hand as I have shown, they are in all respects moral, then, so long as there is binding force in morality, in promises, in vows, in oaths, in contracts, personal or national, so long must we be bound by these great national deeds; nor, this obligation on us and on all posterity, is there a power on earth to disannul, disable, or dispense. True it is they have been formally rescinded by Parliament—true it is, it is now made a capital crime to acknowledge them—true it is they have been broken, burned; burned by the orders of the king, who, on swearing them, said, 'Should I ever break these Covenants, may God shake me out of my house and kingdom;' but though rescinded on earth, they are ratified in heaven, which has seen, and which will sooner or later visit on the head and house of this perjured prince the nefarious crime of Covenant-breaking. Yea, little as may be thought now of the sin of rescinding these Covenants, the time I doubt not will come, when this

sin will be seen in its true light and tremendous magnitude. The time, I venture to predict, will come, when the principles contained in these rescinded Covenants, now hewn into a thousand pieces, and scattered with scorn to the winds, shall be gathered up with pious care like 'the torn body of a martyred saint.' In this opinion I am not singular. "Till doomsday shall come," said Mr. Samuel Rutherford, "they shall never see the Kirk of Scotland and her Covenant burnt to ashes, or, if it should, it cannot be so burnt or buried as not to have a resurrection—angry though the winds be, they shall shake none of Christ's corn;" yea, when these Covenants themselves, now rescinded and reviled, as they were once Scotland's glory, shall become the means of her reformation and revival. "The Covenants, the Covenants," said James Guthrie on the scaffold, "will be Scotland's reviving." "Come, let us join ourselves to the Lord in a PERPETUAL COVENANT," was once the rallying cry of Europe. "Nor," said Mr. Traill solemnly, "will it ever be well with Scotland, till it be heard as her rallying cry again." Such were the truths I was taught by my revered parent and my affectionate tutor in my childhood to cherish, for which I was trained earnestly to contend—which, amidst

" Calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire,  
And airy tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses,"

I have followed as my guide—my faith in which, terrors and tortures have not been able to subvert, which under these terrors and tortures have been my stay and support, and the triumph of which, in connection with His glory, I have pursued as one of the great ends of my life.



## CHAPTER III.

## MY LEAVING HOME.

TROUBLED and threatening as were the times, it was thought prudent that I should now enter on the duties of my profession, which was to be that of the law. This profession had been fixed upon, not for any predilection I had shown for it, but at the recommendation of Mr. Francis Innes, an old and valued friend of my father's, who had followed it long, and with great reputation, in Edinburgh. The day on which I left home was a sorrowful day to me, and to all beneath the ancient roof-tree of Knockdailie. So true is it—

“ We do not know how much we love,  
 Until we come to leave,—  
 An aged tree, a common flower,  
 Are things o'er which we grieve.  
 We linger while we turn away,  
 We cling while we depart;  
 And memories, unmark'd till then,  
 Come crowding on the heart.  
 Let what will, lure our onward way—  
 Farewell's a bitter word to say.”

Like a ray of light through the iron grating of my cell, comes that scene back at this moment on my recollection. “ Patrick,” said my father, with more than his usual solemnity, “ you are now leaving us, and something whispers to me, that, so far as I am concerned, it is for ever

Let me look on thee, my fair-haired boy, child of many hopes and many prayers, for in this world I shall see thee no more. I trust I may say, that I have brought up Alison and yourself in the 'nurture and in the admonition of the Lord.' This on the day of your baptism, by that great man of God, Mr. Douglas, I promised and engaged to do. I trust that the principles of the true reformed religion, as they are contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and summed up in the Confession and Catechisms, and which you have been taught from a child, you will never renounce or neglect. What David said to Solomon, Patrick, I say to you,—'My son, know thou the God of thy fathers, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: if thou seek him, he will be found of thee, but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.' What Solomon said to his son, say I also to mine,—'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' Patrick," continued he, "You have been born in evil days—I am now well stricken in years, and the evils that are coming on the land I trust that I may not live to see—that, with my dear friends now gone, ere it comes to the worst, I shall have won to my rest. But evils are coming—the clouds have been long blackening, they are big, and ready for bursting. It will be a sore and a sifting time. Blood—the blood of the faithful Guthrie, of the noble Argyle, of the eloquent Warriston—has been shed already. This is the beginning of evil, but the end is not yet. Hear it from me, my children, take it from my lips, as the word of God,—look to these lonely vallies, look to these lofty mountains—these lonely vallies shall yet ring with the shouts of the persecutor, and these green hills

shall reek with the blood of the slain. As for myself, my race is nearly run—my grey hairs will soon be hidden in the grave; but the days are coming when the golden locks of youth shall be stained with gore, and when the lofty head of manhood shall lie low on the fields of Scotland, or, fixed on the gates of its walled cities, shall there blacken in the sun. But you, my children, and you, the mother that bore and that reared them, come what will, say, will you be true to the cause of the covenanted Kirk of Scotland? and will this cause be dearer to you than liberty, than lands, than life itself? Say—swear that it shall!" "We say, father," said we all with one voice, "We swear it shall." "I am then," said he, "satisfied. Patrick, I can now part with you; yea, like aged Simeon I can die in peace. But once more, ere we part, let us pray, that, if we should never all meet around the throne of God on earth, we may meet around His throne in heaven." And now, kneeling there as he had often done, he prayed that I might be anointed with the oil of strength for the day of duty, and for the hour of suffering and sorrow with the oil of joy; and that all of us who knelt there might be found in one lot at the latter day. He then prayed for his bleeding country, and his broken but beloved Kirk, in strains of such faith and fervour, as Rutherford himself could hardly have surpassed. Rising from our knees, he then blessed me, even as Jacob of old blessed the sons of Joseph, saying, "God, before whom my fathers did walk—the God which led me all my life long unto this day—the angel which redeemed me from all evil; bless the lad;" which, when he had said, amid the tears of my tears, of my mother and sister, and the loud lament of

the whole household, in company, and under the care of Mr. Traill, I departed, and went on my way, weeping as I went.

As we drew near the Pentland hills, we fell in with Mr. William Veitch, the outed minister of Tereagles. Previously to our leaving Knockdailie, we had heard of the rising in the south of Galloway and Nithsdale. We now heard from Mr. Veitch of its dispersion, and how the country army, under Colonel Wallace, had been defeated by Dalzell at Rullion Green. Mr. Veitch had been in the action, of which he gave us details substantially as follows:—

“Sir James Turner and his soldiers,” said Mr. Veitch, “as you are no doubt aware, having received a commission from the Council to prevent conventicles, and to enforce attendance on the curates, has for some months been in the south and west. You have heard also, I doubt not, of their impositions, exactions, and cruelties. Having had for these several years past no stated charge, and no certain dwelling-place, these cruelties, which you have only heard of in the course of my wanderings through Kyle and Kirkcudbright, I have frequently witnessed. Wherever the soldiers came, it was their practice first to fine, and then to take up their quarters in the family, which, if by their insolence and blasphemy they did not force to break up and take to the fields or woods, they soon broke up by threats and torture, after which, carrying off silver goods and plenishing, they themselves would depart to rob and ruin some other helpless family. Among the families thus ruined, was Gordon’s of Knockbreck, as were most of the tenantry’s on his estate. I mention this family from their connection with the rising. On Monday the 12th

of November, it fell out that MacLellan of Barscobe, with John and Robert Gordon, the sons of Knockbreck, ventured to leave their hidings in the hills, and entered into a village called the clachan of Dalry, where four of Turner's men were quartered. Famishing with hunger, and stiff with cold, they went into a small hostelry and called for breakfast. While taking it, there was a cry raised in the town, that the troopers had burned an old man in his own house, and were putting him to torture. When they heard this they rose up from their breakfast, and running to the house, they found it even so as had been said. 'Why have ye bound the old man?' said John Gordon to the soldiers, 'and why do ye treat him thus?' 'What is that to you?' said the soldiers, 'and how dare you challenge what we have done?' A scuffle now ensued, which ended in the old man being set at liberty, and the soldiers surrendering themselves prisoners. This report spread through the town and country-side like wild-fire. When it reached Balmaclellan, it so happened that a party had met there for prayer, who surrounded and took prisoners sixteen of Sir James's men, that were quartered in the neighbourhood. Having been joined by the Gordons, and Barscobe, and several others from Dalry; and having consulted what course now to follow, they resolved to march to Dumfries, and fall upon Turner himself, knowing that if they did not secure him, he would make terrible reprisals. Intelligence of their intentions was circulated to our friends throughout the country, who were invited to join them; the place appointed for muster was Iron-gray kirk. It was here that I met, and through the persuasion of Mr. Welsh along with himself and

Mr. Gabriel Semple, joined them. In something like military order, being about fifty horse, and two hundred foot strong; we marched upon Dumfries, which we entered on Wednesday morning, a little before day-break. Riding up to Turner's quarters we found him in bed; on hearing the noise, he came running to the window, and seeing how matters stood, in great alarm cried out, 'Quarters, gentlemen—for Christ's sake, quarters—there shall be no resistance.' Hereupon Corsack said to him, 'Sir James though you have proved a cruel enemy to His people, in whose name you sue for mercy, yet if you come down to us and make no resistance, so that there be no blood shedding, for His sake you shall have quarters, this I promise on the word of a gentleman.' 'I then surrender myself your prisoner,' said Sir James. Having taken him and his soldiers prisoners, we left the town at the Netherport, and set our faces to the west country, and continued our march till we came to the kirk of Glencairn, where we halted for the day; we then marched along the foot of the hills above Galston, till we came to Ayr. From Ayr we continued our march up the water toward Douglas, and from thence to Lanark, where our forces had increased till they amounted to nearly two thousand men. We were now joined by captain John Paton, major Learmont, and colonel Wallace, to the latter of whom, as being the best qualified by his bravery and training in the civil war, we gave the chief command. Here we heard that Dalzell had left Edinburgh to meet us, and that he was within a few miles of Lanark. Seeing an engagement was inevitable, we resolved to renew the Covenants, which, after sermons by Mr. John Guthrie, of Tarbol-

ton, and Mr. Gabriel Semple, during which multitudes were mightily affected, we did, knowing no better preparation for battle and death, than a solemn resignation and dedication of ourselves to the Lord. Though it seemed to be the general wish to wait for the enemy at Lanark, on a letter coming to Mr. Welsh from a gentleman at Edinburgh, urging us to draw nearer that place, and holding out hopes of the soldiers rising in our favour, we resolved to march eastward, which we did through one of the wildest muirs in Scotland, and in one of the coldest and stormiest days I have ever witnessed, to Bathgate. On the march thither multitudes of our men dropped behind, being overcome with cold and fatigue, others deserted; while those who held together, drenched with rain, benumbed with cold, and faint with hunger, looked rather like dying men, than soldiers going to battle. From Bathgate we proceeded next day to Colinton, and from thence to these fatal hills."

"On which of them," said Mr. Traill, "was it that the conflict took place?"

"Do you see," said Mr. Veitch, "the hill on the left, on the south shoulder there is a considerable extent of table-land, called the Rullion Green, it was there we met the enemy."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Traill, "as the distance is not great, you could accompany us thither; I should like to see, and I should like to show my young charge the spot on which our oppressed countrymen have once more, for freedom to worship God, jeopardied their lives to death on the high places of the field."

"Willingly," replied Mr. Veitch.

So, leaving the main road, we ascended the hill, around which brooded deep and, except

when now and then interrupted by the screaming of the solitary lapwing, unbroken silence.

"Many things," observed Mr. Veitch, as we toiled up the eminence, "says the proverb, happen between the cup and the lip, and many more between the cradle and the grave, things which no one could conjecture, and which, if conjectured or foretold, no one would credit. Had any one told me, that on these my native hills, for I was born at their foot, I was to hear the "confused noise of the warrior," and to see the "garments rolled in blood;" yea, that I was myself to mix and to see the ministers of God fall in the ranks of death, I should have considered it of all unlikely things, most unlikely; but it is often on the bluest spot of the sky, that the cloud first gathers."

We had now reached the scene of conflict, from which an immense extent of country burst upon the view, and the town of Edinburgh with its towers, its castle, and hills seemed lying at our feet. It was not these, however, which excited our interest, it was the green ridge on which we stood.

"Here," said Mr. Veitch, "colonel Wallace drew up his men, and in this order; the horsemen he divided into two companies, the first under the command of Barscobe and the two sons of Knockbreck, he placed on the left; the second under the command of major Learmont on the right. The foot were under his own command, and stood on yonder green slope, with the heights behind. Scarcely had we formed, when the van of Dalzell's army was descried turning the edge of the hill opposite. After a short prayer in each of the divisions by Mr. Welsh, Mr. Hugh MacKail, and Mr. Andrew MacCormack of



Magheraly, Ireland, colonel Wallace gave out his order of battle, and delivered a short but stirring address, to which we replied with a stern shout, and then in solemn silence awaited the approaching onset. As I surveyed the enemy pouring round the hill in one long, continuous, and apparently interminable torrent, their weapons and helmets glittering in the sun; as I estimated their numbers, amounting, as I have since learned, to eight thousand, and compared them with our own, amounting only to nine hundred, ill-trained and badly armed, and as I thought of their leader, the merciless Dalzell, whose eye was never known to pity, nor his hand to spare, I saw that to all human appearance, nothing awaited us but defeat. But I remembered the wars of Israel, in which God gave the victory, not to force or skill, but to faith. I remembered how the kings came and fought against Barak and Deborah, how the kings of Canaan fought in Taanach by the waters of Megiddo, but how they took no gain of money, how the stars in their course fought against Sisera, how, withered by the breath of the destroying angel, the mighty army of Sennacherib perished in one night without stroke of shaft or spear, I thought of Gideon and his three hundred men, I remembered how the Ethiopians and the Lubims, a huge host came out against Asa, and how, because he relied on the Lord, he delivered him out of their hand. So I lifted up my soul to God in prayer, and said, 'It is nothing with thee to help whether many or with few; O God we have no might against this great host, but our eyes are upon thee, help us for we rest on thee; O Lord thou art our God, let not man prevail against thee.' A large body of horse

flanked with foot: were now almost in our immediate front. Barscobe is ordered out to meet, and to drive them back. He puts his troops in motion. Both parties fire at the same instant. As the smoke rolled away, I could perceive that several had fallen, and drawing their swords, they now close, and fight hand to hand, the sharp rattle of musquetry is now followed by the clang of steel. This close combat is maintained only a few minutes, when reeling under the shock the enemy give way, and are driven down the hill. This success, chiefly owing to the bravery of the two Gordons, was dearly purchased in the loss of our two brethren from Ireland, Crookshanks and MacCormack. Both fell under the first fire. They were immediately carried to the rear by a party of Barscobe's men, but there they almost instantly died. Their first fight was their last. The enemy having reformed their broken ranks, and having been reinforced, are seen once more like a returning wave rolling up the hill. Once more, and in like manner by Barscobe's men, they are resisted and repelled. As yet, neither the right wing nor the centre, to which I belonged, had been called into action. Our time soon came, Dalzell with his whole army was now advancing. Our little army contracting its two wings, went forth to receive him. We opened our fire, its effects I had no opportunity of marking, the enemy's was bitter and deadly. Our front rank was completely riddled; the gaps were, however, instantly filled. Again it is struck, and reels like a falling wall, again torn and thinned, it is repaired. The unequal contest between the two wings has been meanwhile carried on with various success. The Gordons, after the most heroic exertions, are

both struck down, and the horse are borne back, the centre is next broken. To prevent being surrounded, Wallace gives the order to retire; this, fighting hand to hand, we continue to do—broken, yet not dismayed. The duke of Hamilton, who was present in the engagement, when pressing us hardly, made a narrow escape. The sword of a countryman, whose name I have been unable to ascertain, was descending on his head, when it was warded off by a trooper, who received it on his spear. A brave display of strength and skill, was now made by major Learmont. As he rode, now fighting, now rallying, and now cheering his men, his horse was shot under him. Some troopers, raising a fierce shout of exultation, surrounded him. Regaining his feet, and retreating to a fold-dyke, he there slew one of his ferocious enemies, and escaped from the others without having received a wound. Moistening the ground with our blood at every step, we continued to retire till we reached the top of the hill. 'Brave men, brethren,' said the deep-toned voice of our commander, 'the day is lost, but you have done your duty. The night is on: God is covering us with its wings; let every man provide for his own safety.' Wheeling round, we now descended the other side of the mountain. Colonel Wallace and Mr. Welsh left the field in company. The last man to leave the field of death was Captain Paton, of Meadowhead. His clothes were torn and bloody—his face pale and stern. Often and fiercely he returned round on our pursuers. Dalzell, who knew him, for they had fought side by side at Worcester, was anxious to take him prisoner. He was heard giving his men special orders to follow him,—giving them marks how they should

know him. Three dragoons singling him out, dashed down the hill after him. Turning round on the first, at one stroke he clave his head in two. Terrified at this display of almost super-human energy, the two others hung back,—whereupon, calling out to them to take ‘his compliments to General Dalzell, and tell him that he was not coming that night,’ putting spurs to his horse, he rode off, and, favoured by the darkness which now filled the hollow, escaped. My own escape was remarkable. Most of our broken bands, on crossing the hollow, took to the uplands; I turned to the west, intending to take refuge with a relation whose house is not far distant, and near to which we this morning for-gathered. On my way thither I came upon a whole company of the enemy, who, taking me in the dark for one of their number, carried me for a little along with them. You may judge of my consternation. Favoured, however, by the darkness, and keeping silent, I was not discovered; and an opportunity soon offering itself, I stepped behind and escaped. All did not so escape. Upwards of an hundred were taken prisoners, and several were cut down, and mercilessly slain.”

“How many,” inquired Mr. Traill, “fell in the battle.”

“On the side of the enemy,” replied Mr. Veitch, I know not how many; on ours—besides the wounded—upwards of fifty.”

“You said,” continued Mr. Traill, “that Knockbreck’s sons were struck down, were they left among the slain?”

“No,” replied Mr. Veitch, “those brave and pious youths, were reserved for a more ignominious doom.”

“How mean you?” said Mr. Traill.

"They have perished," replied Mr. Veitch, "on the scaffold, and ere this time their heads—those heads which, twenty days ago, I beheld borne up in all the bloom and beauty of youth, have been fixed, by the hammer of the executioner, to the city walls. Eight others," continued Mr. Veitch, "were executed along with them; and four more, among whom are Nelson of Corsack, and Mr. Hugh MacKail, are to suffer the same fate to-morrow."

"Woe is me," said Mr. Traill, "the young, the gentle, the accomplished Hugh MacKail. He who by his shining parts—his gifts and graces, won all hearts, and was the theme of every tongue, will they not spare even him."

"No more," replied Mr. Veitch, "than the mower's scythe will spare the golden flower of the meadow."

"O, thou sword of the Lord," ejaculated Mr. Traill, "put up into thy scabbard, when wilt thou be appeased, when wilt thou be at rest, and be still."

"That will not soon be," said Mr. Veitch, "otherwise holy men have not read aright the 'burden' of this land, 'which is as the burden of the desert of the sea.' 'He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, the morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will enquire—enquire ye: return—come.'"

Presentiments of coming evil seem at this period to have been general. The reader will remember my father's expressions of his. Alas! the evil days that he foretold were nearer than even he imagined. The cloud which he saw rising out of the sea—about the bigness of a man's hand—had already spread till it had covered the

heavens. Yea, bursting as we have seen it to have done, it had filled the land with mourning, and lamentation, and wo. But to return: having traversed the whole field, now quietly reposing in the bright sunshine, and from whose green breast the ghastly stains of human blood had already been washed away—yet by the tall grass in many places still trampled down, and the earth in many places rent, and the fragments of garments and pieces of broken armour that strewed the ground—and the numerous newly-raised mounds, within which reposed in death the mangled warriors of the Covenant—bearing silent but affecting witness to the strife and the slaughter of which it had so lately been the scene, and having taken sad farewell with Mr. Veitch, who is at this moment I believe in Holland, an exile for his concern in the rising and battle of the Pentlands—which, as detailed by himself, I have here recorded—we continued our journey towards what once was called the “good city,” but which, as it rose on my view from the top of Rullion Green, seemed to deserve rather that it should be called the city of blood. As on the morrow we entered its gates,—the day, which in the morning was serene and beautiful, suddenly became black and louring, and immense masses of clouds were seen driving heavily athwart the heavens, which seemed to clothe themselves in mourning for the deed that was about to be done on earth. The trial and sentence, and above all, the torture of the young minister, whose blood was this day to soak the tree of Prelacy, had created in the minds of the people an unexampld excitement. The shrieks of Nelson of Corsack, his companion in tribulation, when enduring the boot, had been heard without the wall of

the prison, and still rung in the ears of all who heard them. Men heard of the revival of this terrible engine with horror. The fact of its having been made to ply its inhuman energies on the person of one who, both as a man and a minister, was universally beloved—his learning and piety, and his youth, for he was only in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and very comely to look upon withal,—had made him an object of deep and universal sympathy. As we entered the South Gate, it was with difficulty that we prevented ourselves from being borne onwards to the Cross,—the scene of the approaching martyrdom. There we could see that a great multitude had congregated, while from every street and lane crowds of both sexes, their faces pale and anxious, were seen every moment shoaling thither. Cautiously and tremblingly we approached the outer ring of that mighty living circle. In front of the dismal prison I saw for the first time, in my life—a scaffold. At the sight of the ghastly apparatus—of the vast multitude of human beings that were gathered around it, and who, under the sway of the various passions of the human heart, which the sight of a martyrdom is fitted to waken, were heaving to and fro like the sea when swept by a tempest; at the roll of the drums—the slowly repeated strokes of the death-bell—the murmurs—the heavy sobs—and occasionally the shrill convulsive shriek that burst from the lips of the spectators,—I was filled with the strangest and wildest apprehensions. I would have fled, but I could not. I felt as if spell-bound to the spot. Now I imagined that the people had resolved to rise up against their armed oppressors, and rescue the martyr from the power of his real, though legal-

ised murderers. Again, I imagined that the city was about to be visited by some awful judgment—that the lurid clouds which gathered in masses over it, were charged with the fires of destruction, and that every moment we should hear sounding in the heavens the knell of its ruin. How long I stood there, the subject of these wild and fantastic emotions, I know not. I felt myself growing sick at heart—the day seemed suddenly to grow dark—a loud wail was in my ears—I was conscious of nothing more—I had fallen into a swoon, in which I was carried to my lodgings, in the house of Mrs. Bethune, a godly woman, in the Netherbow. On recovering, my ideas, as it may be easily conceived, were confused, and my feelings painful. For many a day, indeed, all that I had seen and felt seemed no reality, but the images and emotions of some hideous and frightful dream.



## CHAPTER IV.

## MY APPRENTICESHIP.

IF Edinburgh was in a state of deep excitement on the day when Hugh Mackail suffered, it was scarcely less excited on the day following. The citizens were every where to be seen in groups; the topics of conversation were in every group the same. The looks of some were sad and dejected, and of others fierce and luring. Those who were filled with a hatred of tyranny, and with a mere natural impatience of "all the oppressions that are done under the sun," cursed the king, his commissioners, and the prelates. Others who feared God, prayed with Stephen that the sin of all the blood that they were shedding might not be laid to their charge. The conduct of Hugh Mackail in prison on the night previous to his execution, and in his last moments on the scaffold, was matter of all men's admiration. To a friend, who obtained permission to see him in prison, he said, "Oh how good news, to be within four days journey of being in heaven," and protested "that he was not so cumbered how to die, as he had sometimes been to preach a sermon." To some pious women lamenting for him, he said, that his condition, though he was but young, and in the budding of his hopes and labours in the ministry, was not to be mourned, "for one drop of my blood," he added, "through the grace of God,

may make more hearts contrite than many sermons might have done."

"Hugh," said his father unto him, "thou wert to me a goodly olive tree of fair fruit, and now a storm hath destroyed the tree and his fruit." To which he replied, "that his good thoughts of him afflicted him." On the night previous to his execution, he asked his fellow-prisoners "how he should best go from the tolbooth through a multitude of spectators and guards of soldiers, to a scaffold and gibbet, and overcome the impression?" To which he replied, "by realizing the presence of angels, and the innumerable company of celestial onlookers, who should doubtless be there to witness their good confession, and to convey their souls to paradise." On the morning of the day on which he suffered, he rose at five o'clock. To one of his fellow sufferers—John Wodrow, he said, with a cheerful voice, "Up, John, you and I look not like men going to be hanged this day, seeing we lie so long." To which the said Mr. John replied, "Ah, Hugh, you and I shall be chambered shortly, very differently from this." He answered, "John, you will get farther in than I, for you were freer before the council than I was, but I shall be as free as any of you upon the scaffold."

About two o'clock afternoon, he was brought to the scaffold with five others who suffered with him on the same day, and in the same cause. His countenance was observed to be fairer and more stayed than ever it had been seen to be before. Being come to the foot of the ladder, he said, "that as his years in the world had been few, his words then should not be many." On ascending the ladder he said, "I care no more to go up this ladder and over it, than if I

were going home to my father's house: every step of this ladder is a degree nearer heaven." Having ascended the platform, he said, "I do partly believe that the noble councillors and rulers of this land would have used some mitigation of this punishment had they not been instigated by the prelates, so that my blood lies principally at their door; but this is my comfort now, I know that the Lord reigneth, and that my Redeemer liveth: I willingly lay down my life for the truth and cause of God, the Covenants and work of Reformation, which were once counted the glory of this nation; and it is for endeavouring to defend these according to my conscience and my oath—an oath administered by Parliament itself—that I die this death." Seeing the people weeping, he said, "Your work is not to weep, but to pray that I may be honourably borne through; and blessed be the Lord that he comforts me now." Looking down from the scaffold, and seeing some of his kindred there, he said, "I have one word more to say unto you, you need neither to lament nor be ashamed of me in this condition, for I may say with Christ, I go to your Father and my Father, to your God and my God, to your King and my King, to the blessed apostles and martyrs, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, to the spirits of just men made perfect, to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to God the Judge of all; and now I bid you all a long—a last farewell, and leave off to speak any more with creatures, and begin my intercourse with God that shall never be broken off. Farewell! father and mother, friends and relations!

farewell, the world and all its delights! farewell, sun, moon, and stars! welcome God and Father; welcome, Jesus Christ; welcome, Spirit of Grace, and God of all consolation; welcome, glory; welcome, eternal life; and, welcome, DEATH!" He was then turned over amid the tears, prayers, and loud laments of the whole multitude, with these words in his mouth, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed my soul, O God of truth."

The execution of the two Gordons had also created a deep sensation of mingled rage and sorrow. They were of tender years, the eldest not being twenty, and were young men of great promise. Their mutual attachment, for which they were remarkable in life, was evinced by a singular and affecting circumstance at their death. When turned off the ladder, they clasped each other in their arms, and thus endured the pangs of death. Truly may it be said of them, they were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

In the early ages of Christianity, it is said, the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. In those days, when the voice issuing from the throne, or breaking in thunder from the theatre, was, "the Christians to the lions!" and when the first Christians were dragged from their homes, or led forth from the dungeons of Rome to fight for the amusement of the spectators with beasts of prey; and when thus confronted, and thus devoted, it was observed that they were not only courageous, but calm, that their countenances actually shone as if with supernatural lustre; or when clothed in combustible garments, they were kindled that they might, like so many torches, illumine the imperial gardens; and when thus

cruelly perishing, they were heard pouring forth amid the flames hymns of joy—and when they who saw and heard them, combined and considered their triumphant deaths with their holy lives, they were filled with new and unexpected emotions.

The religion that could thus transform the living, and transport the dying, they felt could be nothing less than divine. They who came to gratify a cruel curiosity, were frequently filled with conviction; they who came to witness the martyr's death became martyrs themselves. As the tempest which breaks loose on the trees of the forest, threatening to tear them from the ground, serves only to root them firmer in the earth, so did these horrid cruelties aid the cause they were intended to crush, and fan the flame they were intended to extinguish. Thus, like the eastern bird in the fable, did religion arise in new life and lustre from its ashes; and the death of the Christian became the life of Christianity. As it was in the days of Cæsar, so will it be in the days of Charles. If the king think to establish the throne, and if the prelates think to establish the altar in the affections of the people, by pouring around both the people's blood, they are under a certain and sore delusion. The plant of prelacy already have they watered with blood; and already, even in hearts where otherwise it might have taken root, has it begun to wither. If a people's feelings are to be read in their faces, there is hatred, deep and unextinguishable, in the hearts of the Scottish people towards the authors and agents of these cruelties. Oppression, it is written in holy writ, makes even wise men mad. If ever nation was goaded on to madness, it is Scotland at the pre-

sent day, by men too, who call themselves the ministers of mercy, but who, instead of having their feet shod with peace, have shod them with iron, and who thus, rough-shod, are riding, not only over the dearest rights of the nation, but in the nation's blood.

Such were my reflections on what I saw of the state of things in Edinburgh. Whether they were just or not, the sequel of this narrative will show.

Mr. Traill now returned to Knockdailie, and I entered on the duties of my profession. In his youth, Mr. Innes had taken the Covenant, but "iniquity was abounding;" and, like the love of many more, his had grown cold. He was naturally timid, and a desire to stand well with those who were in place and power had made him, I fear, time-serving. He was skilful, however, in his calling, and honourable in his dealings. He had approved of the Indulgence, and he waited on the ministry of one of the indulged. The history of the Indulgence it is not necessary that I should give; its nature, it may be proper, however, that in a few words I should explain. It was a commission from the King, who now set up for himself a claim of supremacy in things pertaining to both kirk and kingdom, to certain of the ejected ministers to resume their ministry on certain conditions, which it is not necessary to specify, but which in effect together with the claim of supremacy, bound them over to renounce the whole covenanted work of Reformation, and to recognize the reigning order of things. Let this, then, be remembered by those who, either now or hereafter, sit in judgment on those who refused the Indulgence, which many did. It was not that they wished to em-

barrass the government,—it was not that they refused to own the king's proper supremacy, viz., in things civil; the Confession they had subscribed,—the Covenant itself—the misrepresented and the maligned Covenant which they had sworn, bound them to acknowledge, to defend, and to die even, if necessary for this. It was simply this: They could not accept that, at the hand of the king, which it was not his to give, which it was impiety in him to claim, and which it would have been high treason to Christ, the sole King of the Kirk, in them to concede. In the Kirk of Christ, the king had no more right to interfere, than king Uzziah of old had to enter into the temple, or to interfere in its services, to appoint its priests, or alter its ordinances. There was another king, indeed, besides Uzziah, who claimed this two-fold supremacy. Of this king it is said, that he “took counsel, and made two calves of gold, and said unto them, it is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem; behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. And he set up the one in Beth-el, and the other put he in Dan. And this thing became a sin; for the people went to worship before the one, even unto Dan. And he made an house of high places, and made priests of the lowest of the people, which were not of the sons of Levi.” But this was none of the pious, but one of the profane kings; it was Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, of whom it is written as with a diamond pen on the rock for ever, “this is the man that made Israel to sin.” But the sin of Jeroboam was a light thing compared with that of Charles. Jeroboam left it to the people's choice to accept the priests of his making. In our days the king has made it

compulsory. We must either worship at Dan, or worship no where else; we must offer sacrifice on his altars, or be offered there in sacrifice ourselves. In refusing the Indulgence, the ejected ministers said, "we question not the king's right in all things civil,—we question not, we cheerfully concede to him, in things spiritual, a sanctional power. In things civil, he is to us the minister of God; and were we to resist him on the ground even of infidelity or immorality, we would be resisting, not him, but God. But the claim he has put forth of spiritual supremacy we do question, and we do deny. This claim, if it be asked, 'Who dares dispute?' like Andrew Melville on a similar occasion, we answer, 'WE DARE,' and rather than accept the commission now given, we prefer to lose our livings, to lose our liberty, yea, to die the death; we have no other alternative left; we may suffer, but we cannot, we dare not sin."

Such is the true light in which the conduct of the ejected is to be viewed. Yet for this simple and conscientious declinature of this Commission, they were branded as persons disaffected towards the king's person, and towards all kingly government, and were ejected from their parishes, in which many of them had lived and laboured for nearly a lifetime. The Sabbath on which they took leave of their people was a sorrowful day in Scotland. "It did not content the people," as I have heard one who was an eye-witness say, "to weep; they cried with a loud voice, weeping with the weeping of Jazer, as when a besieged city is sacked." All that winter and spring, the churches were mostly shut up. The people spent their Sabbaths at home, or wandered over the land, which was



smitten with a famine, not of bread, but of the Word of God—the staff and stay of the soul—which was thus cruelly and wickedly broken.

While numbers thus refused to accept the Indulgence, numbers did accept of it, of whom there were several at this period in Edinburgh. Without judging the indulged, whose motives were, I doubt not, perfectly pure, and whose ministry was even blessed, I did not find myself at liberty to hear them. While Mr. Innes, therefore, and his family, and the young men in his office, Francis Wedderburne, David Monny-penny, and John Thriepland, attended the church, I attended the conventicle. At this, Mr. Innes was pleased to wink, warning me, at the same time, that it might afterwards bring me into trouble. But I had counted the cost, and followed the dictates of my conscience, leaving consequences out of consideration. It was soon discovered that I was a conventicle-goer; on which account, I was subjected to no small share, both of ridicule and reproach. The snares that were laid for my steps—the attempts that were made by my desk companions to change my principles, and also to corrupt them, it were needless to detail. Blessed be God, I escaped the one, and resisted the other. To His name be the praise now and evermore; for to his preventing and preserving grace, not to any goodness of mine, is the praise due.

On looking back to that period of my life, as during my captivity I had often leisure to do, when a timid boy I had to encounter the reasoning and the ridicule of those who were so much my superiors in strength of understanding, and in skill in debate,—when on my prejudices, as they were pleased to term them, they opened, as

they often did, in full cry,—and when, because I could neither adopt their principles, nor approve their practices, I was proscribed as destitute alike of sense and spirit,—and when, with an overloaded, and almost bursting heart, I retired into secret places and wept there, I have surely reason to bless God this day, that though he has not seen good to keep mine eyes from tears, nor mine ears from evil tidings, nor my heart from terror, he has done a thousand times more, he has kept my feet from falling: and that when I stood on the brink of the abyss, and was tempted to pluck the flowers that grew in deceitful beauty there, I was held back from sliding and sinking into its black and roaring waters. Yet God who sounds the sea, and who searches the soul, knows that what kept me from sinning then, was not so much His law, or His love, alas! as it was considerations of an inferior kind, of which I would notice these two. First, the love and law of my parents,—my affection for whom was exceeded only by theirs for myself. Their love for me, indeed, I knew that I could never return. For, the love of parents for their children—a love so deep and so enduring, a love which, through years of neglect and evil treatment, and after what would be ten-fold death to any other affection, will live and linger on, as if it were not capable of death or even of decay,—this love which many waters cannot quench, which many floods cannot drown,—what child ever can return? But I was desirous above all things to avoid doing what I knew would give them pain; and I knew that nothing could give them more than to know that the son of their vows, the child of their hearts and hopes had either “gone in with dissemblers,” or had be-

come "a companion of fools." Like Hannibal, moreover, I had been devoted from childhood on the altar of my country's cause. That cause I had vowed never to desert. With the Hebrew exiles, as they sat by the rivers of Babylon, their harps on the willows, and weeping as they thought on Zion, I had said, I had sworn "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not thee above my chief joy." Thus when sinners enticed me, how could I consent,—the "instruction of a father," how could I forget,—the "law of a mother" how could I forsake, when, if I did, I knew that surely I would bring the "grey hairs of both with sorrow to the grave." The other consideration which was so influential with me for good, was this. Before returning to Knock-dailie, Mr. Traill had introduced me to the favourable notice and regard of a religious family, well known for their attachment to the covenanted kirk of Scotland.

Mrs. Rowallan was a widow. Her family consisted of a son and two daughters. She was a favourer and follower of the ejected ministers; and at this period a conventicle was held in her house. Her appearance was majestic and commanding. Her countenance was pale and serene, expressive at once of the most perfect feminine sweetness of disposition, and of a masculine strength of understanding. Her bearing was high, yet not haughty,—it was that of the ancient Roman matron, and of the Christian woman. She had all the loftiness of the one, and all the loveliness of the other. In the language of scripture, she was "a widow indeed." To her own family a mother, in the highest sense of the

term, she was also "a mother in Israel." Like her "who dwelt under the palm tree," and in times parallel with our own, when the people "chose new gods, and when there was war in the gates," "her heart was towards the governors of Israel," and towards the people who came up to her for judgment. As in the house of the righteous, in hers there "was much treasure." I speak not of the treasure of this world, of its silver and its gold, but of treasure which the moth doth not corrupt, and which the thief breaks not through to steal—of treasure which gold cannot equal, and which the most fine gold cannot purchase—the treasure of grace, of piety, and of charity. Her house was at once a Bethel and a Bethesda, a house of God and of goodness, in which there was stored up the balm and the oil, and all the treasures of benevolence. It was known and resorted to by all the children of destitution, of whose wants, though not the indiscriminate, she was the rich and ready reliever. As she had opportunity, she did good unto all men, and especially to those who were of the household of faith. Possessed of a pure and lofty loyalty to the king, she could not brook, nor would she acknowledge his claim to the supremacy. A Protestant and a Presbyterian conscientiously, she was so consistently.

Her only son Quentin, was about the same age with myself. Dear Quentin Rowallan! Of him I may now speak with perfect safety; for he has long been where the voice of censure and the voice of eulogy are alike unheeded—"where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." Is it true that the dead have no communion with the living? Is there nothing present when there is nothing seen? This is not

my creed; the reverse has been my experience. In my lonely wanderings—in the doleful solitudes of dens, and caves, and dungeons—amid the roar of winds and waters—amid the shouts and shrieks of battle,—have not I heard his voice—have not I been impressed with his presence?—or was it delusion? His was an early tomb, and bitter were the the tears that I shed for his loss. Should not I rather have rejoiced? In the case of the Christian, is not early death a blessing? It was so in his. I had greater cause, certainly, to weep for myself, but when I needed tears for my own calamities, I had none to shed. There are griefs too big for utterance, too deep for tears; there are wrongs which tears would sanctify; there are times when to weep would be worse than weakness, when it is not tears that are demanded, but blood. Such times have I seen. Such are the wrongs which I have endured. But to return to the narrative,—Quentin Rowellan, I have said, was about mine own age. His sisters, Isobel and Beatrice, were younger. In their personal appearance, these two sweet sisters presented an almost perfect contrast. Like her mother, Isobel was tall, her stature rising above the common height, while that of Beatrice fell somewhat short of it. Isobel's countenance, as to its cast, was perfect; it was, however, pale and passionless. The features of Beatrice were less regular and less intellectual, but they were more animated, and expressive of affection. Isobel had the piercing intellect of the eagle, Beatrice the gentle affections of the dove. While thus unlike in form and face, and even in mind, in one respect they were similar—their religious views, and, I may add, their religious experience. If

I was struck at first sight with their appearance, I was no less afterwards at the extent of their information, the ripeness of their judgment, but above all was I delighted with what I had almost said, the perfect purity of their feelings. They were not sinless creatures, it is true; all, alas! have sinned, and are stained with its sad sulliage, till at "their death made perfect,"—but, beyond all I had seen, they were "washed and sanctified," so much so, that I never saw nor conversed with them for an hour, without inwardly exclaiming, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,"—without an inward and firm assurance, that the fair creatures whom I saw before me, would yet "walk in white" in heaven, which even here had set its seal so visibly upon them, as if not only claiming, but proclaiming them its own. Doubts, dark and distressing doubts, I have had of mine own election, of the election of others, who in the councils of the church and the camp, were considered as pillars,—but of theirs, I never did nor ever could entertain any. Without all controversy, they had been born from above. God was their Father, and Heaven was their home. Creatures of light, they were also creatures of love. They were true sisters of charity, and, like Him who redeemed them by his blood, and renewed them by his Spirit, they "went about doing good." Like Dorcas, the neighbourhood in which they lived could tell and point to the "coats and the garments" they had made; while by their instructions and benefactions they made a "sunshine in a shady place," in the abodes of the miserable, by the beds of the sick, and in the souls of the dying.

Such was the family into which I was introduced by the kind attention of my dear tutor and

friend, Mr. Traill. "Mr. Welwood," said Mrs. Rowallan, on our rising to take leave, "you will always be welcome here for many reasons. For your father's sake, of whom, and of whose services in the cause of our beloved church, I have long since heard, and more of which I have learned this day,—for Mr. Traill's sake,—for Quentin's, to whom I hope that you will prove a brother,—and lastly, for your own." The welcome thus warmly given, I need scarcely say, was gratefully received and acknowledged. The kindness conferred upon me by this truly Christian woman, time would fail me to record. The happy hours I have spent in her holy and happy family,—the friendship I formed for Quentin, and which, in return, he cherished for me—a friendship which has been broken by the hand of death, but which will be renewed, I am confident, in the skies,—it is not my object to describe,—it was not for this I introduced this subject. I cannot hope that the reader of this narrative,—should it in after days be favoured with one,—I cannot, I say, hope that he will take the same interest in this family that I do. As for any interest that I venture to hope will be felt for the writer, it is not on account of any thing personal to himself, but because of the love he cherished for Kirk and Covenant, and because that for both—like Zebulun and Naphtali, along with Welsh and Douglas, Paton, Rathillet, and Nisbet, and others whose names will frequently occur in these pages,—he loved not his life unto the death,—but while others abode by the ships and among the bleatings of the sheep-folds, "jeopardied his life on the high places of the field." My object in introducing my connection with the family of Mrs. Rowallan, is to show,

that in defect of just regard to higher motives and higher influences, the regard I had to my parents, and the communion I was privileged to enjoy with this holy family, were so powerful with me for good, that by these influences I was not only upheld in, but borne softly and sweetly onwards in the ways of wisdom, which even then I felt to be "ways of pleasantness and peace." May I not hope, however, that these motives and influences, though infinitely inferior to those supplied by the law and the love of God, were such as even He will not despise.



## CHAPTER V.

## A CONFERENCE.

THOUGH the Church of Scotland had now fully entered the wilderness, there were seasons when

Drops from heaven fell;

and when fainting under the sultry sky, and toiling amid the burning sands of persecution, she enjoyed a "refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Such a season was the year 1669. Up to this period the penalty against the outed ministers for preaching in private, and against hearing them, had merely been fines and imprisonment. Notwithstanding the risk of ruinous fines, and long imprisonment, many continued to preach, and many attended their ministry, which was followed with such signal success in the conversion of sinners, and in the comfort of saints, that enemies themselves acknowledged that "God was among them of a truth." The curates had by this time been "weighed and found wanting." They were indeed "wells without water, and clouds without rain." Nor was it their preaching only that was defective, but their personal character also. Many of them were not only ignorant but immoral, and were better versed in the Book of Sports, than in the Book of God.

Resisted at first by the people for the sins of others, it was not long till they were despised

and deserted for their own. The churches were once more opened, but few attended. The chime of the Sabbath bell was still heard, but it was no longer a "joyful sound." The ways of Zion mourned, because none came to the solemn feasts—her gates were desolate. While it was thus with the churches where prayer was "wont to be made," and to which, but a few years before, the people had "assembled in troops," it was otherwise with the house or field in which the conventicle was kept. Wherever an outed minister came, he was attended by multitudes of all ranks, hungering and thirsting after the "sincere milk of the word;" but chiefly of "the common people," who "heard him gladly." Private houses being found too small to contain the congregations, this led to out-door meetings, and in the fields, in which less risk was run of being surprised by the soldiery. Less risk also was run by the heritor who permitted the meetings in his fields, than by the householder who permitted them to be held under his roof. So singular and so signal was the success that attended the preaching of the outed ministers this year, it seemed that he whom John beheld in vision, "mounted on a white horse," was about to go forth once more in Scotland, with his "crown on his head, and his bow in his hand," as he had done in the days of old. But the word then given to the kirk, though it proved to many indeed a word of power, was eminently the "word of his patience." It was given not so much for the subduing of sinners, as it was for the sealing of saints. And this was to be done in the fires. Among the other conventicles that met at this period in Edinburgh, one, as I have already stated, was held in Mrs. Rowellan's house. For

this she had been several times cited before the council and fined. She had thus suffered for the gospel to the spoiling of her goods—this she did joyfully, departing from the council rejoicing that she was counted worthy to suffer for its sake. Of the church that met in her house—like that which met in Jerusalem, “in secret, for fear of the Jews,”—and like those which, during the long persecutions of the Cæsars, met at midnight amid the ruins and tombs of the City of the Seven Hills—I was a member. The minister who spake to us the word, and who brake to us the bread of life, was Mr. Blackader. At the king’s restoration, Mr. Blackader was minister of Troqueer, the parish adjoining Irongray. He had been ordained there on the unanimous call of the people in 1652. On its becoming evident that Prelacy was to be restored, Mr. Blackader, in a series of sermons to his people, pointed out to them from scripture its unlawfulness, and cleared the divine right of presbytery, proving it to be the form nearest to the apostolical ages, and the practice of the earliest Christians. In the synod of Dumfries, which met in April, 1662, he moved, that any minister that should comply with Prelacy, should be deposed. This motion was carried. Ere their proceedings, however, were closed, they were dissolved by Queensberry and Hartfield, who, when they came in with their soldiers, were both miserably drunk. Since his ejection, which took place soon afterwards, having seen his family settled at Glencairn, he continued to preach wherever he had opportunity, but chiefly in Nithsdale, and throughout the Stewartry of Galloway. Latterly he had lived in Edinburgh, at the head of the Cowgate, where he kept a con-

venticle, in which he was joined by several of his old co-presbyters, and his brethren from Galloway. With the exception of Mr. Welsh, at this period at least, none of the ejected perhaps had laboured so much and so successfully as Mr. Blackader. What Bernard Gilpin was to the north of England, during the days of the "Bloody Bonner," Blackader was to the south and west of Scotland now; of which he might be termed the apostle, as thousands in the parishes of Dunlop and Fenwick, Eaglesham, Kilbride, and Eastwood, can testify, for often did their dark moors brighten beneath his feet; and often at his voice, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation, did their solitary places rejoice. After the defeat at the Pentlands, he invited numbers, who were chased from place to place, and hiding in mosses and caves, to come to Edinburgh, where he procured for them money, and necessaries, and concealment. Like the "Good Pastor" of Chaucer, it might be said of Mr. Blackader—

He bore his great commission in his look.

\* \* \* \* \*

He preached the joys of heaven and pains of hell,  
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal—  
 But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.  
 He taught the gospel rather than the law,  
 And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw.  
 Now through the land his cure of souls he stretch'd,  
 And, like a primitive apostle, preach'd :—  
 Still cheerful, ever constant to his call—  
 By many follow'd, and admir'd by all !  
 Such was the saint who shone with every grace,—  
 Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.

Such was the man whose ministry, both in his own house, and in Mrs. Rowallan's, at this period, I enjoyed. Under the ministry of this chosen servant of God, the seed of truth which

had been sown in my soul by the hands of pious parents, and by Mr. Traill, took "deep root downwards;" and if I dare not say that it has produced "much fruit upwards," I think I may say, that after all the chances and changes I have experienced, after the searching waters of trial that have come in unto my soul, and after the fierce winds of temptation that have swept over it, it is to be found there still; and that when the waters have abated, and the winds have ceased, the incorruptible seed of the word will be found there, living and abiding for ever.

What that great and terrible wilderness was to the Israelites, when through it, in the simple but sublime language of our Scottish Psalms,

"Their glorious marching was,"

this world is to the Christian. Such a wilderness, "great and terrible," a land of heat and of drought, of pit-falls, and of precipices, of stinging serpents, and of scorching sands, it has been to me and mine. Yet, as I am bound to acknowledge, it has not been without its green pastures, and its still waters, its resting places, and its refreshing mercies, its Elims as well as its Marahs, where, under the spreading palm and by the sparry fountain, I have encamped for many days. Such a green spot, such an oasis of beauty in the desert, such a resting-place on the road of life, was the home of the Rowallans. O bright and blessed dwelling! who ever crossed thy threshold, who ever tarried, even as a "way-faring man," for a night beneath thy roof, who ever saw thy household-band as they sat in their unconscious beauty, side by side, around thy evening hearth, who ever heard, morning or evening, their psalms and hymns of praise, and

did not feel as if he breathed the golden air, and stood at the morning gate of heaven. But I was not suffered to forget that I was a pilgrim, and that this world was not my rest. That green spot I was soon summoned to leave. The council and prelates perceiving that the measures they had hitherto adopted, severe as they were, had not succeeded in preventing conventicles; that the more they were discouraged, the more they grew; resolved to crush what they could not check. That measures to effect this were in contemplation for some time; that the parliament now sitting, with the coarse and cruel Lauderdale at its head, had been summoned principally for this end, I had learned from Mr. Innes, who was in the confidence of some of its members. What these measures were, I was now to discover. One evening on leaving my writing chambers at the usual hour, Quentin Rowallan came up to me, and in a hurried whisper said, "Patrick, you must accompany me to Rowallan Place; my mother wishes to see you." "Has any thing happened?" I inquired. "Mrs. Rowallan—Isobel—Beatrice—are they well?" "Truly, Patrick," said Quentin, "they are well in body, but they are ill in mind. The proceedings of Parliament you have probably not heard?" I said that I had not. "Come then," said he, taking my arm, "and you shall hear." Moving down the Canongate at a quick pace, in a few minutes we reached Rowallan Place. On entering, we found several, I believe all the outed ministers then in Edinburgh, there assembled. They were Mr. Blackader, Mr. James Kirkton, Mr. James Hamilton, Mr. Patrick Anderson, and Mr. Alexander Barton. Mrs. Rowallan had procured copies of four Acts which had that day

been agreed upon in Parliament, but which had not yet been formally pronounced, which she put into my hands, and requested me to read. These were

1st An Act anent "Presbyterian Ordination," which it declared to be null and invalid, and that whosoever should henceforth confer, or receive it, should be considered as having violated the laws of the kingdom, and punished accordingly.

2d. An Act anent "Separation," which it declared to be schism and sedition, an offence both against the laws of the Kirk and Kingdom, and enjoining all belonging to the Reformed Religion—for Papists were exempted—to worship in their own parish churches, under pain of being fined and imprisoned.

3d. An Act anent "Conventicles" in the house or field, to hold one of which, or to be present even, was declared punishable with DEATH.

4th. An Act anent "Deponing," in which it was declared to be the duty of all subjects to discover those who refused to comply with the above acts, or who contravened them; and that whosoever refused to declare what they knew of those who did, should themselves be punished as schismatics and rebels; all loyal subjects, moreover, militia and soldiers of the standing army, were enjoined to prevent or disperse conventicles, to apprehend those who attended them, ministers or people, for which they were to be rewarded, besides being indemnified for any slaughter that might be committed."

"Such are the Acts," said Mrs. Rowallan, "which, at the instigation of the Primate, the Council have this day passed—acts involving not only the destruction of our liberties, and the

confiscation of our goods, but the loss of our lives. You, my friends, I have ventured to call together, that I may entreat your counsel and advice as to what they who adhere and are determined to abide by the covenanted kirk of Scotland ought to do."

Having said which, she turned to Mr. Blackader, as, indeed, we did all at the same instant. Mr. Blackader thus appealed to,—and who in any assembly, would have been morally what Saul was physically,—“from his shoulders and upwards higher than any of the people,”—with his usual frankness, and more than even his usual firmness, said,

“Honoured lady and friends, these ‘acts,’ which will in a few days be proclaimed by sound of trumpet at the cross of this, and all other towns in Scotland, cannot fail to fill us with sorrow, but they need give us no surprise. Things have at last reached the crisis which I have long foreseen, when the witnesses in Scotland must once more submit to be silenced or slain,—when the pastor will not only be torn from his people, but when the peasant will be hunted from his hearth,—when we must sacrifice our convictions, our consciences, our testimonies, and truth, on the altar of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, or on that altar sacrifice ourselves. As to the acts themselves, there can be here at least only one opinion. To these acts I for one shall never consent. As a Presbyterian minister holding a commission from Christ the alone King and Head of the Church,—I cannot submit to receive one from man, even though that man be a king. Believing as I do, in common with many and the purest of the fathers,—with the early reformers of the Church of England itself,—



with Cranmer and Stillingfleet, as well as with Calvin and Knox,—that Bishops and Presbyters are the same,—that the Scriptures authorise no higher office than that of Presbyter,—that my Presbyterian ordination, is as valid as a Divine right can make it. I cannot assent to an act which, not satisfied with pronouncing our ordination illegal and informal, pronounces it to be 'null and invalid.' As for 'Separation,' it is not we who have made separation, it is themselves. They are the separatists and schismatics. Have we withdrawn from their communion?—no, we never belonged to it,—they never 'bare rule over us;' but they have withdrawn from ours. That the Church of Scotland is not a true church; that it has not all the marks of a true church, they have never been able to prove. Yet, until this is done, the charge of separation and of schism must rest and abide, not on us but on them.

"As to the last of these acts,—the last of them, at least, that more immediately concerns us, prohibiting the liberty of preaching and hearing the Evangel, which has been again and again ratified by the laws of this land, and which is for the first time in the world prohibited by a Protestant Government, I desire to say, that neither can I respect or yield submission to prince or prelate in this, any more than to the pope himself, whose place they thus fill. Yea, with a mockery of which even Antichrist is innocent, adding insult to injury, the Privy Council and the prelates tell us that 'the Word of God is the only rule of our faith,' that the conscience is left free, and then, when we take the Word of God for our rule, and follow our con-

science, they proceed against us as schismatic and seditious, and adjudge us to DEATH.

“Be it so; we have, I trust, ere this counted the cost. Our path then is plain, it is to obey God rather than man, “nor bate a jot;” such at least are my views, and such my counsel, but I give way that the rest of my brethren may state theirs.”

“There can,” said Mr. Kirkton, “I think be but one opinion, that the path of duty is the path of safety; and that what our path at this juncture is, Mr. Blackader, like a true Protestant and Presbyterian, has stated. Lead where the ‘cloud’ may, I desire to follow; as I am sure that you, Mrs. Rowallan, and your children, whom I love in the truth, and not I only, but also all they that have known the truth, and that you, my brethren, do. ‘A Banner has been given us that it may be displayed for the truth;’ and hitherto we have been honoured and helped to bear it up, when many predicted that both banner and bearer would be stricken down. Our commission to proclaim the everlasting gospel is as valid this day as when we first-received it. It has laid a ‘necessity upon us to preach the Gospel, yea, we unto us if we preach it not.’ When the pilot told Pompey, who urged him to put to sea in a storm, that he would not answer for his safety, — ‘Put to sea,’ said the noble Roman, ‘it is necessary for me to be in Rome,—it is not necessary for me to live.’ So is it with us,—it is not necessary that we live, it is necessary that we do our duty. Of the watchman on Zion’s walls it is said, that ‘they shall never hold their peace,’ that is, that they shall never all be seduced by flattery, or silenced by fear, but that in the worst

of times there will be some who will be found, at all hazards, to abide by their posts. And has it not even been so in all the ages of the church? Did not Paul do so, when in the cities of Greece he rebuked the idolatries of a hundred generations, though all Asia forsook him? Did not Athanasius do so in the famous council where he stood alone, and when it was 'Athanasius against the world.' Did not Luther do so, in his conference with Serra Longa, when, being warned that the German princes would not stand by him, and asked, 'Where then, when all forsook him, would he take refuge?' smiling, and looking upwards, he replied, 'under Heaven.' And did he not do so also, in the Diet of Worms, when being asked to confess, he said, 'Since you require a simple answer, I reply without evasion, and without vehemence, unless I be convinced by the testimony of scripture, or by evident reason, I neither can nor will retract any thing, seeing that would be to act against my own conscience, which would neither be safe nor honest;' and when, in the midst of a thousand eyes that scowled upon him with indignation and contempt, and of a thousand tongues that were ready to pour their anathemas on his head, he uttered these memorable words, 'I can do no more, God be my help.' Did not Latimer and Ridley, when at St. Paul's cross they denounced the delusions, the superstitions, and the abominations of the Roman Antichrist? Did not Knox and Wishart, when they preached those sermons which made the hosts of Popery in this land, not only reel to their centre, but which scattered them even as chaff is scattered by the tempest? Did not Andrew Melville, in his famous interview with the

Regent Morton, when in answer to the stern Regent, who exclaimed, 'There will never be quietness in this country till half-a-dozen of you be hanged or banished,' he replied, 'Tush, sir, threaten your courtiers after that fashion, it is the same to me whether I rot in the air or in the ground. I have been ready to give my life where it would not have been half so well wared. I have lived ten years out of your country as well as in it. Let God be glorified, it will not be in your power to hang or exile his truth?' And have not numbers done so in our day, who, for the truths and testimonies of Christ, his crown and covenant, have suffered to the spoiling of their goods, imprisonment, expatriation, and even death itself? The day on which my dear brother James Guthrie came in at the Westport of Edinburgh to sign the Covenant, the first man he met was the public executioner; whereat he said, 'Well, that is an omen that I must lay down my life for the deed I am going to do; but I will go forward and do it.' 'Now,' to mention one instance only more, 'Now,' said Mr. Samuel Rutherford, when he lay a dying, 'my tabernacle is weak, and, I would think it a more glorious way of going hence, to lay down my life for the cause at the cross of Edinburgh, but I submit to my Master's will.' 'Let but Christ own me,' said he, on another occasion, 'and let me be in the grave in a bloody winding-sheet,—let me be carried from the scaffold in four quarters to grave or no grave, I am his debtor to seal his truths with my life.' What have not we ourselves, in the same cause been called upon to endure? Let that day which saw us with our wives and children torn from our congregations, and ejected from our parishes, and

cast forth on the world, in which we have had since no certain dwelling-place,—let the bonds and imprisonments, of which some of us have had trial, let the acts now read declare. But having ‘suffered thus far,’ shall we now ‘cast away our confidence;’ having ‘obtained help of God, and having continued witnessing to both small and great unto this day;’ having received seals of our ministry, and souls for our hire, shall we lay down our testimony now? The commission which we hold from the King of kings, shall we give up at the breath and the bidding of a king of clay? No: this would indeed be to set the grave-stone upon the testimony with our own hands. When Nebuchadnezzar set up the golden image in the plain of Dura, and commanded, by his heralds, all people, nations, and languages, to fall down and worship it, under pain of being cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and when all the people, at the time they heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and psaltery, fell down and worshipped the golden image, did the ‘Three Children,’ Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, fall down with them; No: they refused, and said, ‘Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve *thy* gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.’ When Daniel was forbidden by the king’s edict to pray, did he observe and obey it? No: like the three noble non-conformists whom I have mentioned, he ‘went into his chamber, and kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.’ When summoned before the council, and when they were straitly charged that they should not teach or preach in the name of Jesus, did the Apostles comply with the order

of the council? No: they departed to their own company, and reported all that had been said and done unto them, who lifted up their voices to God with one accord and said, 'Lord, thou art God, which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is: who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, Why did the heathen rage, and the people imagine vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ. And now, Lord, behold their threatenings: and grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak thy word.' And they spake the word, it is added, with boldness. 'Who am I,' said that great man of God, John Welsh of Ayr, when writing from his prison at Blackness, 'that he should have called me first to be a minister of the gospel these years already, and now to be a sufferer for his cause and kingdom,—to witness this, that Jesus Christ is king of saints,—that his church is a most free kingdom,—yea, as free as any kingdom under heaven, not only to convocate, hold and keep her meetings and assemblies, but also to judge of all her affairs in them among her members and subjects. The day on which I should be offered up as a sacrifice for these two truths, now the special cause of our imprisonment,—that Christ is Head of his church, and that she is free of all jurisdiction but his,—I should consider the most glorious day, and gladdest hour, I ever saw in this life.' It is for the same truths that we are now called to contend. For these truths we have suffered the loss of our livings; but so far from repenting of this, I trust that we are willing to suffer yet farther, in the loss even of our lives.

“That these acts,” said Mr. James Hamilton, “being contrary to our standards—being contrary to the Word of God, are worthy of no regard, and that no regard must be paid to them, is to me clear. There is at the same time one thing which is not, and that is, whether we ought to exercise our ministry as we have for some time been doing in the town, or whether we ought not, like the apostles, when they were persecuted in one city, flee to another; and on this point I desire to hear the sentiments of my fathers and brethren.”

None appearing to speak, Mr. Blackader, to whom once more we looked, said,

“To remain in the town would be to involve, not ourselves only, but all who heard us, in ruin. The courage to die for the truth, is not inconsistent with the desire to live for the truth. They have thrust us out of our pulpits and our parishes,—we may no more preach in the one, nor, except it be under the cloud of night, visit the other. When three hundred of my brethren were ejected from their parishes, I was ejected from mine—the sweet parish of Troqueer, in whose quiet churchyard sleeps the dust of three fair children who were happy in their early deaths in this, that they saw not the evils that were coming on their father’s house. As I went forth from the manse of Troqueer with a weeping mother and five wailing children, not knowing whither I went, I am willing, yea, I think it my duty to go forth from Edinburgh. Such seems to me to be the meaning of the mysterious wheels. The ark of the divine presence is not confined to towns or temples made with hands. ‘We have heard of it,’ said the Israelites of old, ‘at Ephratah; we found it in the fields of the wood.’

Like them we must seek it now among the deep hollows, and among the lonely hills. There at least we may meet with some hope of secrecy and safety, to do which here is now impossible. I am not, however," he continued, "to be supposed as pointing out the duty of private christians so much as that of ministers, and mine own in particular. The public and professed witnesses of Christ, we must continue to prophesy, though it should be in sackcloth of hair. The heralds of his gospel, we must proclaim it, though it should be as one crying in the wilderness. The standard-bearers of the host, with Christ's kingly standard in our hands, we must take the fore-front, whoever may follow."

The conclusion of this conference was a resolution on the part of the outed ministers to leave Edinburgh, and to exercise their ministry along with Welsh, and Semple, and Arnot, in the fields, which they almost immediately did.

In the meantime, we were left without any stated Gospel ministry; and, in common with multitudes who refused to attend the ministry of the prelates or the indulged, ours were now often sad and silent Sabbaths. Occasionally, however, though the risk was so great, Mrs. Rowellan secured the services of some of the faithful ministers of the time. On these occasions I was privileged to be present. When these could not be had, "not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together," we met to worship God in private.

Like those who seemed to have lived in times similar to our own, and who are spoken of by the prophet Malachi, "we spake often one to another;" may I not also add, "and the Lord



hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

## CHAPTER VI.

## A FIELD MEETING.

AMONG the ministers who, at this time, displayed the banner of truth, and who kept it flying on the mountains with the greatest boldness and success, were Messrs. Welsh and Semple, Peden and Blackader. They were, of all the outed ministers, the most obnoxious to Government, who had set a price of two thousand merks on each of their heads. Mr. Blackader was in the west, Mr. Semple in the south, and Mr. Welsh in the east.

Hearing that Mr. Welsh was to preach at Auchencruive, twelve miles to the south of Edinburgh, Quentin Rowallan and I resolved to be present. It was with some difficulty that Quentin obtained Mrs. Rowallan's consent.

"Remember," she said, "Quentin, that your mother is a widow, and that, should any thing befall you, there is no earthly one to whom Isobel, Beatrice, and myself, have to look. Consider the risk you run,—apprehension, imprisonment, death. In the bloom of health to-day, to-morrow, at this time, you may be carried home to me in your blood. How could I sustain the loss? How could I endure the sight?"

"Dear mother," said Quentin, "speak not thus. Beatrice, are you, too, in tears? Are not the hairs of our head all numbered? have not you taught us out of the Book of God, that a sparrow cannot

fall to the ground, without the knowledge and permission of our heavenly Father? Is not the Lord 'our sun and shield?' Will not He direct us in the way of duty? Will not He defend us from danger? Have you not taught us, 'that whoso loveth his life shall lose it, but that whoso loseth his life for Christ's sake, shall find it.' If even these apprehensions were realised, I go not to 'lose my life,' but to 'find it.'"

"Quentin," said Mrs. Rowallan, "you know not a mother's fears."

"No," said he, smiling, "but I know something of a mother's *faith*, which I have known stronger, however, than it is to-day." The contest was now ended.

"Go, then," said Mrs. Rowallan, "seeing you go in His name; for under His seal and shield we are indeed safe; our life is in his hand; we are immortal till our time come."

As the distance was considerable, and to avoid observation, we left the town on the Saturday evening, and lodged all night in a friend's house in the neighbourhood. Next morning we rose early. It was summer; though the sun had risen above the horizon, the morning star was yet lingering at the gate of heaven. In the sky not a cloud was visible; while, sprinkled with dew, the earth glittered as if, during the night, it had been sown with gems. Had it been the morning of an ordinary day, its radiant beauty would have had its influence on our hearts; for who has not felt that a day of unusual beauty brings with it the influence of a charm, making the darkest spirit less dark, and diffusing a portion, not only of its sunshine, but of its serenity, over the souls of even the troubled and tempest-driven. But it was more; it was the morning of the Sabbath-day;

and as we journeyed onwards, now conversing and now musing on all that it sealed and shadowed, it became to us a sabbath of the soul, a sabbath of eternity.

"What, Patrick," said Quentin, who was evidently thinking of his mother's forebodings, "what if we should be attacked by the king's troops; would it be our duty to resist?"

"As to the matter of resistance, Quentin," I replied, "we have in the first place no weapons, though I doubt not but others may. As to the duty of resistance, that is a different question, and one which I have heard Mr. Traill say, was not without its difficulties. Resistance, he said, was twofold, positive and passive, offensive and defensive, both kinds of which, in his opinion, were in certain circumstances justifiable; the difficulty being to decide what these circumstances were, and when they occurred."

"But," said Quentin, "is it not written in the Word of God, that kings ought to be honoured and obeyed? Do not our standards say that infidelity does not make void his authority, this authority standing not in grace, but in nature?"

"But a king," said I, "is not a tyrant, and a tyrant is not a king. Tyrants are the enemies of kings, as well as of subjects, and it is for the safety of both that they be resisted, and if need be, slain. The king of this country is a constitutional king. He is above us, but he is not above the constitution. In other countries the king is the law, but in this the law is the king. So long as he rules according to law, he is king, but when he violates the law, as James VI. himself is said once to have acknowledged in parliament, he becomes a tyrant. What we seek is not his destruction, it is our own preservation: it is

not to invade his rights, it is to preserve our own."

"But," said Quentin again, "are not the acts we complain of the Acts of Parliament? are not they the laws of the land?"

To this I replied, "They are laws, it is true, but they contradict previous laws; they contradict the constitution at once of kirk and kindgom; they are an invasion of the ancient laws of this protestant state, ratifying the liberty of the true presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, ratifying her doctrine and government, worship and discipline, and which remain to this day on the statute book, unrescinded, unrepealed.

"Besides, dear Quentin," I continued, "granting even that there were no such ancient laws of the realm, securing to us liberty to read and to hear the Word of God—what is that Word, and what says that Word itself? Is it a rule, the only supreme rule of faith and manners, to kings and parliaments, as well as to the people? You hold it is—well, then, if kings and parliaments disown this rule—if they make laws which contradict it, are we bound to obey them? No, we are not; not merely because they disobey God, and cease to be the ministers of God, but because in his Word we have a law, our obligation to obey which is supreme, immutable, and eternal." To this Quentin replied—but in a voice softer and gentler even than usual, hurt, perhaps, by my vehemence, for his was a heart so sensitive, that a harsh tone would cause it to shrink and bleed—

"The path is indeed clear, but the consequences to which it may lead are dreadful; but for these, they who obstruct it are responsible, not we."

Having crossed Logan water, we came to the

foot of Torphin, the first of those bright green hills which form the long range of the Pentlands. Here we paused, and looking back on the scene we had left behind—the Firth of Forth, whose dark waters were speckled with the white sails which there was just wind enough to fill—the shores of Fife—the Lomonds—the distant Lammer mountains—and beneath us, the city, the castle, and the crags of Edinburgh; we then turned round the edge of Torphin, and were soon encompassed by the surrounding hills, between which once more we held on our way in silence. Our path was no longer solitary; numbers were now seen descending from the hills, others continued to issue from the openings on either side of the glen, so that we found ourselves on a sudden in the midst of ‘a great company.’ Some had that morning travelled upwards of twenty miles—some on the preceding day had come from even greater distances, and had spent the night, not in sleep, but in sheepfolds, in shepherd’s huts, or among the rocks, in prayer. From the distance which it was necessary to travel, and from the danger to which they were exposed, few children were to be seen in the long trains of intending worshippers that now lined the glen. Yet many of them were of tender age, and walked at the side of their parents, who ‘carried them as on eagles wings.’ And several there were, whose bending forms, and thin long white hairs escaping from their broad blue bonnets, and flowing upon their shoulders, spoke of extreme old age. One patriarchal old man in particular attracted our attention; and in the breast of my gentle companion,—who, like all the truly good and generous, revered, and loved the aged,—excited a lively sympathy.

“Next to the dead who die in the Lord, and whom a voice from heaven has pronounced blessed,” said Quentin Rowallan, “I envy the old man, I should say rather, the ‘old disciple.’ It is not the ship that puts to sea, with a full show of sail, and her flags streaming in the wind, I envy—it is the ship that, having escaped the dangers of the deep, and that, laden with the treasures of a foreign clime, though with a spent mast and a torn sail, I see returning, and preparing to cast her anchor in the quiet bay of her native harbour. Such is the ‘old disciple;’ and such, if we may trust to appearances, is that Scottish patriarch: what gravity and intelligence in his looks—what but piety could give to a poor peasant a countenance and carriage so noble and so majestic.”

“Nothing,” I replied. “Piety is the true nobility. ‘Learning,’ as you may remember, we were taught in the schools, ‘softens and subdues the manners;’ but neither learning, nor birth, nor any other wordly advantage, can change our natures. Religion does,—it makes us a kind of new creatures—it makes us men of God.”

“That is it!” said Quentin Rowallan, “that is it. What expressiveness is there in the language of Scripture,—what majesty and meaning in that single phrase—‘A man of God.’ As a form of speech it is perfection itself. It is stamped with divinity, as indeed all scripture language is. But let us join ourselves to this cottage patriarch.” This we did, to our great delight and edification.

Adam Meldrum, that was the patriarch’s name, had lived in no ordinary times, and was no ordinary man. He had not only sworn the covenant, but had fought under its banner, and, had not

age and infirmity come upon him, was willing to do so again.

"But," said he, "I have fought my last fight. I am drawing near the water-side. I have lived to see dark and dismal days come upon the poor afflicted Kirk of Scotland, and I care not how soon He will take me to himself, and hide me in the grave. I am like an old crazy ship that has weathered many storms, and that would fain be in the lee of the shore. Indeed, I am on my way this day to Auchencruive, hoping that as I am soon to pass over Jordan, I may there obtain from the top of Pisgah a view of the promised land. Young men," he added, addressing us, "pray—pray that you may receive an anointing for service and suffering; as for me, I expect an anointing for my burial. Many a long day have I sat under the droppings of the gospel, and at the gospel and sacramental table many a rich meal I have made, but this day methinks I am to make my last."

To our inquiry under whose ministry he sat, he replied,

"I have enjoyed the ministry of the most shining lights that the Kirk of Scotland, or perhaps any other kirk ever saw: of Blair, and Dickson, and Rutherford."

On asking him to gratify us farther by describing to us the peculiar excellencies of these three great men, he said,

"An English merchant who had occasion to visit this country about the year 1650, heard each of them preach. Being asked, on his returning home, what news he had brought from Scotland, he replied, 'great and good news. I went to St. Andrew's, where I heard a majestic looking man, (Mr. Blair,) and he showed me the *majesty*



*of God.* After him I heard a man of fair countenance, and of little stature, (Mr. Rutherford,) and he showed me the *loveliness of Christ.* I then went to Irvine, where I heard an aged man, well-favoured and of proper appearance, and he showed me *all my heart.* From which," continued Adam Meldrum, "you may form some idea of their different excellencies, though of these excellencies themselves, no words of mine could convey to you any adequate idea. Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Blair were both ministers of St. Andrews, having been appointed to the collegiate charge of that town by the Glasgow Assembly. There they continued their labours for more than twenty years. Mr. Rutherford, I have forgotten to say, was appointed at the same time Professor of Divinity. I was at that time living in the neighbourhood of St. Andrews, and sat under their ministry. These were great days of the gospel in St. Andrews, which may be said for twenty years to have resembled Gideon's fleece, on which the dews lay thick and fresh, while the whole country around was dry. Both were wholly taken up in their Master's service, and were either always employed in the public or private exercises of religion. Mr. Blair was in stature and in appearance tall and commanding. Mr. Rutherford was low in stature, and had a frail body, but he was a man of most wonderful activity. He had the quickest and largest eyes I have ever seen in a human countenance; and when he walked, it was observed that he held aye his face upward. His utterance in the pulpit was peculiar—it was a kind of *screigh* that I never heard the like; when he came to speak of Christ in his sermons, I have many times thought he would flee out of the pulpit. Except when

commending him indeed, he was never in his element. One day, I am told, when preaching in Edinburgh, after dwelling for some time on the differences of the day, he exclaimed, 'Wo is unto us for these sad divisions, that make us lose the fair scent of the Rose of Sharon;' he then broke out into a commending of Christ, his 'kingly King,' as he usually styled him—dwelling on his peerless beauty, excellence, and glory, for about a quarter of an hour; upon which the Laird of Glanderston said, loud enough to be heard by those about him, 'Aye, now you are in the right lith—hold you there.'

"It was at the communion seasons chiefly that we heard Mr. Dickson, who was then minister of Irvine. He was perhaps the most popular and successful minister of his time. Numbers, I have been told, came from distant parts of the country, and settled at Irvine, that they might be under the drop of his ministry; yet withal, no man was more humble; and in the midst of his success he was often heard to say, 'that the vintage of Irvine was not equal to the gleanings of Ayr;' alluding to the ministry of the incomparable John Welsh, whose grandson we are to hear to-day."

We had now reached the head of the valley, and our conversation ceased. Promising to meet with the grey-haired veteran of the covenant after the services of the day were ended, and having seen him conducted to a seat by two of the elders, by whom, on our approach, he was recognised, and received with the respect due to his age and character, we halted to survey the spot and scene. The place had in many respects been carefully chosen. On each side of the glen rose two high and steep hills, or rather two ridges of hills, the surface of which was bare, rugged, and broken.

At the head of the valley, and disjoined from the two on each side by a cleft or narrow gorge, rose another hill, but the aspect and character of which were entirely different from the two which flanked its sides. It was neither so high nor steep—it rose gradually and gently, and was covered with moss, green and soft as velvet, and sprinkled and scented with richly-tinted lichens and wild flowers, beautiful and innumerable. As the worshippers assembled, they arranged themselves on the face of the hill in rows, which looked like the front of an immense gallery. Whether it was the peculiar character of the congregation, or the circumstances in which they had met—there being not an individual there but who had come, and who knew that he had come, with his life in his hand—I know not, but certain it is, that such seriousness and solemnity I had never before seen in the looks of men. Though many there must have known each other, and for years, perhaps, had now met for the first time, they exchanged no word of salutation, nor look even of recognition, but sat in solemn silence, conscious that they were in the presence of God, and holding communion with him in the sanctuary of their souls. We now took our places, which we had not done long when Mr. Welsh, in company with Laird and Lady Veitch, on whose grounds the conventicle was held, approached, and took his station beneath, at the side of a large grey stone, from which the moss had been swept away, and upon which, as upon the board of a pulpit, lay the Holy Bible. As Mr. Welsh approached, with his head uncovered, I had leisure and opportunity to mark his appearance. He was of tall stature, but spare. His countenance was grave, pale, and sad, it might almost

be said to have been stern. His forehead was high. His hair, once black, though his years could not be more than forty, was already grey. Opening the Bible which lay before him, and saying in a voice, calm, deep, and clear, "LET US WORSHIP GOD," he gave out these beautiful, and to those in our circumstances, soul-touching verses, from the sixty-first Psalm—

" O God give ear unto my cry, ,  
 Unto my pray'r attend;  
 From the utmost corner of the land  
 My cry too thee I'll send.  
 What time my heart is overwhelm'd,  
 And in perplexity,  
 Do thou me lead unto the rock,  
 That higher is than I," &c.

Thus has God given us 'songs in the night,' the meaning and beauty of which cannot be seen in the sunshine of day. An illustration of this I remember to have read in the history of the Pilgrim Fathers, who, when they landed on the shores of New England, were without food, and knew not where or how to procure it. Wandering about on the sea-sands, they discovered a shell-fish, which supplied them with food for several days. When surrounding the table which God had so unexpectedly covered for them in the wilderness, one of them read from the Scriptures the following passage, 'And he fed them with the treasures of the sand,' which all acknowledged they had not only not noticed before, but that even if they had, in other circumstances they would neither have felt its power, nor perhaps even understood its meaning.—Having sung these lines, during which it seemed to me as if I were with the spirit-rapt seer, in Patmos, and heard with him a sound from heaven, as of

“many waters, and of harpers harping with their harps,” and ere the echo had died away among the mountains, Mr. Welsh rose and said, “LET US PRAY.” After a prayer of great solemnity, earnestness, and power, he gave out the subject of his first discourse, which was in the seventy-fourth Psalm, and was in these words, “A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees, but now they break down the carved work thereof at once, with axes and hammers.” In discoursing from these words, he showed us wherein the temple of Solomon was a figure of the church of Christ. This, he said, it was in its plan, its foundation, its materials, its builders, the silence in which it was built, there having been heard neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard on the walls; and in the ends for which it was erected. In the conclusion, he declared the Kirk of Scotland to be a true church of Christ, having pure doctrine, a regular ministry, and scriptural worship, government, and discipline. He spoke of its re-building at the second reformation. “The builders,” he said, “were a whole nation—nor did the proudest peers of the realm disdain to take their place on the walls of our beautiful Zion, with the meanest of the people. Then was a man, famous, not for his rank and lineage, not for the number of his followers, nor for the breadth and beauty of his lands, but for his forwardness and zeal in building the ‘Lord’s house,’ and according as he had lifted up his axe upon the thick trees; but now, sad reverse—it is getting and gaining—it is money and moyen—it is rank and following. It is not, what says the holy and eternal Word of God? but what say the council—what say the prelates—what says the law of the

land? It is not, who will prove his loyalty to Christ, our kingly King, the King of Glory? but who will prove his loyalty to a king of clay. It is a dark and dismal day, a day of rebuke and of blasphemy, of casting away and of treading down—a day in which justice lies swooning in the gates—in which truth has fallen in the streets, and in which the ministers of God are silenced, banished, imprisoned, and arraigned as criminals before the tribunals of the land. It has been a day of sinning—it will be a day of suffering. Judgment has begun at the house of God, but it is decreed for the whole land. Many a stroke has this poor wounded and wasted Kirk received, but the stroke which the Lord is now waling, and fetching in his fierce anger, will be the sorest. It has been long threatened—it is near, it is at hand. O, poor, poor Scotland, well were he that were in his grave, that his eyes might not see, nor his ears hear, nor his heart be broken, by the desolations that are coming upon thee.”

Here the preacher, overcome by his feelings—which were excited, not so much by the picture he had pourtrayed, as by what it suggested, or by what he himself was specially favoured to foresee—paused, his countenance, pale as it usually was, became paler, and, covering his face with his hands, he wept aloud. Now ensued a scene such as I had never witnessed, the impression of which is as vivid as if it had happened yesterday, but which words are wanting adequately to describe. Some started to their feet, instinctively grasping their swords, with which, for the first time, I now saw that many were armed; others threw themselves on the ground; and others, burying their heads between their knees, rocked themselves to and fro, accompany-

ing this wild movement with a low suppressed moan, resembling the wailing for the dead. Excited by what I had heard, and by what I saw, and as I thought of home, of the cruelties at that moment committing in my native Galloway, by that man of blood, Sir William Bannatyne; and as I thought, moreover, of "all the oppressions that were done under the sun—of the tears of such as were oppressed, and had no comforter," the cries of which seemed to rise from the ground, and the phantoms of which seemed to pass before me, darkening the light of day, I wept also. These tears, though some, I am aware, will deride them as childish and foolish, I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I shed. A string was on that day touched in the depth of my nature, which to this hour has not ceased to vibrate. Emotions in that hour were kindled within me, which continue still to burn—emotions of intense and all-pervading hatred of injustice and oppression, which in tempest and in sunshine will, I am confident, burn on, so long as life endures. But, to return to the course of the narrative: once more the voice of the preacher was heard, at the sound of which all others subsided.

"Men and brethren," said he, with a voice tremulous and broken with agitation, "I did not think that I could have shown such weakness, but alas, we are frail clay vessels, and easily shattered. I was speaking," he continued, resuming the train of ideas that had been so strangely interrupted, "of the holy and beautiful house which our fathers built, and in which we, till lately, worshipped, but which is now, pin and pillar, roof and wall, burnt up and broken down. I was speaking of the judgment which has begun

at the house of God, and of the wrath-strokes which threaten to fall upon the land. To what and to whom, I now desire to ask, is all this owing? To our sins—to ourselves. O, sirs, look not to secondary causes merely; say not, this is the Parliament's, and this is the Prelates' doing. This, I grant, indeed it is, but it is also our own. Shimei curses David, but the Lord hath bidden him, and David has deserved it. If Scotland be this day a Bozrah, a place of sacrifice, it is because it has been a high place of sin. The controversy which our persecutors are blindly arming themselves to avenge, is the Lord's—a controversy for his insulted prerogatives, and his abused mercies—it is for his covenant and crown—that covenant which we have so perfidiously broken—that crown, that fair crown, which, after putting on his head in Scotland, and proclaiming him king, we have plucked from off his royal head, and vilely cast away. Never, since the sun was kindled in these heavens—never in all its journeyings, has it shone on a land so favoured as ours. Never has any land enjoyed such privileges, or seen such days of the Son of Man, as this; but these days we did not prize—these privileges we did not improve—and now our ship is on the sand, and our sun is gone down. Taking heaven and earth to witness—taking instruments of sun and sky, that beheld us, we entered into covenant with God, avouching him to be our God, and protesting that, renouncing Popery, Prelacy, and sacrilegious supremacy, we would walk in his ways. Our king did it, our nobles did it, our people did it; but this covenant, by which the land was married to the Lord, has been formally disannulled, its bands have been broken, its cords have been cast away,



yea, the very scroll on which it was inscribed, as if it had been accursed, has been consumed with fire. O, surely at so daring and so desperate an outrage, at the merriment and the glee with which it was witnessed, the heavens must have been astonished, and the earth, as if 'horribly afraid,' in the ear of her insulted Maker, sent up a cry."

"Men and brethren," he continued, "think you that the authors of this deed, the ringleaders in this revolt—a revolt against the Lord and his anointed, shall escape unpunished. Let no one believe it. Be they prince, parliament, or prelate, God shall rescind these rescinders. He shall overturn these overturners. The burning kirk shall not be consumed—but they who have cast fire into it, have kindled a flame which shall devour themselves utterly, and for ever. Yet the kirk is burning—with axes and hammers they have defaced the carved work—they have broken its walls, and are razing it to the ground. At these defections, and at the sight of these desolations, can we be indifferent and unconcerned. When the ark of God was in danger, Eli went forth from his house, and sat by the way-side watching, and his heart trembling as he sat there, asking at every one how the day went with the army, then engaged in battle with the Philistines. A messenger at last came, and he said, 'Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there hath been also a great slaughter among the people, and thy two sons, Hophni and Phinehas, are dead, and the ark of God is taken.' What he felt when he heard of the death of his two sons—both in the flower and prime of life—is not recorded; but it is said when the messenger made mention of the ark, and told him that it was taken, that 'he fell back and died.'"

“ His daughter-in-law, Phinehas’ wife, was a woman of kindred spirit. In vain did they who surrounded her couch say unto her, ‘ Fear not, for thou hast born a son;’ she answered not, neither did she regard it; in the bitterness of her spirit—in the desolation of her soul—a desolation made not so much by the tidings of her husband’s death, as by the loss of the ark, with her dying breath she named the child ‘ Ichabod,’ and she said, ‘ the glory is departed from Israel, for the ark of God is taken.’ By the rivers of Babylon the Jews, we are told, sat down, and hanging their harps upon the willows, they wept. Why did they weep? Was it for the fetters on their limbs? was it for the taunts and the scorn of their tyrants? for they that carried them away captive, required of them a song, and said in derision, ‘ Sing us one of the songs of Zion.’ No; it was ‘ when they remembered Zion’—it was on her account that their harps were silent, and their hearts sad, and their tears flowed. Aye, and in this land there went to be men of kindred spirit—men whose hearts trembled for the ark of God—men who never wept for themselves, but who wept when they remembered Zion. Could these men—the worthies and martyrs now before the throne, obtain a furlough for a short time. Could the apostolic Knox, the eloquent Rollock, the courageous Melville, the majestic Bruce, the renowned Gillespie, the soul melting Livingston, the Boanergic Henderson, the good Argyle, the faithful Guthrie, the seraphic Rutherford—could these, and others too numerous to name, be filed off from the ranks of the redeemed, and be sent down to visit their once fair and flourishing, but now faded and fallen mother Kirk, how would they be affected.

As they walked about Zion, and beheld the high towers and bulwarks thereof lying in ashes—as they beheld the regalia of the King of glory in the possession of a mortal power, claiming and acknowledged to be head over the ‘house of God’—how would they be filled with grief and dismay? While hastening to return to the abodes they had left, they would exclaim, ‘Let us go hence, for from Kirk and kingdom the glory is departed.’”

Such are a few notes of Mr. Welsh’s first sermon. His second was on Micah, fourth chapter and ninth verse. “Now why dost thou cry aloud? is there no king in thee? is thy counsellor perished?” My recollections of this sermon are fainter even than those of the first. Having dwelt at some length upon the *necessity*, the *reality*, and the *nature* of Christ’s kingly office, he said, “He is a *divine* King, this He is essentially as the Son of God, and this He is officially as Mediator; being King in this sense by his Father’s appointment, as it is contained in the Psalms, ‘yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Sion.’ He is an *ancient* King, being consecrated to the regal office by an oath—the oath of God from eternity. He is a *powerful* King, all power in heaven and in earth being lodged in his hand, and all the armies of the universe following in his train. He is a *wise* King, hence his names—‘Wisdom, Wonderful, Counsellor.’ He is a *kingly* King, being king not only of earthly kings, and Lord of earthly lords, but of princes, thrones, dominions, and high estates of eternity. He is a *glorious* King, his person is glorious, one glimpse of the glory of which would cause the moon to be confounded, and the sun to be ashamed. His throne, His abode, Hi

retinue, His revenue are all glorious. His kingdom, is the kingdom of glory; glorious for its antiquity, and extent; and glorious for its duration. The kingdoms of earth and time, like so many May-flowers, cast their leaves, and lose their bloom in a month; but *His* is an everlasting kingdom, and like the stars in the firmament, yea, when they have run their race, and shall have vanished from their spheres, shall shine unchanging and unchanged for ever. Lastly, he added, He is the *church's* King; being set up not only *for* and *over* her, but *in* her where he reigns and rules in sole and undivided supremacy; in her congregations, sessions, presbyteries, synods, and high assemblies. Hence, He is said to have the government upon his shoulders, and to have the key of David,—the key being the symbol of supremacy, of which He is rightful possessor, and which neither prince nor prelate any more than that hoary hierarch the pope of Rome may usurp, save at the peril of going into perdition. Yet this the king of this realm has done, which, with my brethren, now sharing the rigours of this day of forth-driving and persecution, I have declared to be a sacrilegious invasion of the rights of Zion's King, and will never cease to declare, and to denounce it till I die. For this testimony, all this has come upon us, we are driven from the dwellings of men, we are counted as sheep for the slaughter, we are broken in the place of dragons, and are covered with the shadow of death, but it is a testimony which no one here will ever, I trust, retract, but if need be, will seal it with his blood. In fine, said he, though the kirk of Scotland be on the windy side of the brae, and there be few to plead for her, few to befriend

her, and few of the noble and honourable of the land to follow her; is her King in the midst of her, and has her 'counsellor not perished,' then let none faint or be afraid, but let every man possess his soul in 'quietness and assurance.' Let it not be said of any of us, as it was said of the children of Ephraim, that 'being armed and carrying bows, we turned back in the day of battle.' Though the sea rage and be tempestuous, so long as we have a Pilot at the helm, whom winds and seas obey, there is no cause to fear; let us only abide in the ship, and we shall be safe, for though her way should be over waves of blood and fire, the broken ship will come to land."

With these, and many such words, did Mr. Welsh exhort us to cleave unto the cause and covenant of Christ, and thus did he animate both old and young—even the tender woman and the simple maiden, with a portion of his own courage, which neither danger nor death could daunt. As the services were begun, so they were concluded with prayer and praise. Our concluding psalm was that sublimest of inspired songs, the sixty-eighth. The words we sung were these:

"O God, what time thou didst go forth,  
 Before thy people's face;  
 And when through the great wilderness,  
 Thy glorious marching was.

Then at God's presence shook the earth,  
 Then drops from heaven fell;  
 This Sinai shook before the Lord,  
 The God of Israel.

O God, thou to thine heritage,  
 Didst send a plenteous rain,  
 Whereby thou, when it weary was,  
 Didst it refresh again.

Thy congregation then did make,  
 Their habitation there ;  
 Of thine own goodness for the poor,  
 O God, thou didst prepare.

God said, my people I will bring  
 Again from Bashan hill ;  
 Yea, from the sea's devouring depths,  
 Them bring again, I will.

Thy goings they have seen, O God,  
 The steps of majesty,  
 Of my God and my mighty King,  
 Within the sanctuary," &c.

Words which were evidently chosen to express our sense of the divine goodness and grace, so signally vouchsafed to us that day, and our faith in the future deliverance of this kirk and kingdom, and which, as the chariots of the soul, carried our praises from our temple among the hills, up to the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Such was the occasion of my first meeting with this famous ejected minister. It was not the last. I was to meet him afterwards in very different scenes, not amidst the sound of psalms, but amidst the shout and slaughter of the field of battle. But I anticipate. On the dismissal of the congregation along with Adam Meldrum, who had tarried for some time to converse with Mr. Welsh, for they were old friends, we took our way homewards: very pleasant was our journey back in company with that venerable old man, and very profitable. Much as we had cause in the morning and now to admire the strength of his judgment, and the extent of his information, we had equal cause to admire the retentiveness of his memory; not only was he perfectly familiar with the doctrines which had formed the topics of Mr. Welsh's discourses, but he seemed to have

brought away on his memory the whole of the discourses themselves.

“Young men,” said he, “I cannot express in words the satisfaction it has given me, to find that you understand the real nature of the question which is now debated in these lands. It is not, as Mr. Welsh said truly, ‘might not the ejected ministers have taken the indulgence, and preached the gospel as before? It is not, do not the indulged preach Christ? It is not, ought not kings to be obeyed, and should not all good christians be subject to the laws of the land.’ It is simply this,—is the word of God the rule of our faith and obedience, or is it not. Is Christ Head over His own house. Is the government on His shoulders. Is He King in Zion? Are we to uphold His crown according to our sworn covenant, or are we to stand by and see it removed from His head, and look on in silence; yea, are we to make common cause with those who, in this land, are engaging in the sacrilegious attempt? It were better that we should die a thousand deaths. They cry out, ‘Obey the law of the land, obey the law of the land.’ We too have our cry, but it is ‘obey the law of God.’ We will render, none more readily, to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, but we will also, yea, first and foremost, as is most due, we will ‘render to God the things that are God’s.’ Into the service of that King of whom we heard so much this day, it is long since I was admitted. On that occasion I gave him my bond, under my faith and hand to be his, that all the days of my life, I would take up his cross, and contend for the prerogatives of his kingdom and crown. He took me at my word. Little; indeed, have I done for his crown, but above many I have been

honoured, and holpen to bear his cross. If not in my flesh, yet in my spirit I may say with the apostle, I bear the 'marks of the Lord Jesus.' You see that long ridge of hills on the left. Near yon highest peak, behind which the sun is sinking, is Rullion Green. On that fatal spot, sleep in death upwards of eighty of our countrymen, who fell there contending for the crown, covenant, and cause of Christ. Beside one green mound, there I often sit and weep, and well I may, for there, in his bloody bed, lies an only, and a beloved son. Often as I sit there alone, am I tempted to wish that I had fallen in his stead, and often, ere I am aware, I find myself uttering the lamentation of David over his beautiful, but rebellious son, Absalom,—'My son, my son, would to God that I had died for thee, Oh, my son, my son!' But these I know are sinful as well as sorrowful words, and instead of lamenting that the wall of Zion is builded in the blood of child of mine, I should rather rejoice, which may He enable me to do." "Ah young men, young men!" he continued, "give to Christ the flower of your days; when life shall come to the gloamin with you, as it has done with me, and you look back on your spent life, you may regret many things; but take the word of an old man for it, you will not regret this. Next to being in Christ at all, is being in him early. Have ye given your hand to Christ, seek not to withdraw it; keep fast grips only of him, and you have nothing to fear. Let him go, and as certainly as a stone falls to the ground, you shall fall into hell, aye, and there fall, and fall for ever. But I hope better things of you, and that neither bonds nor blood will part between you and Him. Neither be ashamed nor dis-



couraged to own Him, though He is now to be seen going almost His lone in Scotland, where He was was wont to have such a numerous and honourable following. 'Howbeit,' as the renowned Swan of St. Andrews, when shut up in Aberdeen, said in his letter to lord Lindsay, 'howbeit, the Rose of Sharon now seemeth to wither, and his root to dry up, I dare hazard my soul that he will yet grow green and blossom. The time is coming when Christ will have a thick court, and be the glory of Scotland. He will then make a diadem, a garland, a seal upon his breast, and a ring upon his finger, of those who have avouched him before this faithless generation.' But wo to those who are now taking the crown from off his royal head, every arm so lifted up shall wither, and every eye that looks unconcerned on the dishonour done to the King of Zion, shall be extinguished."

We had now come to that part of the valley where Adam Meldrum was to leave us, which, with many regrets on our part, and many precious counsels on his, in company with a few neighbours taking their way across the hills, he did, and we saw him no more. Now meditating, and now conversing on all we had seen and heard, we then continued our way homewards, which late that evening we reached, wearied in body, but recruited, refreshed, and rejoicing in spirit, and to [the great joy of all in Rowallan Place, who had, during a silent Sabbath at home, sat casting in their hearts

"The fashion of uncertain evil;"

but who, when we rehearsed to them all that we had heard and seen, regretted now that they had not worshipped God that day amidst the lonely hills of Auchencruive.

## CHAPTER VII.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. TRAILL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

KNOCKDAILIE, *Jan. 20th, 1667.*

A DARK night is at hand. The four winds of the earth are loose. The foundations of the earth are out of course. The "sword of the wilderness" has received its commission; it has been drawn from its scabbard, and who can tell when it will be returned. The country is overrun with soldiers. Sir James Turrer has been withdrawn, but Sir William Bannatyne has succeeded him; so Galloway is not likely to profit by the exchange. Dalzell of Binns, and Sir Maxwell Murray, are in the west, and reports are daily reaching us of their exactions and oppressions. Fines to the amount of fifty thousand merks have, within a few weeks, been levied in the shire of Ayr alone. Several families have been ruined. For having been in Lanark when the Pentland army passed through it, and for refusing or failing to give satisfactory answers anent certain whig families in the parish and neighbourhood of Newmilns, David Finlay, a native of that parish, has been shot within a stone-cast of his father's dwelling. Sir William Bannatyne is in the neighbourhood. He has brought with him four hundred foot and a troop of horsemen. They are living at free quarters. Several have fled eastward at their approach,

and some have taken refuge among the rocks and in caves. We are daily looking for a visit.

KNOCKDAILIE, *February 1st, 1667.*

The cloud has passed over. Yesterday morning the trampling of horses' feet, a loud knocking at the door, and the screaming of the terrified servants, announced the arrival of Sir William Bannatyne with a party of soldiers. Desiring us to keep our seats and be calm, your father went out. "Sir William Bannatyne!" he said, addressing a tall, stern, soldier-looking man, whom at once he recognized as the leader of the troop. "The same, the same," replied Sir William, adding, "I suppose that I am speaking to Knockdailie;" and, without giving your father time to answer, continued, "this is rather an early visit, Knockdailie, but soldiers you know," with an allusion to your father's having been himself in the army, and with a profane scriptural allusion, "are men 'under authority;' they must not sleep whom the king sends."

Having given orders to an officer to surround the house, and giving his horse to one of the soldiers, he said, "Mr. Welwood, I shall now follow you in."

By this time Mrs. Welwood and Alison had withdrawn to their own apartments, where they awaited in fear and trembling the issues of our interview with one who, inferior to Dalzell and Claverhouse in courage, was equal to both in cruelty. On seeing me, he said, "So Mr. Welwood, you have strangers; may I ask you the gentleman's name? an intercommuned rebel, I doubt not, of whose company it will doubtless be my duty to deprive you."

“ Sir,” said your father, “ the gentleman is no rebel, but my children’s tutor, and their father’s friend—the Rev. Gilbert Traill.”

“ Then, Mr. Traill, you have not been concerned in this infamous rising? nor is your name in the dittay of denounced rebels?—let me see,” taking out a paper which contained at once an indictment against the individuals named in it, and his instructions for pursuing and seizing them, as well as fining and carrying to prison those found or suspected to have aided, concealed, or abetted them—“ let me see,—Wallace; Learmont; Maxwell of Monrief, younger; MacLellan of Barscob; Gordon of Knockbreck; Gordon of Earlston; MacLellan of Barmageichan; Cannon of Burnshalloch, younger; Murray of Montdroggat; Welsh of Skar; Row, chaplain to Scot of Scotstarvet; &c. &c. No, there is no Traill in the black list; nor, for the matter of that, is yours here either, Knockdailie; but my instructions were not to visit you for being in that bloody and infamous rising, but resetting and intercommuning with those that were. This do you acknowledge?”

“ That I did receive into my house and entertain, as is my wont, two wayfaring men, Sir William Bannatyne,” said your father, “ is what I am not careful to deny; this was an act of humanity which”—

“ I will hear no more,” said Sir William, sternly, “ I know nothing of your distinctions; you are a Covenanter, Knockdailie, and to make distinctions comes as natural to you as to reset rebels; I am a simple soldier, and do not understand such distinctions; I am a loyal subject, and will not listen to them. Are the wayfaring men you speak of—in other words, are the de-

clared rebels, Gordon of Earlston, and that apostle of sedition, Mr. Gabriel Semple—beneath your roof still, or in hiding on your grounds? but I am an idiot to ask, I must call in my men to search—such are my instructions. You will see it to be your duty, I hope, not to resist.”

“Resist! Sir William,” said your father, “ask the withered leaf not to resist the wind before which it is driven, or the heady current by which it is carried down. For me to resist indeed would be vain; I must either bend to the blast, or be broken by it. Nor am I so much pained to see my house searched, as I am to find my word suspected.”

“It would be folly in me, Sir William,” I ventured to add, “to hope that the credit which is not given to Knockdailie’s word will be given to mine; but I feel it to be my duty to assure you that the individuals you speak of are not beneath this roof, nor within these bounds. If I entreat you to refrain from calling in the soldiers, and subjecting the house to be searched, it is for this consideration alone—a consideration that ought to be sacred to you as a man and a soldier—the pain it will give Mrs. Welwood and her daughter.”

“Very fine sentiments, Mr. Traill,” he replied; “but all this should have been considered sooner—if Mrs. and Miss Welwood cannot bear to see the king’s soldiers at Knockdailie in the discharge of their duty, they should have taken care to have rendered this painful duty unnecessary; they can moreover be brought here, where they may remain till the search is over.”

The disagreeable intelligence I undertook to communicate to your mother and Alison, which

they heard with less alarm than I feared. I led them into the parlour—Alison clinging to her mother, both of them pale, but silent.

The captain of the troop was now called in, and received orders to institute an effectual search, which he immediately commenced, along with several of the soldiers—while the rest continued to surround the house—as we learned from the heavy tramping of their steel-clad boots, and the clanking of their swords as they rushed into the hall. Having searched every part of the house, beneath and above, breaking up closets and chests, and piercing the wainscot with their swords, Captain Winram returned with the report that he found no one concealed.

“You may then,” said Sir William, “send the men into the hall, and call in the rest, and see that they have something to drink. As for you, ladies,” addressing your mother and Alison, “you may retire. It is now time, Knockdailie, that we proceed to business. You have not, I am instructed, been in your own parish church for several years. You have attended conventicles; you have held them in your own house; you have harboured seditious preachers, factious and fiery fanatics, whom the devil has driven, and through whom he is driving the people of this country to the verge of rebellion and ruin; you have harboured, resetted, and intercommuned with rebels; this you have done on your own confession, and in doing which, as my creed has it—alluding to his instructions—you have committed the crimes and incurred the pains of treason, for which I would be justified in sending you and your young friend here to the assize, that you might be punished in your persons, for a terror and example to others. But

as I have respect for your age, and as you are a man of goods and world's gear, what say you if I should lighten you of it? which to say the truth, I am at once in lack of, and love with,—which I know not most.”

“Of world's wealth,” said your father, “I have never had much, but what I have has been honestly come by: when riches have increased, I have not set my heart upon them; and as to parting with them, it is not this that gives me grief; it is the way in which this parting is effected. Time was, Sir William Bannatyne, when in this land our persons were sacred, and our property was secure; but I have seen this day that now they are neither, that both are at the mercy of every soldier who has a sword.”

“Mr. Welwood,” said Sir William, “presume not too far upon the mercy of the soldier and his sword: but as you like not sword-law, I shall try judge-law; and in this new capacity I amerce you, Knockdailie, in two thousand merks, for the half of which I shall be so reasonable as to accept your bond.”

Iniquitous as this exaction was, it was complied with: what else could we do? To whom could we look—to whom appeal? It was sword-law indeed; but sword-law and sceptre-law are now much alike. Had any disposition been shown to refuse or resist, the match would have blazed between our fingers; or the cord have been twisted around our heads; nor would even your father's grey hairs have exempted him from the torture.

On receiving the wages of his iniquity, Sir William could not refrain from breaking another of his scurrilous and insolent jests. “Now,” said he, “Knockdailie, you know the rate of

conventicle-going, and of rebel-resetting; this is a game, at which, if you are willing to play, I of course can have no objections. Let's play on then, and shame befall him that's tired first."

"Sir William," said your father, "this may prove to you a losing game at last; I stake little, you stake your soul."

"Come, come, Knockdailie," said the persecutor, "there must be no preaching, so long at least as I am present: it is a sample of your gear, man, that we wish, and not a specimen of your gifts."

While this was going on in the parlour, scenes of a different description, but equally distressing, were going on in the hall. Early as it was, the soldiers were drinking, each as he drained his cup, shouting "confusion to the Covenant," while his comrades threw up their caps now whooping and hallooing, and now trolling out snatches of licentious songs, which any where, but especially under a roof that had hitherto listened only to "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," it was painful and piteous to hear. At last they withdrew; on which, as we heard the last faint tread of their horses' feet, we knelt down and expressed our gratitude to God, that he had not given us over to "the will of our enemies," and that though they had "spoiled us of our goods," they had not been permitted to touch a hair of our heads. "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

KNOCKDAILIE, 10th May, 1667.

I am glad that you are so much pleased with the Rowallans. Mrs. Rowallan is a woman of rare endowments. "She has chosen the good part." She has sought "the pearl of great



price ;” and I am mistaken if she will part easily with what she prizes so highly. She belongs to the best days of Scottish piety, and is a woman such as Scotland I think only could produce. Her children are equally worthy of love and admiration with herself. They are what the poet-king of Israel desired the youth of his kingdom to be, when he said, “that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the manner of a palace.” I foresaw that you would like Quentin. He is a young man of high worldly expectations, but what is of greater moment, of great spiritual promise. From a child he was a plant of paradise, and should he reach the autumn of his years, his fruit will, I doubt not, be as remarkable for its abundance as his leaf is for its beauty. But, Patrick, permit me to call to your remembrance, and to his, the numerous dangers to which the plants of piety are exposed, as well as those of the garden and the field. How often, notwithstanding the care of the husbandman, do the flowers of the garden wither on the stem and perish at the root, and all his hopes go up as the dust ; yet more frequently do the flowers of a parent’s heart and of his house wither in the winds of this sinful world, and all the promise of their childhood perish. As the culture and care of the husbandman cannot always protect the flower from danger—cannot always preserve it from decay,—neither can a parent always protect and preserve the souls of his children. O, it is not the growing up in the sunshine of a mother’s love, it is not the growing up under the shelter of a father’s care, that will shield the soul of a child from evil. “There is a path

which no fowl knoweth, which the vulture's eye hath not seen, and which is hidden from the eyes of all the living." By this path, on the wings of silence, the spoiler of the soul comes to its gates. Nor, did squadrons of angels stand there upon guard, as they stood at the gates of paradise,

" In radiant files,"

could they detect his presence or debar his entrance. Who, then, can? God alone. To Him commit the keeping of your soul. Then shall it be "a garden enclosed," "then shall the vines flourish, the pomegranates bud, and the tender grapes appear," for He will water it every moment, He will keep it night and day. And should the great husbandman of the church come down into his "garden to gather lillies," when it is scarcely yet day, when the dew of youth lies thick and fresh on your heart,—“for howbeit ye be young flowers, and green before the sun—how soon may death cause both of you to cast your bloom, and wither, root, and branch, and leaves!”\*—you will be transplanted to the paradise above, where there shall be no corruption within, and no "evil communication" from without to obstruct your growth, where your leaf shall never fade, your fruit never fail, and your beauty never decay.

KNOCKDAILIE, July 20, 1668.

Before receiving your last letter, I had heard from Mrs. Rowallan of Mitchell's attempt on the life of Sharpe. You ask our opinion respecting it. Can there be two opinions on the subject? Does morality depend on opinion? Need I say

\* Rutherford.

it does not. Morality is one, opinion is numerous; morality is fixed, opinion is fluctuating; morality is consistent, opinion is contradictory; morality is divine, opinion is human; morality is the voice of God, opinion is the voice of man; morality is the polar-star that never shifts and never sets, opinion is but a lanthorn, every man having one of his own. Does morality consist in mere rectitude of intention? No; the worst things have been done with the best intentions. Hence many of the Popish ceremonies and even cruelties. Does the end justify the mean? No; christian ends are to be sought by christian means, Ends, the morality of which is clear and certain, are not to be sought by means the morality of which is doubtful. "Are we to do evil that good may come?" the smallest evil for the greatest good? if we do so, "our damnation," as saith the scripture, "is just." Are private or public wrongs to be redressed by private hands? No: for saith the Lord, "Vengeance is *mine*, I will repay." Vengeance, you see, may be due, but it is not ours. "Judas went to his own place." He died by his own, not by the hands of the apostles. We are now fighting a great battle—the battle of law, liberty, and religion. Let us not put the issue in peril by employing the weapons of unrighteousness. Let us arm ourselves with protests, with the pen, and, if it comes to that, publicly with the sword; but let us abhor the poignard and pistol of the assassin; let us employ or approve such weapons, and our cause is not only disgraced, but its death-warrant is sealed. We are glad to hear, therefore, that while there is but one opinion as to the character and deservings of Sharpe, and that whatever sympathy is felt for the misguided

Mitchell himself, as a man whom oppression hath made desperate, there is none cherished for an attempt which is alike contrary to the obligations of the Covenant, as it is to the declarations of reason and Scripture.

KNOCKDAILIE, *December 18, 1668.* .

You would be surprised and delighted were you to see the change that a few years has made on the appearance of Miss Welwood. When you left this, she was a child; she is now a woman, and is even lovelier as a woman than she was when a child. Nor would you be struck with the change on her appearance so much, perhaps, as at the extent of her acquirements. The true nature of the question between the government and the people she understands distinctly. The curate she has gone once to hear, and once only. It is not Mr. Scougal's preaching only that she objects to—though this is sadly unsound, a brief and barren essay without light or love, without sap and savour—the principle that any earthly power should prescribe to us out of God's Holy Word what we are to believe, while the word is and was given us as the reason and rule of our faith, is, she rightly considers, papacy, in whatever shape it may come, and by whatever name it may be known. To forsake the fountain at which, from her childhood, she has drank of the waters of life; for the broken cisterns and the bitter waters of prelacy—to abjure the truth at the bidding of man—prelate or prince—she has not “so learned Christ.” Do you remember this sonnet of Milton?

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth,  
Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,

And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth.  
 The better part, with Mary and with Ruth,  
 Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
 Thy care is fixed and zealously attends,  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light  
 And hope that reaps not shame, therefore be sure,  
 Thou when the bridegroom with his feastful friends  
 Passes to bliss, at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

Read it again, and think it was addressed to Alison Welwood. Have you not discovered a resemblance in Isobel Rowallan to Alison? You would, could you see her now. Mr. Scougal has been several times here. He has been courteously but coldly received, as coldly as it is possible for Knockdaile, whose heart is kindness itself, to receive any one. Mr. Scougal, as a minister, is weak—would he were no worse. He is, I am afraid, wicked. On his coming to the parish, as you remember, his ministry was deserted, and himself generally avoided. Instead of attempting to conciliate the affections of his parishioners, by the diligent discharge of his duties, he seems to study only to show how thoroughly he can despise the one and neglect the other. He is not generally indeed a haunter of taverns himself—but his manse has of late become the resort of those who are. The rudes-bies, revellers, and “late wassailers” of the parish, and from Wigton are his chosen and chief companions. His Sabbath-evenings, which the pious pastor will spend in ‘sweet retired solitude,’ he spends in society. His assistants at communion seasons are individuals like himself, who sit late, drink deep, and on the even-

ing of the communion itself, have been heard to make the roof ring, and to keep the table in a roar. From the first, I have been the object of his dislike, as it has been, as he imagines, chiefly on my account that the people neglect his ministry. Nor would I have escaped, I am confident, so long, were it not that, by proceeding to extremities against me, he might the less hope to secure the affections of Alison, on whom, attracted by her growing though unconscious beauty, he has set his own. Could he indeed have been insensible to so much loveliness—I would have thought worse of him than I do; but, dear Patrick, don't give yourself, on this account, any anxiety. That he should obtain a place in the affections of a creature as different from him as light is from darkness, is impossible."

KNOCKDAILIE, *January 30, 1669.*

Captain Carstairs, one of the primate's pensioned spies, is now in Galloway, and when in the neighbourhood he makes the manse of Kinzeanleugh his home. The number of garrisons are increased in the country. Soldiers are quartered at Drumlaw and Waterside—daily accounts are reaching us of their insolencies and cruelties, which, were I to describe, would make your heart bleed. You remember Hugh Ker of Woodhead. His father died last week in Wigton prison, where he has lain ever since Middleton's parliament. Some months ago, his house was plundered, and he was severely fined; and to crown the trials of his broken and wasted family, he himself was yesterday carried prisoner to Edinburgh. A military tribunal has been established at Wigton, over which Cornet

Grahame, a brother of Claverhouse, presides. To be dragged before this court, is to be convicted; its sentences are final. In summoning, searching, and seizing, it proceeds on the information of the curates. Life and death may be said thus to be at their disposal. The tribunals are the hammers, but the curates are the hands which wield them. Theirs is the evil eye, and wo to them on whom that evil eye is cast. The state of things here is much the same, we believe, with what it is in other parts of this poor afflicted country. The holy and beautiful house of the Lord, where we and our fathers served him, and all our pleasant things, are made waste. Zion is ploughed like a field—Jerusalem is laid in heaps—the mountain of the house of the Lord is as the high places of the forest, and the rod of wickedness is lying upon the lot of the righteous. O, how hath the Lord scattered us in the day of his anger. How many of his faithful servants and people are at this moment made wanderers, chased from mountain to hill, having nowhere to lay their head. As for myself, I may say with Mr. Samuel Rutherford, writing from his banishment in Aberdeen, "I had but one eye, one joy, one delight, even to preach Christ, but this one eye they have extinguished." The sparrows and swallows may build their nests in the kirk of Rutherglen, but I am debarred from entering it. Since the day on which, for the honour and crown of my princely Master, I laid down at his feet my two shepherds staves, and became a wandering minister, God knoweth the sad and heavy Sabbaths I have had. Mr. Scougal having discovered that his visits to Knockdailie were disagreeable, has ceased to repeat them. His

displeasure with his non-conforming parishioners, as well as his disregard for the duties and decencies of his office, have, within these few days, broken over all former bounds. The evil eye, I am assured, has fallen on me. Would that I may be the only object he has devoted to destruction. For myself, I am not concerned. He has little to fear who has little to hope. The day that saw me ejected from Rutherglen, saw my purposes broken off—saw my hopes perish. Since that day I have been like a ship without a sail. On that day there were many who wept aloud, and who wrung their hands in the streets. There was *one* who did not, whose eyes were not wet, and whose voice was not heard in the streets, but whose heart, as she sat in her darkened chamber, was bleeding—I may say breaking, and who, in four months afterwards, was carried to an early grave. Margaret Halyburton, who had plighted her maiden troth to be mine, would have gone forth with the silenced minister as his wedded wife, but she had come of a proud race, and to this her father, who was a stern man, and in favour of the “Indulgence,” would not consent, nor could I blame him for interposing his authority to prevent his beautiful and beloved child from sacrificing not his worldly expectations only, but her own comfort. Thus, in the sad sweet words of our favourite Rutherford, “Did the bloom fall from off my branches, and my joy cast its flower.” To that scene of my early labours I may yet return, but the dead return not again. It is perhaps a peculiar feature in my history, certain it is a sorrowful one, that though yet comparatively young, most of my early associates are already gone. The faces I most loved to see are vanished—the voices I



most loved to hear are hushed; and return to the scenes of my youth when I may, there will be few of all I once knew and loved, to greet me on the streets, or whose voices shall ever more be heard in my dwelling.

“ They are all gone into a world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here ;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove ;  
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest,  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days ;  
My days, which are at best, but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmerings and decays.

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just,  
Shining no where but in the dark ;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark.” \*

But this is not the time to indulge in private sorrow. During my sojourn here, I feel like a tree, that, having been torn up by the roots, is transplanted, and begins again to take root, and to put forth some green leaves. Never did the weary mariner cast his anchor in calm water more joyfully, than I did mine in Knock-dailie; and never did the mariner turn his ship's head to the sea and the storm more unwillingly than I shall be to go forth your father's house; but the day when I must do so is not far distant. My master had work for me here, but it is done, and I am daily expecting to

\* Vaughan.

hear him say, "Arise and go hence." I have been long a dead man to clay and time, but this is not enough, I must be able to add, "nevertheless I live." It is yet called "to-day," and I must continue to work. When the sun sets, and the shadows are stretched out, then shall I get home. When the ship enters the harbour, the passengers will get to land; when the autumn comes, the fruit will fall of its own accord from the tree. Let us only work and wait, and all will be well. I forsee that a hard time awaits us; but if our cross be green, we have not far to carry it; it is only to the grave, on the edge of which we are already standing. "Bonds and imprisonments" may await us, as they did the apostle, "Come, and welcome," be our cry. The first cast of the soul's eye on the land that is yet afar off, that blessed land, where all are "kings," and "priests," and "first-born," and on Him its flower and jewel—the first draught of its waters of life, fresh and new from the well-head of eternity, will make amends for all. Your father's health, as you have heard from Alison, is, I am grieved to add, daily declining; somuch so, that you need not be surprised, should you soon hear from him recalling you home.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## MY RETURN HOME.

It was not many weeks after I had received the above letter, that I received the summons home, which I was daily expecting, and for which it had in part prepared me. On obtaining Mr. Innes' consent, I hastened to Rowallan Place, and took sorrowful leave of the Rowallan's. Our separation, we hoped, was but for a short time. Heaven had ordained it otherwise. In the course of two days solitary travel, I came in sight of the old trees that sheltered my native roof. Every thing, as I drew near, seemed to wear an air of supernatural stillness. My heart sunk. The windows were darkened, the doors were shut. As I stood there, afraid to enter, the door was opened by Ringan Craigie, an old and confidential servant, who had grown gray in the service of his master.

"Patrick," said the old man, his voice faltering, and his eyes filling with tears, "you are come, but it is too late to see Knockdailie."

He had departed an hour before—about the setting of the sun. Though in some measure prepared to expect this, I was stunned at the intelligence. I wept like a child, and cried aloud in the bitterness of my soul. My mother heard the voice of my weeping, and I soon found myself locked in her embraces. My mother was a woman of strong sense as well as of deep piety,

and bore her loss with great firmness; her countenance was sorrow-stricken, but she was perfectly calm. Alison was resigned, but not so calm. She fell on my neck and wept.

"Patrick," she said, "we are orphans and fatherless, and our mother is a widow."

When the first wild burst of grief had subsided, I learned the circumstances of my father's death, and, what was of greatest interest of all, that he had finished his course in joy; that he had departed this life not only in peace, but in the triumphant assurance of a better. He who had never forgotten me living, did not forget me when he lay a-dying.

"Tell Patrick," said he, "that my soul has been given me for a prey, that my prayers for myself and for him have been all answered, and that though I shall not see him in the face here, I hope to meet him before the throne."

Calling my mother and Alison to his bed-side, and addressing my mother by her maiden name, he said, "Alison Glendinning, we must at last part. In you and in my dear children my heart, I fear, has been sinfully bound up: the ties which bound me to you, God is now gently loosening. I am no longer yours—but weep not. Behold I die, but God will be with you, I have been seeking Him on your account. He has heard me, and has said to me, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widow trust in me.' Alison Glendinning, are you satisfied to take the Lord for your Husband?"

"I am satisfied," said my mother.

"And you, my sweet Alison Welwood," he continued, "are you satisfied with the Father of the fatherless, can you take him at his word?"

"I have had good cause to do so hitherto," said

Alison, "He will be as good as His word, He will never leave us, He will never forsake us. When father and mother leave us, I believe that the Lord will take us up."

"I can now," said my father, "turn my face to the wall, and die in peace. Lord," he added, "I leave them on thee, I die in the assurance that thou wilt keep them while they are in the world, and that though we part now, we shall meet where parting is unknown." Soon after, having served his own generation, by the will of God he fell asleep.

Four days after my return, he was carried to the grave amid the regrets of all who knew him, and was laid in the burying place of his fathers.

"God setteth the solitary in families;" how simple are these words of holy writ, but how beautiful and affecting. They fall on the ear, they touch the heart like a sweet strain of music. How beautiful also and how beautifying the arrangement which they describe—the family-form of humanity! What a centre of light and love is a human family! how pure, deep, and enduring is family affection! Others may love us for what we have or what we have done, our kindred love us for what we are; others may forsake us, our kindred scarcely ever do. Family affection endures when all else decays and dies. Many waters cannot quench, many floods cannot drown it. How powerful the attractions and how hallowed the associations of the family home! It is not even when we are preparing to leave; it is when we are far distant, and when we have been long absent from it, that we come to know the strength and the sweetness of its spells. Yet, alas! if family affections be the sweetest, family afflictions are the sorest. This

world has indeed few happier spots than the household hearth, especially when it is brightened by the happy faces, and when the old roof-tree rings with the joyous voices of the household band: but when that band has been broken and thinned—when “death has come up into our windows and has taken away the delight of our eyes with a stroke”—when the human gourd under which we sat in the days of our childhood is cut down—when the pillar on which our hearts leaned is broken—when most of the sweet family faces are gone and the family voices are hushed—and when most of those who surrounded the household hearth are laid in the household grave,—the light of that hearth is quenched, and the joy of that home and of the hearts of the few that are left is gone. The household band, thus broken, may long survive—its wounded hearts may even be healed; but scars will remain, never to be effaced. Like a harp which has lost several of its strings—what it once was it can never be again. Happy is it if, when our earthly home grows dark and desolate, we seek a home in heaven. Such was the cloud that my father’s death brought upon our house, and such the change it made upon our hearts. Yet severe though the stroke was, it was lined with love; black though the cloud was, there was a rainbow on its bosom. Much as we had to regret his death on our own account, we had nothing on his: “His hoary head had been to him a crown of glory.” “He had come to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe.” “He had died in the faith;” and his name, which on earth had been written on the same roll with the names of Henderson and Dickson, Argyle and Warriston, was now written on the same roll with those of

the elder worthies; with whom, and with the saints of all ages,

In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,

he was now associated in heaven.

“If any consideration,” said Mr. Traill, who had himself been early sent to, and long kept in the school of sorrow, and who had “the tongue of the learned, and knew how to speak a word in season to the weary soul”—“next to that of the sovereignty of God, who taketh away and none letteth, should be all powerful not only to seal our lips, but to still our souls, surely it is this. Mrs. Welwood, you have lost a husband; Patrick and Alison, you have lost a father. Your grief is great, and it may well be so,—for such a husband, and such a father, few ever had; but what would it be, had you to bewail the loss of a *lost* husband, and a *lost* father? Think of what he *was*—and rejoice that you had such a husband and such a father to lose. God has taught you what, long ago, he taught me, but what I was slow to believe, that ‘our days on the earth are as a shadow, and that there is none abiding,’—that all is changing—vanishing—dying—and that to set our hearts on any thing earthly, is to set our hearts not upon substance, but shadow, yea upon that ‘which is not.’ I forbid you not, is the voice of God, to cultivate and to cherish the flower; but remember, that the flower in a few moments may fade and die. I forbid you not, if riches increase to take account of the shining store; but remember, that they are ‘uncertain riches;’ that in a night’s time ‘they may make for themselves wings and flee away as an eagle towards heaven.’ I forbid you not to form

the ties of love and life ; but remember, that no sooner are they formed, than they may be torn asunder. I forbid you not to build houses, to sow fields, and to dig wells ; but remember, that you are building houses which you may never inhabit, that you are sowing fields you may never reap, and that you are digging wells of which you may never drink.

“ But because there is nothing earthly which does not decay and die, does every thing else ? No : there are green spots on which the eye of the soul may rest, which never fade,—there are ties of the soul, which, when once formed, are never sundered,—there are wells for the soul whose waters never fail,—there is a FRIEND that does not depart, and an ACQUAINTANCE that is not removed into darkness—whose eye never grows dim, and whose heart never grows cold—who EVER LIVES and EVER LOVES—to whom we may ever look, and in whom we may ever trust ; who this FRIEND is you know,—He is the widow’s Judge, and the Father of the fatherless,—He is Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. On these green spots, then, let your eyes repose ; united to Christ and the great spiritual family which he has gathered into one—in this union, the ties of which can never be broken, rejoice. To these wells of the soul, repair, and draw water with joy. To this ever-living and ever-loving Friend, look ; on Him henceforward, for all you need, depend ; that such is the language of the rod, and such the design of Him who hath appointed it, we cannot doubt. Thus, ‘ though no affliction for the present be joyous, but grievous, yet afterwards it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby.’ And hence it is also



written, 'O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit.' Thus is the christian's life a life in death—whereas the life of the unrighteous is a death in life."

Thus did this faithful friend not only "comfort us when cast down," but seek to turn this temporal loss to our everlasting gain.

The change that, during my sojourn in Edinburgh, had taken place on Alison's appearance, was more striking even than Mr. Traill had led me to anticipate. To herself or her mother I said indeed nothing respecting it; but as I gazed on her sweet face—

"Her looks commercing with the skies,  
Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes"—

or listened to the music of her voice—I inwardly rejoiced. Seated once more by the fireside of my early days, or revisiting with Alison and Mr. Traill our ancient and favourite haunts, I now heard of many things that they had suffered of late, by fines, searchings, and almost endless harassings, which made my heart now burn with indignation, and now bleed with sorrow. While they told me of the cruelties inflicted by the agents of Sharpe and Lauderdale, in return I described to them the personal appearance and character of these "two violent and bloody men."

"You may think it strange," said Alison, "but I will confess to you that I cannot think of that unhappy apostate Sharpe, without pity. What an ornament and blessing might that man have been to the Kirk of Scotland; instead of this, he has proved its disgrace and its curse. If the man who sells his country for gold be an object of abhorrence, what shall be said of him

who has sold the very Kirk of God? I have heard it said, that one of the Roman Emperors who persecuted the early christians was so haunted by the remembrance of his cruelties, that he could not sleep, but wandered at midnight through the halls of his palace, uttering bitter and fearful cries. If the tyrant was thus tempest-driven at the remembrance of his cruelties, can the traitor, whose hands are not only full of bribes, but red with blood, be unmoved at the sight of either?"

"He has made," said Mr. Traill, "the traitor's paction,—he has received the traitor's price,—and sooner or later he must pay the traitor's penalty,—he has sown the wind—but wo to him when he comes to reap the whirlwind!"

"That dreadful harvest," said I, "if I have read his restless agitated looks aright, is not only fully ripe, but already even has the ghastly work of the sickle begun."

"Then," said Alison, "the words of Mr. Douglas have already come to pass—'I see, James, you will be Bishop of St. Andrews; take it—but the curse of God will go with it.' Alas! what will avail James Sharpe now his gay clothing and his gilded carriage, his fine gardens and his princely palace of St. Andrews? Better for his soul's sake, and the kirk's sake, that he had still been the minister of Crail; his sleep was then sweeter, and his breast was then calmer than ever it has been since, or ever, I fear, will be again. Oh, that curse, that curse—it will eat his flesh—it will scorch his soul like fire."

"And yet, Patrick, I suppose," said Mr. Traill, "that Lauderdale is little better, if not worse, than Sharpe."

"As to Lauderdale," I replied, "if there be a reprobate, or one, I should rather say, who is more manifestly so than another, it is that man. Like scars of thunder on a rock, reprobation is written on his forehead—which is low and louring. Middleton was violent—his wrath was like a tempest; Rothes is cunning; Dalzell is cold and stern, and as incapable of emotion as the iron he wears; Claverhouse, blinded, by the love of glory, and burning with a thirst for blood, is cruel as the grave—the coals of his rage are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame,—but Lauderdale, with all their evil qualities, has one peculiarly his own. If for man still walking the earth the grim pit has opened its burning gates, it is the light-quenching, heaven-daring, and God-defying Lauderdale. How just is the judgment I have formed, let this incident which occurred but a few days ago, testify. When the Bond was pressed in the West country, several gentlemen there refused to sign it: when this was reported, and their names had been read to Lauderdale, he rose from the council table, his dark brow reddening with rage, and swore by JEHOVAH that sign it they should; at which, it is said, that even the members of that bloody board trembled."

"Alas!" said Alison, "for the sheep, when the wolf is at the fold, and when the shepherd who should be there with his shaft to beat it back, is seen directing it to its prey."

"Alas! indeed," said Mr. Traill, "but wo, triple wo to the faithless and pitiless shepherd; 'A sword,' it is written, 'shall be upon his arm and upon his right eye.' The arm that was not stretched out to save, shall be dried up, and the eye that did not pity shall be utterly darkened."

“What a change, Mr. Traill,” said my mother, “have I lived to see on the ministers of the Kirk of Scotland! I allude not merely to the fourteen prelates, to James Sharpe, or to Andrew Honeyman, who was once so zealous against Prelacy, as to say openly, that if ever he embraced it, he would be content to be held a man of no religion; I allude not merely to the weakling and wicked curates, who, like Mr. Scougal, are fonder of drinking and dicing than of either preaching or praying, visiting the sick or studying their sermons,—I allude also to the great body of the ministers, who have taken that sinful Indulgence, and who have consented to become idol-shepherds—ministers not in reality, but in appearance—who at the bidding of a bishop or a lord, become deaf, dumb, blind, and dead, painted puppets, who are moved as they are made by men’s hands. It is now ten years since Mr. Halyburton left the bonny kirk and manse of Kinzeanleugh; on that day, which will be long remembered in Scotland with sorrow, when three hundred of the holiest ministers that ever the Kirk of Scotland saw, were ejected, what did the rest of their brethren do? Did they stand up for the laws, liberties, and privileges that were common to all, and which were wrested from all? No: they sat still. They saw the wolf, as Alison has said, at the fold, but did they combine to drive it back? No: they even broke down the fences of the fold, and made way for it to enter, which it did, and there it has continued to rage and raven ever since. Where now are the covenants—where the presbyteries, synods, and assemblies? all have been swept away, yet the ministers of the Kirk look on in silence. Is this like the descendants of

Knox and Melville—would they have acted thus? No truly—

‘Had gude John Knox not yet been deid,  
It ne’er had cam unto this heid,—  
Had they but minted sic ane steir,  
He had made heaven and earth to heir.’

But it is not presbyteries, synods, and assemblies only that have been swept away—the liberty of preaching itself has been forbidden. For many a year after I came to Knockdailie from my native Eastwood, it was a glad day to me and mine when the sweet Sabbath bell of Kinzeanleugh summoned us to the house of God. Ten years have passed since I stood within its gates—and never shall I hear the ‘joyful sound’ beneath its roof again. God, however, is not confined to temples made with hands; and I have had as sweet frames and as gracious gales, under the word when preached in the fields, or by yourself in the house, as ever I had in the kirk,—but now even this privilege is denied; and henceforth our Sabbaths must be silent and sorrowful. As for the communion, I may never expect to see a sacramental Sabbath, or sit at a sacramental table more.

“And now, Lord,” continued my mother, looking up to heaven, “what wait I for? Were it not for you, my poor fatherless children, my prayer would be, ‘Oh that thou wouldest hide me in the grave.’ His time, however, is the best, and all the ‘days of my appointed time I desire to wait till my change come.’”

“They have deprived us,” said Mr. Traill, “of the ordinances of God—they cannot deprive us of the God of ordinances. They have prevented us from sitting down at a communion table—they cannot prevent us from coming to a

throne of grace, and of mingling our prayers and praises at the mercy-seat. They have driven us from the 'temple made with hands.' They have forbidden us to meet in the house or in the field. The earth may not yield us a floor, nor the skies a roof—there is a temple, however, which they cannot reach—and entrance into which they cannot prevent;—it is the temple of the soul. Let the gates thereof be lifted up, and the King of glory will come in and sup with us, and we with him—there let us

' Write loyal cantos of contemned love,  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night.'

“ The shepherds of Christ's fold in Scotland are indeed idol-shepherds. 'Should not the shepherds feed the flocks? but they feed not the flock; the diseased have they not strengthened, the sick have they not healed, the broken have they not bound up, that which was driven away have they not brought again, that which was lost have they not sought; but with FORCE and with CRUELTY have they ruled them.' Ah, me! when I think of what shepherds were once in Scotland, and compare them with what are now, I could weep my heart out, as I have wept mine eyes dim. The nightfall, long feared, and long foreseen, has at length come,—the loosed winds are forth,—the beasts of blood are abroad,—the folds are broken,—the sheep are scattered and slain—and where be the shepherds of the flock? Some are receiving the price of their treachery,—some are holding festivities in their pleasant palaces, and in their ceiled houses,—some are cast into a dead sleep,—and others, the greatest number, at the sight of desolations which might make the rocks to weep, and the stones to cry

out, are looking on in silence. I, too, have been silent; but I am weary with holding my peace. I have been too long, I fear, on the sunny side of the hill. I will take the shepherd's crook and cruise, and once more go forth into the wilderness. Blackader, Welsh, and Semple, Peden and Cargill, are abiding among its rocks, they are braving its horrors, and proclaiming the truth at the peril of their lives. I will arise and join myself to them, for my life is not better than theirs."

The departure of Mr. Traill was what we had long foreseen, but the evil day we had put far off, and now that it was at hand, "sorrow filled our hearts." Whether indeed he might not have been persuaded to have protracted his stay till our wounds, still green, had begun to heal, I know not; opportunity was not given to make the trial, that night PERIL WAS AT THE DOOR.

## CHAPTER IX.

## DOMESTIC DESOLATION.

NEXT morning I rose early, and went out as soon as it was day. Snow had fallen during the night, and was lying several inches thick upon the ground. The sky, however, was clear; the sun was shining, and the snow, crisped and curled into a thousand fantastic shapes, glittered in his beams. Early as I had risen, Ringan Craighie had risen earlier. I observed him coming hurriedly towards me.

On asking him where he had been so early,

"I have been, Mr. Patrick," said the old man, "at the smiddy of Kinzeanleugh, where I have heard news that concern Mr. Traill, and indeed I may say, all in Knockdailie."

"Well, Ringan," said I, "let me hear them; I have prayed this morning that mine ears might be 'kept from evil tidings,' but I hope to be enabled to hear them and to bear them."

"Look," said Ringan, "to this paper."

It was the "Act of Intercommuning," which Mr. Scougal had procured from Edinburgh, and, as it will appear, with no friendly intentions towards Mr. Traill or my father's family. This was an "act" of outlawry which Lauderdale had passed, not only against the ejected ministers, but against those who heard or harboured them. By it the nearest relations were forbidden to hold intercourse with their intercommuned kin-



dred. Parents were to expel their children from their houses, and to discover even their hidings. Children also were to discover the hiding-places of their parents; and if either refused to give the information they possessed, or were supposed to possess, they might be put to torture with the instruments of which the soldiery stationed over the country were supplied. The hungry, if intercommuned, were not to receive food, the naked were not to receive raiment, the sick and the dying even were not to be visited. Such was the horrible act, by which the tenderest ties of nature were to be sundered, the most peaceable inhabitants of the country driven from the pale of society—penned up in the wilderness like sheep for the slaughter, and there miserably to perish. After I had read the Act, and was returning it to Ringan, he said,

“ You are aware, Mr. Patrick, that for some time a troop of Crichton’s dragoons have been quartered at Shielbrae—it’s the smith’s belief that we may hae a visit o’ them ere lang, and that Mr. Traill should mak’ his escape this very day.”

“ Ringan,” said I, “ return that paper to the smith instantly—say you nothing to any one about it—the smith, for his own sake, will be quiet; in the meantime, I hasten home; there is not a moment to be lost.”

I found Mr. Traill at the door; I told him what I had learned from Ringan Craigie.

“ I am,” said he, “ ready to depart; I have long expected this sharp summons; I only wonder it has not been sooner.”

“ But have you,” said I, “ considered whither you are to go, and the dangers you may have to encounter?”

“The country,” he replied, “I am aware is studded with garrisons—it is swarming with soldiers—but by making for the moorlands, by keeping concealed during the day, and by travelling only at night—which my knowledge of the country will enable me to do—I hope to make my escape towards the south, where the persecution is less hot than it is in the west and in Galloway. Should the paths leading to the uplands be cut off, as I have reason to fear they may, you know the cave in the glen, I shall take refuge there till nightfall. And now, dear Patrick, whom I shall ever love and ever remember for your own sake—for your father’s sake, of blessed memory—and for the sake of your father’s family, whose kindness to me I can never repay, but which I can never forget—I must bid you farewell. Mrs. Welwood and Alison have not yet risen; you will explain to them the reason of my abrupt departure. We may meet again—I trust we shall;—if not, like ships bound for the same port, and which, after having long kept one another company, are parted by storms—we shall meet in the haven of eternal calm. The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, and the God of your father, be with you and yours.” Thus saying, he departed, and I saw him no more.

Stunned and bewildered, I returned to the house.

“Patrick,” said Alison, “are you ill? I fear something distressing, has occurred?”

“Yes, Alison,” I replied, “something distressing *has* occurred.” I then told them what had taken place.

That morning, when it was known that Mr. Traill had been forced to flee, there was not a

dry cheek in Knockdailie. Alas! could any one have foreseen the desolations that were at that moment gathering over, and on the very eve of bursting on our own heads, he would have said, "Weep not for him, but weep for yourselves." O, morning of beauty, how soon was thy beauty stained! how soon was thy brightness overcast! by what a day of blackness wast thou succeeded! by what a night of horror! "There is no condemnation, we know, to them who are in Christ Jesus." Those whom God has blessed, no one, not even the Evil One himself, can curse. In vain do the wicked invoke the powers of darkness against the children of light. In vain do they call spirits from the "vasty deep," saying, "Come, curse for us this people;" even the powers of evil must reply, "How shall we curse whom the Lord hath not cursed, or defy whom the Lord hath not defied." If I could believe, however, that one day in my life was curse-smitten—that some mighty and malignant power had pronounced over it a spell like this, "Let that day in Knockdailie be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it. As for that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year; let it not come into the number of the months. Lo, let that night be solitary; let no joyful voice come therein; let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none. Neither let it see the dawning of the day." In the darkness of my soul, in the bitterness of my spirit, I would have said, the spell has succeeded—for once "causeless a curse has come."

But to return. We had met at the usual hour for worship, in which, for the first time in my father's house, it now devolved on me to take the lead—our Psalm was the 57th, which Alison had frequently said she could never read or sing without tears. We had sung these lines to "Martyrs," my father's favourite tune—

" Be merciful to me, O God—  
 Thy mercy unto me  
 Do thou extend, because my soul  
 Hath put her trust in thee.

" Yea, in the shadow of thy wings  
 My refuge I will place,  
 Until these sad calamities  
 Do wholly overpass.

" My cry I will cause to ascend  
 Unto the Lord most high ;  
 To God who doth all things for me,  
 Perform most perfectly."

Often as I had admired, and felt the music of my sister's voice, that morning as we sung the Lord's song, it seemed to me more melodious than ever. Often in the hush and silence of night, in my hidings in caves and dens, in wanderings on the hills, in the heart of the tolbooth at Edinburgh, at midnight when the city lay sunk in silence and sleep, in the depth and darkness of the dungeon in which I am now writing, amid the loud and everlasting roar of waters; as it rose that morning on the wings of ecstasy to heaven, —I have seemed, yea, at this moment I seem to hear it still. I know it is fantasy, ay, it is fantasy; that voice has been long silent in the grave, nor shall it ever come to cheer her mother's heart or mine, till we hear it amid the halleluias

of the blest. I had opened the bible, and was proceeding to read in our ordinary, when I saw Alison turn pale; had her prophetic ear heard the distant sound? I paused, we looked in each others' faces, the sound of the tread of horses' feet was now distinctly audible.

"Mother, O my poor mother," said Alison, as she instinctively drew near to her mother's side, "it's the dragoons."

Again we listened, the sound grew louder and nearer: the dragoons it was; already they were at the door.

"My dear father," exclaimed Alison, "he protected us often, but who is there to protect us now."

"He, Alison," said my mother, "who protected us before; God, who has preserved us all our life long unto this day."

"He will, mother, he will," said Alison. Then clasping her hands, and looking up, she repeated the words we had been singing, the echo of which was still in our ears—"Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in thee—yea in the shadow of thy wings I will make my refuge."

By this time some of the soldiers had surrounded the house. Others of them were knocking at the door as if they would break it pieces. I desired Ringan Craigie to open it, which he had no sooner done, than, ordering his men to see that no one went out, the leader of the party, who was the infamous captain Crichton, attended by Irvine of Bonshaw, of wicked memory, captain Carstairs, a person in the private pay of Sharpe, and Mr. Scougal, the parish curate, entered. It was this same Bonshaw who, shortly after this, apprehended Mr. Cargill, on which

occasion he exclaimed, "O blessed Bonshaw—and blessed day that ever I was born, that have found such a prize this morning,"—alluding to the 3000 merks which had been set on Mr. Cargill's head.

"You are," said Captain Crichton, addressing me, "Mr. Welwood, I believe."

"I am," I replied.

"And this, I presume," he said, "is Miss Welwood."

"It is," I answered.

"So far successful. Bonshaw," he said, addressing his associate in guilt, "nothing like taking the field early. Mr. Welwood," said he, "will perhaps tell us when we may expect Mr. Gilbert Traill to appear, as it is on his account chiefly that we have made this morning visit to Knockdailie."

"That I cannot tell," I replied. "Mr. Traill is no longer under our roof."

"Oh! Mr. Welwood, you mean then to say that he is under the floor," said Mr. Scougal. "In the cellar, perhaps, or in some of your subterraneous abodes—we have heard of such things—but whether he is above or below, it would be agreeable were he to make his appearance without delay."

"I have not the least doubt of that, Mr. Scougal, said I, "to you it would be agreeable indeed. Once more, however, I have to inform you that Mr. Traill has left Knockdailie, and is beyond the reach of Mr. Scougal."

"Come, come, young gentlemen," said Crichton in a tone of authority, "none of this crimination on either side. If Mr. Welwood refuse to deliver up this Mr. Gilbert Traill, the house must be searched; and if this be ineffectual, we

know what to do—are we to stand here bandying words like children? We have come not to speak but to act.”

The house was now searched; every room was entered; the beds were stabbed: chests, trunks, and closets were broken open: cellars and vaults were explored, but in vain. Returning to the parlour, where my mother and Alison sat weeping, and inwardly engaged in prayer,—Crichton, addressing himself to Bonshaw and Scougal, said, “It is quite clear that Mr. Traill is not to be found by our seeking and searching—those who have hidden the goods know best where to find them. You say, Mr. Scougal, that you are certain of his being here all night—that he did not leave the house in the morning by any of the roads leading from it—your watchers are sure of this?”

“They reported so,” said Scougal; “and I have no reason to doubt their word.”

“Then, if not within the house, he must be in hiding about it; and as my orders are peremptory that he be taken and carried this day to Wigton, you must either discover him, Mr. Welwood, without farther delay, or be compelled to do it by force.”

“I have told you, Captain Crichton, already,” I said, “that Mr. Traill is not here; neither is he in hiding without. He left us this morning at day-break; in what direction I neither say, nor will say, nor would it serve your purposes if I did. He is now, I trust, beyond your reach. As to putting me to the torture, which I understand your words to mean, you have tortured us in many ways already, and for many years; for it is not the first time this house has been searched and plundered as it has been this day:

but to torture my body with your engines of cruelty, this you dare not."

"It is mickle," said Crichton, "that a man may do and dare. I am one of those men, Mr. Welwood, who dare everything, and who dread nothing; and for less than what you have uttered, have made as goodly a youth as you bite the dust before now. But it is idle to waste any more words;—ladies, you will remain here, while Mr. Welwood will walk with us without."

Suspecting their evil intentions, Alison sprang from her mother's side, to which she had been clinging, and throwing her arms around my neck, said, "Patrick, go not out with these men, their looks are cruel, and their words are threatening."

"Patrick," said my mother also, "Patrick, my son, hence you shall not go; if we are to perish, let us perish together."

"Nay, nay," said Crichton, "I see no necessity for that, no harm is intended your son; though for your doings here—your harbouring of traitors—your hearing at conventicles—your prayer-meetings, and your psalm-singsings—ay, and for much less, many a one has swung in the Grassmarket before this, I trow."

"And shall swing yet," said Bonshaw, while he laughed aloud.

"And for you, my pretty one," said the ferocious trooper, addressing Alison, and unlocking her arms from my neck, "if you have tied your love-knots as fast, it will not be every wind that will shake them loose." Alison shrunk back from his touch, and fled once more to her mother's side.

"Mother," said I, "it is vain to resist, or to entreat; let me pass, I shall return soon."



"Ay, Patrick," said she, "you will return, but how?—as the dove returns from the talons of the vulture—its wing broken, and its breast torn; God help thee, my poor boy." Then removing from the door, she gave up the hopeless contest, saying, "If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

On passing without, I was surrounded by several of the soldiers, who by this movement gave me to understand, that I was to consider myself their prisoner. I was led off the distance of a few gunshots from the house. I was now in the hands of mine enemies—but I knew that they could have no power against me at all unless it were given them from above; and inwardly I besought the Lord that he would not deliver me up to their will.

"I now ask you once more, Mr. Welwood," said Crichton, "whether you will deliver up Mr. Traill?"

"You have had mine answer, already," I replied; "I am one of those men who are accustomed to speak the truth."

"Well, then," said he, "bear witness, gentlemen, the prisoner's blood is on his own head."

"He who shall witness this," I said, "will bear witness to a lie, even were he a minister of truth itself. God, whom these vain words cannot deceive, knows on whose soul the guilt of my blood, and of the blood now shedding in Scotland lies, and on them God will avenge it."

"Ravilton and Howatson," said he, addressing two of his troopers, "apply the THUMBKIN."

I was now made to kneel on the ground between four soldiers; two of whom stood at my back, and two at my side, who held up my right hand during the process of the torture, which

was managed by the two troopers named above. The first twist of the screw produced a flesh-quake merely, which made my face flush. The second, third, and fourth, were exquisitely painful and agonizing; the sweat broke in large drops on my forehead, and flowed down my cheeks. If I was prevented from shrieking for mercy to my persecutors, it was through the strength of God—who hath said, "that we shall not be tempted above what we are able to bear." I looked in their faces, but I saw there was no pity there; so I turned my looks away. I became sick at heart, my sight became dim, the earth and skies seemed to reel around me. I felt as if sinking and falling,—ghastly phantasms seemed to float before me; words were addressed to me, to which I replied, but without knowing the meaning of what I heard or uttered.

Once more I was conscious that the screw of torture had been twisted, and that with no woman's hand. But nature could support the infliction no longer—uttering, as I was afterwards told, a piercing and piteous shriek, I sank insensible to the earth.

Such was one act of the tragedy acted that day at Kneckdailie—it was not the only one. Oh, that it had!

Crichton resembled those beasts of prey, of which it is said that when once they have tasted blood, they rage only the fiercer for more. In this state of blood-thirsty excitement, it was suggested to him by Mr. Scougal, whose love for Alison had now been turned to hatred, "that they should now put *her* to the question."

Savage, however, as Crichton was, and though at this moment all the darker passions of his nature were excited, by his failing, as he ima-

gined, to extort from me the secret of Mr. Traill's hiding-place—there was something in the suggestion of Mr. Scougal, or rather in the manner in which it was made, and the look by which it was accompanied, which, as the lightning reveals the cloud out of which it flashes, revealed the dark designs and desires of his soul, that the soldier actually shrunk from his prompter, as if at once indignant and ashamed.

“Scougal,” said he, “what do you take me for? Do you think that I could mangle the flesh of that fair girl as I have done that of her brother? Against him I feel my heart boiling as with the rage of hell: and were he now to recover from his unconsciousness, I would wring that secret from his lips, or tear his heart, yet living, from his body—but then, he is a man; he has, moreover, insulted—he has defied—he has even dared to pity me; which no man living, far less a psalm-singing whigamore, shall do with impunity. *She* is a woman—a child, and soldiers war not with women and children—priests may.” These words he accompanied with a look towards Mr. Scougal of withering contempt.

The curate was not a man, however, to be moved aside from his purpose by angry words or contemptuous looks.

“The question, Captain Crichton,” said he, “is not what our feelings may dictate—though for the matter of that, I have seen the time when yours were not so over-sensitive as they are to-day—but what the law requires, and what our instructions direct. Miss Welwood, it is true, is a woman, and a child if you will; but does the law make an exception in favour of women and children? are they allowed to absent themselves from church? are they allowed to attend con-

venticles? to conceal the intercommuned, and to supply them with food, fire, and raiment? Marion Harvey and Isobel Morrison were women—they were young;—but were they on account of their age or sex exempted from punishment?—ask the Grassmarket of Edinburgh. You were last week at Wigton: Margaret Olifant and Agnes Wilson were fastened to stakes within the flood-mark on its yellow sands, and drowned. Who superintended their execution? The sensitive, scrupulous Captain Crichton. The death-psalm sung by these two women—one of whom was in the bloom of youth—and the roar of the returning tide in which it was hushed, must be ringing at this moment in your ears; and yet, forsooth, you cannot endure that that pale-faced girl should be frightened even to discover the hiding-place of one of the most obnoxious rebels in the kingdom.”

At these words, Captain Crichton became pale as death; and, in a voice quivering with rage, said,—

“Mr. Scougal, hold; tempt no farther a desperate man. Look to that hanger—there’s blood on it’s blade which all the water of the Dee would not wash out. Provoke me not to dye it yet deeper with yours. Taunt me not with the execution of these young women at Wigton: I was there on duty. You are right, when you say that their death-psalm must be ringing at this moment in mine ear; I confess to you it is—and it is for this very reason that I don’t wish to hear another of these death-chants to-day. I would rather listen—which I have done ere now—to the shrieks of sinking ships, or the moanings of men dying in battle.”

“Captain Crichton,” said the curate, “you

mistake me,—I have no wish that Miss Welwood's life should be taken—neither do my instructions from the Primate go that length. She must, however, be terrified into a confession. And as for Ringan Craigie, who, I believe, has done more to corrupt the country-side than Semple, Traill, or even that mad prophet, Peden himself, he shall this day take the Test or die."

"Well, be it so, Mr. Scougal," said Captain Crichton; "I leave you to deal with that old man according to your instructions—let us return to the house, and if, by firing a few shots over Miss Welwood's head, we can frighten her to confess, it were a pity to spare them—only I fear that there is more courage and constancy in that pale-browed maiden, Scougal, than you seem to give her credit for. In the meantime, do you, Halliday and Cotterel, remain here by the prisoner, who is beginning to show signs of returning animation, and see that he leaves not the spot."

On recovering, I found myself in the hands of the two troopers, from whom I learned the above particulars. On my consciousness returning, my first thoughts were about my mother and Alison: but a few minutes had elapsed since I left their presence—but into these few minutes what an agony must have been condensed! I intreated to be allowed to return to the house.

"Our orders," said the troopers, "are otherwise."

"Soldiers," I said, "you are men; you yourselves, perhaps, have mothers and sisters still living; were they in doubt, as mine must be, would not you wish to relieve them? were they in danger, would not you hasten to protect them?"

“As to your protecting your mother and sister,” said Haliday, “if you could not protect yourself, how can you protect them? I have a mother, and sisters too, Mr. Welwood, and it is just from my regard to them, that I refuse to allow you to stir from this spot. They now sometimes hear *from* me—but if I did comply with your request, they should soon hear *of* me. Why, man, for a less offence, I have seen the Captain drive his dudgeon haft over the head into a poor fellow’s brains. You have tasted yourself of his tender mercies; but he is in one of his merciful moods to-day; had it been yesterday, he would have shattered your head to pieces with the pistol at his belt, even as Howatson and Rivalton have shattered your hand.”

I saw the truth of what the trooper said, and ceased to ask what could not be safely granted. “My poor mother and sister!” I exclaimed aloud; while inwardly I prayed, that “as their day so might their strength be.” I had every reason for thinking that Mr. Traill had taken refuge in Glengarlie cave. Alison knew this; but through the secret and saving strength of Him in whom she trusted, I was confident that she would neither betray her father’s friend, nor abjure her own and her father’s God. As for Ringan Craigie, the good old old man knew nothing of Mr. Traill’s intention, in the event of finding his escape to the moorlands cut off, to take refuge in the cave; but even if he did, I was equally confident that he might be put to death,—indeed this seemed to have been determined on,—but that even in death he would “hold fast his integrity.”

Although we were within a short distance of the house, owing to the rising ground between

us and it, we saw and knew nothing of what was transacting there. Fearful, yet anxious to know, I requested that one of the troopers would step a few paces forwards towards the head of the knoll, and see.

"Why, Haliday," said Cotterel, who, I perceived, was a poor thoughtless wretch, as most of the military quartered throughout the country were, but whose appearance and education were evidently superior to his rank, "I think the request is reasonable: although the Captain's orders were that the prisoner should not leave the spot, that is no reason why one of us should'nt; and, to tell you the truth, I should like myself to see what's doing. I wish, Haliday," he continued, "that instead of standing shoe-deep in snow on this bare hill-side, I were in the hall drinking in a cup of stout ale, 'the king's health,' and 'confusion to the covenant,' which, quietly speaking, I have done there before. But stay—take you charge of the prisoner, while I step forward." Bending his body to the ground, to avoid being seen from the other side, he moved forwards as far as to enable him to command a view of the house and field below; then spreading his military cloak on the snow, he stretched himself upon it, which he had no sooner done, than he exclaimed—"Why, Haliday, they are at the old trade of screwing and shooting. The serjeant has withdrawn the troop from the house. There is only one on guard at the door, who is Frank Kennedy."

"Where are the rest?" I anxiously inquired.

"They are divided into two parties. One of them is near the house; the other is as far off as the water's edge."

"Who is in the nearest?"

"Let me see," said the trooper, "there are six,—Carstairs, the Curate, Howatson, Gib, Osborne, and Hamilton; there is a figure in the midst, but I cannot make out who it is. They move—they fall back. I see him now; he is an old man—he is on his knees—his eyes are bound—his hands are clasped; they are now lifted up to heaven. Howatson and Hamilton are moving to the front—they halt—they have given him twelve paces—they level their carabines—there, there, he is dead!" A sharp rattle reaching our ears at the same instant with these words, told the same tale.

"There," said Haliday, "went a soul into eternity."

"Yes;" said I, "another witness for the truth of Christ is slain. Another name—the name of Ringan Craigie is added to the roll of Scottish Martyrs. The blood of another of Sharpe's and Lauderdale's victims crieth from the ground. But though they have not spared his grey hairs—though they have removed him from the band of witnesses on earth, they have sent him to join the 'cloud of witnesses in heaven.'"

"Ha!" said Haliday, "another volley."

"I heard nothing."

"But I did," said the trooper, "I know the click of the carabine too well. Whence was that shot, Cotterel? it was farther off than the last."

"It was," said his comrade,—"it was from the party at the water edge; I see the smoke swirling above their heads. Ha! what wild man of the woods is this? he has rushed out of the glen—he stops—that was his shout—he is among them—they close around him, and he is lost from the view; but they are too far off, I can



make out nothing distinctly. They have raised some one from the ground, it is a woman, she is dressed in white; can it be Miss Welwood? they would not dare. I am thankful I was not there; I too remember the sands of Wigton, and the sound of psalms drowned in the roar of the returning tide." Thus spake the trooper half aloud, as if sometimes speaking to us, and sometimes to himself. "But see," he continued, "two of the party are moving in this direction. It is Crichton himself, and Carstairs. He will be here immediately, and except, as you say, Haliday, I wish my skull split, I had as well descend to my former humble station."

He now took his place at my side, which he had not done long, when Captain Crichton rode up, and said,

"You may allow the prisoner to go; get to horse, and join Serjeant Grierson at the water edge, there's new game a-foot."—"Mr. Welwood," he continued, "you escape for this time, but," uttering a dreadful oath, "you may thank me that your head is not as low as that old man's whom Carstairs has sent this day to his last account."

"Captain Crichton," I replied, "I thank not you, but Him whose name you have now wickedly blasphemed, and whose saints you have this day cruelly slain. Had not He who binds the devils in chains, bound your hands, they would, I doubt not, have been imbrued in my life's blood, as they have been in Ringan Craigie's, and, am I wrong? in my sister's."

"Young man," said he, "your sister's blood has not been shed, no thanks to her own obstinacy, nor to Bonshaw or the curate either. This, both were rather disposed to have done; but,

Mr. Welwood, I have a trick of taking my own way; and when I blow out the brains of your brethren and sisters of the Covenant and conventicle, I must have some better reason for it than the bidding of Carstairs and the curate, or even of their master himself, James Sharpe, bishop of St. Andrews. Your own obstinacy, however, and hers have been of no use. Mr. Traill is our prisoner, and is by this time on his way to Wigton jail, whither I must attend him; nor is there any time to lose, the sky has suddenly overcast, and these clouds betoken the approach of a tempest." Thus saying, and striking his spurs into the smoking sides of his horse, he was soon out of sight.

Wounded, weak, my heart sad, and my head giddy with loss of blood, I now staggered onwards to the house; from which the servants, who, while all this was going on without, had been detained prisoners within, were rushing out to seek me, uncertain whether I was dead or living. They were wringing their hands, and uttering piteous cries. Was it on account of what they knew, or imagined to have befallen me? Was it for Bingan Craigie, who had been carried in, and laid at their feet a bloody corpse? Or had they reasons besides these for taking up

"A weeping on the mountains wild?"

Could Crichton have deceived me? I staid not to inquire. I rushed into the room; and then, indeed, I saw "the thing which I greatly feared"—my mother on her knees, bending over the body of Alison, who was stretched upon the floor: her long dark hair loose and dishevelled—her face beautiful as ever, but white as marble—her large, full eyes closed—her lips

sealed, and but for the heaving of her bosom, like one dead.

So intensely were my mother's looks rivetted on the beautiful but corpse-like face of her daughter, that though I had knelt for some time at her side, she was not aware of my presence. Bending yet lower, and kissing those sweet but silent lips, in a kind of wild and wailing whisper, and with a heart full even to breaking, she thus addressed the object of her affections:

“Alison, my beautiful, my beloved—look upon me: it is your mother's voice—you are under your mother's roof—it is your mother that kneels at your side—it is your mother that presses your hand. Alison, my heart's flower, speak to me—let me hear your voice.”

Thus did she call, but there was no answer. The spell even of a mother's voice could not awaken her who, like a fallen and folded flower, lay there unconscious of all outward things, and to the voice of joy or the wailing of grief alike insensible.

On being aware of my presence, “Patrick,” said my mother, “I did not expect to see you again in the land of the living. God has delivered you, my son: lauded be His name. Ay, look; that is the work of their hands. Scarcely had you gone out, when they came back. I asked why you had not returned with them; they said you would return soon. I said, ‘You have killed my son. Let me go, that, whether in his bloom or his blood, I may see him. The hen gathers her chickens under her wings; the senseless bird will fight for its young—and will a mother see her children put to death, and look on in silence?’ They laughed at my words ;

they told me you were safe—that they had come to question Alison—that she must go out, but that no harm was intended her. I did not credit their words: their tones were cruel—their looks were fierce. I entreated them—I went down upon my knees—I, who had never knelt but to God, knelt to them. I called upon them to pity my grey hairs—to take all that was in the house—silver, gold, goods—to drive the sheep from the hills and the cattle from the stall—but, as they hoped for mercy at last, not to take from me my child. The shipwrecked seaman might as well have prayed to the deaf sea. I entreated them in vain; she was carried out in life, and what she now is she was carried in. Oh my God," she said, looking up to heaven, "I bow to thy will. Break not the bruised reed. I am a frail vessel; hold, Lord, for I can hold no more; or if thou seest meet to try thine handmaid yet more, strengthen her that she may endure—that she may glorify thee in the way of thy judgments."

"Mother, dear mother," said I, "it's only a swoon. I shall speak to her; she will hear my voice; she will come back soon."

"No, Patrick," said my mother: "I have seen death too often to be deceived. The bird will come back to its bower; the bud will come back to the tree; the summer will come back to Knockdailie; the voice of spring will come back to Glengarlie—but the voice of Alison Welwood will no more be heard in her mother's dwelling: she who lies there is a dying one—the shadow that sits on these gentle eyelids, is the shadow of death.

## CHAPTER X.

## ALISON'S DEATH.

KNOCKDAILIE was a lonely place: except the ploughman's and the herdsman's shielings, there was not another house nearer than Kinzean-cleugh. The report, however, that Crichton's dragoons were seen on their way to Knockdailie, spread like wildfire through the parish. Great numbers, some out of curiosity, and some out of concern, had by this time been drawn together. When they heard how I had been tortured; when they saw Ringan Craigie, lying in his blood; when they heard how Alison had been carried in insensible, and apparently dying, their grief and rage burst forth like the breaking up of an ice-bound river. I heard their lamentations; and, leaving my mother with two of the servants to wait upon Alison, I went into the hall in which they had collected. They crowded around me, who seemed to them more like a dead than a living man. I showed them my hand, crushed and mangled, "You have heard," I said to them, "whose work this is. You already know why I have been thus treated. You have already heard how—because I would not consent to betray the hiding-place of Mr. Traill, my father's friend, and my own, and yours also; for was he not the friend of all? was there a sick couch in Kinzean-cleugh that, in the wildest nights, and at the latest

hour, he refused to visit? was there a death-bed by which he did not stand? was there a dying man that he did not comfort? was there a dead man carried to his long home, and he was not in the funeral procession? was there a house of mourning to which he did not carry counsel and comfort? was there a widow woman whose heart he did not cause to sing? was there a fatherless band to which he did not carry help and fatherhood?"

"None, none," they all exclaimed, "none."

"You say right," I continued, "there was none; yet for giving house-room to this friend of God and man—for refusing to deliver him up into the hands of his enemies—you have heard, I say, how I have this day been put to the torture—how I was left on the hill-side weltering in my blood: you have heard how he who lies there stark and stiff—that good and gentle old man—who carried me and many of you here, when we were children, on his shoulders, has, for the same reason, and for avowing his attachment to the Covenant and the Kirk of Scotland, met his death this day. I did not see him die; I heard, however, his death-shot; and there he lies, his thin grey hairs sprinkled with his blood. But this was not enough—it was not the blood of this aged man only that could slocken their cruel cursed thirst. My sister was torn from her mother's arms—she was carried forth, that on her tender frame they might ply the engines of their cruelty. What was the torture they subjected her to, I know not; but she has, I fear, met her death at their hands this day."

"I know," said a voice from the crowd, "and can testify to the cruel treatment of Miss Welwood."

“Come forward, then,” several voices exclaimed, “and do so.” It was John Bruce, a young man whom I had seen in Edinburgh, where he was attending the University; and whose father, David Bruce of Ashiestane, had been shot sometime before this, as he was returning from a meeting in the fields.

“I had gone,” said he, “this morning to Kinzeanleugh; I met the dragoons on their way to Knockdailie, and on hearing them approach, I took refuge in the woods till they had passed. On returning, I saw them coming down to the water edge; I crept along the opposite bank—there was only the water between us; I hid myself among the hazel bushes, and there saw the whole scene. Miss Welwood was led down the brae between Captain Crichton and the Curate. On reaching the water edge, they formed around her a half circle. Her face was pale; but she was calm.

“‘You may now question her,’ said Crichton to the Curate. On this Mr. Scougal went forward to Miss Welwood, and put to her questions like these:—

“‘Do you say, Miss Welwood, that I am an intruder into the parish of Kinzeanleugh, and that because I have not come in with the call and consent of the people, that I am not a true minister?’

“‘I do. It is written, He that cometh not in by the door, but climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber.’

“‘Do you hold that Bishops are not a scriptural order?’

“‘I hold that Presbyters are Bishops; that their authority to preach and ordain is divine; that Mr. Halyburton, who was turned out of

the parish to make room for you, was our true minister; and if he be alive, is so to this day: if he be not alive, we have none else, as we have called none, nor has any one been set over us by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery.'

“‘ You own yourself then to be of Presbyterian principles?’.

“‘ I do.’

“‘ Have you ever attended field-meetings?’

“‘ I have.’

“‘ Did you not know that this was contrary to the law?’

“‘ I knew it was contrary to the law as it is now, but not contrary to the ancient laws of Scotland; nor to the law of God.’

“‘ Do you not think it a sin to disobey the church?’

“‘ I know no church but the Kirk of Scotland. Of this kirk I am a member; and her I am bound to obey, in so far as she obeys her King and Head, the Lord Jesus Christ.’

“‘ Did Mr. Traill teach you these sentiments?’

“‘ He did, but I was taught them before I knew him.’

“‘ Do you know where he is concealed?’

“‘ I do not.’

“‘ If you did, would you discover his concealment?’

“‘ No: I would sooner die.’

“‘ Then die you must; and that too this day.’

“‘ Then this will be the best day that ever I saw. This clay body will sleep as soundly in a bloody winding sheet, as if it were wrapped in cloth of gold; and while you may be permitted—for this is your hour and the power of darkness—to mangle it, you will send my spirit to heaven, where it shall walk in white with those



who have in their hands harps of gold, and on their heads crowns of glory; let me go, however, and take farewell of my mother, and, if he be yet alive, of my brother.'

"No: you must this instant die. I leave you to make up your peace with God.'

"Poor man," said Miss Welwood, 'that is not to do; if it were, wo were it for me who am this day to die—but there is ONE whom you know not, who is my peace; who said to his disciples, and who has said to my soul—'Peace I leave with you: my peace I give unto you; not as the world gives, give I unto you.' This peace, it is written, 'shall keep the heart.' It is now keeping mine, even as a girdle; were it not for this, surely it would fall in pieces. It was foretold the good king Josiah, 'that he should die in peace;' yet he died on the field of battle. Peace was bequeathed to the disciples; yet they died in dungeons, and on crosses: nor was their peace affected by the confinement of the one, or the cruel torments of the other. This peace, bear witness, I at this moment enjoy.'

"You had time given you," said Scougal, 'to pray, but you have begun to preach.'

"I will speak then," said she, 'no more, seeing it is disagreeable to you to hear. Yet bear with me for a moment longer: the words that I am now uttering are the last I shall ever speak in this world. Think not that I am weary of life, and that I am throwing it like a withered flower away. Life to me is sweet; and many a happy day have I spent on the banks of this water: but, sweet as it is, if it cannot be purchased but at the price of betraying one of Christ's ministers—of betraying the truths of Christ, I am content to die; and I

bless God that death, coming in this shape even, to me is not dreadful. I must pass, indeed, under its shadow; but He in whom I believe—He for whose cause I die, has taken away its sting. Nor shall I die in vain. In the simple stories of my childhood, I have read of flowers growing out of the graves of those who died young; the sweetest flower that ever Scotland saw, the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley, I am persuaded, shall grow out of mine. I speak not as if there was any merit in my blood; but he who suffers not even a drop of rain to sink into the earth and be lost, will not, I am confident, suffer the blood of his saints to be shed in vain. He has great ends to accomplish in Scotland by our sufferings: if I had as many lives as there are drops in that stream, to hasten these ends, I would willingly part with them all.'

"They now bound her eyes, and withdrew, on which she knelt down and engaged in prayer. Captain Crichton now came up to Mr. Scougal, they spoke together, but in whispers, which I could not make out.

"Scougal then, approaching her, said, 'Miss Welwood, will you renounce the Covenants? will you promise to attend no more conventicles? and will you discover Mr. Traill? on these simple conditions, I am authorized by Captain Crichton to say that your life will be spared.'

"'I will not renounce Christ, I will not betray his servants, and I will not renounce his cause,' was her answer.

"'Then,' said he, 'your blood be on your own head. Rivalton,' addressing one of the soldiers, 'do your duty.'

"The soldier went up to Miss Welwood, he

presented his pistol, he snapped it at her ear; at the clicking sound which it made, she seemed slightly to shiver.

“ ‘Rivalton,’ said Captain Crichton, ‘you may retire.’

“The curate now stepping forward, said ‘Once more, Miss Welwood, I offer you your life on the condition, simply, that you will tell us where Mr. Traill is concealed.’

“ ‘Lionel Scougal,’ she said, ‘leave me alone, let me die, let me go to my God and Father; the bitterness of death is past.’

“Two of the soldiers now advanced to the front; instead, however, of aiming at Miss Welwood, they raised their carabines in a skyward direction. It now struck me that they did not intend to take her life; that their object was only to terrify her, as they had done the children of Adam Gordon in Glenluce. Hence, instead of a silent signal, Captain Crichton called out with a loud voice—‘Soldiers, fire.’ This they did, but in the air. Scarcely had the report of their carabines taken place, when a loud cry issued from the glen, and a man was seen rushing out of it in our direction. In a moment he was among the troopers. It was Mr. Traill.

“ ‘Monsters,’ he exclaimed, ‘and not men, if it is blood you want, spare that innocent maiden’s and take mine. Why, oh why,’ he exclaimed bitterly and aloud, ‘why did I leave the fold when the cry of the wolf was on the winds. I might have seen all this. The frost may spare the flower on which it falls—the lightning may spare the tree on which it breaks—the vulture may spare the dove on which it springs—but, bad and bloody men, it was vain to expect that

even youth, and innocence, and orphanhood would find sparing mercy in you.'

"Whether Miss Welwood had heard Mr. Traill's voice, or whether it was the word given by Captain Crichton to the soldiers to fire, and the report of the carabines that followed, and that must have sounded in her ears as her death knell, that gave her so fatal a shock, I know not—on looking round I discovered that she had fallen to the earth.

"Crichton now sprang forward and raised her up. 'This mockery,' he exclaimed aloud, 'has been carried too far.' As he looked on her death-like face, he was evidently affected—'This,' said he to Mr. Scougal sternly, 'Sir Priest, is your doing. If any thing befall Miss Welwood, on your head be her blood, not mine.'

"'I am willing,' said the Curate, 'to take the responsibility on my own head. I shall answer for my doings; take care that you can answer for your sayings.'

"Crichton made no answer, but turning to Mr. Traill, said, 'Reverend Sir, instead of fleeing to the woods, had you remained like a brave man to answer for yourself, this had not happened'

"'My fleeing,' said Mr. Traill, 'to preserve my own life, cannot justify you, Captain Crichton, for taking the life of another. I have sinned, however, not in fleeing to preserve my life, but in not giving it up sooner to preserve hers. I have sinned, and I will bear the indignation of the Lord.'

"'Let the prisoner,' said Crichton, 'be bound to that horse's bare back, let his feet be tied tight with cords, and let him be carried to Wigton. After I have given orders to release Mr. Welwood, I shall follow you.'

"He now rode off. I waited to see the end. Mr. Traill was now set on one of the trooper's horses; Bonshaw and Scougal tied him with their own hands. Looking down, Mr. Traill said:

"Why do you tie me so hard? Your wickedness is great. You will not always nor long escape the judgment of God. Violence, it is written, shall hunt the wicked man, and the bloody and deceitful man shall not live half his days.' He was then borne off by the troopers, leaving Bonshaw and Scougal alone."

Such was John Bruce's testimony.

"Simeon and Levi," exclaimed Walter Guthrie, "Crichton and Carstairs, Bonshaw and Scougal, are brethren. Cursed be their anger for it was fierce, and their wrath for it was cruel."

"Amen!" in a shout like the sound of the sea, broke from the lips of all present.

"Walter Guthrie," I exclaimed, "curse them not; remember you not how it is written, 'bless, and curse not.' O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united. This be my curse—darker I dare not utter. Neighbours and friends, make it yours."

"It is mine," said Ruthven of Tinnergarth, "the grass will grow on the stair steps of Kinzeanleugh kirk, ere foot of mine shall touch them again. I have listened to the shearer of the sheep; I will not listen to their slayer. Hands stained with blood, as those of the Curate's have been this day, shall never, in my sight, be lifted up in prayer."

"It is mine!"—"It is mine!" like the drops of a thundercloud, fell stilly, but solemnly and sternly, from the lips of all.

Thanking them for the sympathy they had shown for our sufferings, I advised them, for the present, to return to their own homes. This they did; but with a fire in their souls, and from many a formerly silent hearth to send up that night an avenging cry in the ears of heaven. I now hastened once more to the side of my mother. Alison was still insensible—they had laid her in the bed, from which she was never to come down. Need I say that Knockdailie was that day a house of mourning. Once more a voice was heard, as in Ramah, “weeping and lamentation—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not.” As if sympathising with her “whose sun had gone down while it was yet day,” the sun had withdrawn its light; the clouds that had for several hours hung in the heavens, like so many torn and bloody banners, were now seen moving in sable and stupendous masses, till at last, mingling into one, as with a covering of sackcloth, they shrouded the sky; the winds rose; wailing at first mournfully but softly, till at last their voice, as it came rushing from the glen, resembled the shriekings of the sea. Sick and sad, I rose and went out. The tempest was to me a relief—the war in the elements without, accorded but too well with the war within. I went forth into the storm. I wrestled and groped my way to the water side. I sought out the spot on which Alison had knelt. I threw myself on the ground. I tried to weep; but the tears that in earlier days a word—a look—a thought—the tone even of a voice would have caused to flow, were now dried up like a brook in the heat of summer. My head that had been as a fountain of waters, seemed on a

sudden to have become a furnace of fire. I rose to my knees, and sought for refuge and relief in prayer. What lies on the heart most, will come to the lips first. Alison's recovery I made the matter of earnest supplication; the little freedom, however, which I had in praying for this, was to me a distinct intimation that she was not to recover. As I continued to pray, new light continued to dawn; considerations of the divine sovereignty, justice, wisdom, and glory, were borne in upon me with such weight as to absorb every other. My self-will was slain—or rather, it was swallowed up and lost in the will of God, so that ere ever I was aware, the tempest within was turned into a calm.

Thus premonished, and in some measure prepared for what God had prepared for me, I rose from my knees and went in. My mother was sitting at the bed-side, as I had left her. I looked inquiringly into her face. From her look, I saw there was nothing to hope. I knelt by her side in silence. She neither wept nor wailed; but neither tears nor words of wail were necessary to tell me the agony of heart she was enduring—her looks were sufficient.

Though incapable of holding communion with the world to which she still belonged, was Alison communing with the world on the borders of which she already stood? Was she breathing its golden air? Was she beholding its beatific visions? Was she listening to the harpings and the hymns with which the majestic arches of heaven do evermore ring? Did bands of blessed angels stand in silent beauty at her feet? Did they point to the abodes of bliss, and, whispering in her ear, say—"Sister spirit, we have come to lead thee thither: yonder world is

your home, and yon 'white-robed throngs are your kindred. Sister, come with us, come." We heard no such angel voices—we saw no such angel forms; but that such voices stole upon the ear, and that such visions streamed upon the eye of our dying one, we no more doubted that evening, than we doubted our own existence. "We have come," says the apostle, "to an innumerable company of angels, and are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who are heirs of salvation." Thus also writes one of our own poets—

"How oft do they their silvery bowers leave,  
 And come to succour us who succour want!  
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
 The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant!  
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant,  
 They for us fight, they watch, and duly guard,  
 And their bright squadrons all around us plant,  
 And all for love, and nothing for reward."

We had now kept our silent and sorrowful watch till past midnight. A light occasionally broke upon her countenance; we heard our names breathed by her in low, but clear and distinct whispers; smiles of unearthly beauty played upon her lips; one of her hands was clasped in my mother's, the other lay upon her breast; she now raised it to her forehead—she opened her large, lustrous, and star-like eyes; for a moment she fixed them full upon me, then slowly and lingeringly she withdrew them, and fixed them on her mother. Her look was one of unutterable tenderness; of a whole heart's—of a whole life's condensed affection—of an unchanging and undying love—love such as a look, the soul's best interpreter, only could express. It was her last: as if a voice had been heard by



her calling her away, her eyes she now raised upwards, her snow-white hands she clasped closely together, and laid them on her breast, and thus, silent and serene, without a struggle and without a sigh, she departed. "O Alison Welwood—my beloved sister—my beloved sister;" years have now elapsed since I uttered these words over her beautiful but breathless clay. With a spirit scarcely less sorrowful, I utter them still. The wound which her death opened still bleeds—the fountain of tears which it unsealed still flows—her loss I still mourn. The tears I shed then and now, I need scarcely say, were not on her account. She died, it is true, in the "liquid dew" and bloom of life; but though young in years, she was old in grace—she was ripe for heaven. Besides, as Mr. Rutherford writes in one of his precious "Letters"—"Sown corn is not lost, and a going down star is not annihilate. If she has casten her bloom and flower, it is into Christ's lap. The good husbandman may pluck his roses and gather in his lilies at midsummer, and for aught I dare say, in the beginning of the first month in summer. He may transplant the young trees out of the lower ground to the higher, and when he does so, it is always for their good, that they may have freer air and more of the sun." Thus has He transplanted her—and thus, while I am left to droop and wither in the cold outfield of time, she is expanding her leaves to the sun in the palace gardens of eternity.

## CHAPTER XI.

## MR. WELSH ARRIVES AT KNOCKDAILIE.

TERRIFIC as had been the close of the preceding day, and wild as had been the night on which Alison died, the sun never rose in greater splendour than it did the following morning. It brought back more than usual brightness to the sky, and more than usual beauty to the glen, which sparkled like a sea of light; but it brought back no brightness—it shone with no beauty to those who, with dim eyes and desolate hearts, sat in the darkened chambers of Knockdailie. When all was over, and the “mourning women” had entered to do their last and sad office to the dead, I withdrew to my own room, and, weak, weary, and worn as I was, I soon fell asleep. In these two hours’ sleep, I seemed to live over the whole of my past life. Once more I seemed to sit by the household hearth, as, in the days of childhood, it was surrounded by the bright unbroken household band: my father, my mother, Alison, and Mr. Traill. Once more I gazed in their faces, which seemed brighter, and listened to their voices, which seemed sweeter even than in the days of old. Now the scene changed from the house to the hills, the glens and the streams. Alison alone now stood beside me—a shape of speechless beauty, her looks radiant with liquid light and love, and her voice of the most won-

drous melody. Our hands clasped, we climbed the mountain's green breast, and stood on its peaks that glittered like gold; we roamed the glens, and gathered the flowers that grew in beauty on the border of their lonely paths, and at the bottom of their sunless hollows; we wandered on the banks of the streams, and listened to the music of the woods. I remembered how I had stood at her white death-bed, and endeavoured to account for her being still alive, by saying that her death was a thing I had witnessed in a dream. The scene again shifted: I was now in Rowallan Place, and it is no longer Alison Welwood who is at my side, it is Beatrice Rowallan. Her face is pale, and she is in tears: it is for Quentin, who is sick, and who is longing for my return. I enter his sick chamber; a figure shrouded in white is stretched upon the bed; I approach—I kneel down—I look into his face—I start back—it is not the face of Quentin Rowallan, it is the death-pale face of Alison. I shriek, and shrieking I awake. I know not at first where I am; at last the truth,—the terrible truth breaks upon my mind, and all is understood.

It was now day, and such a day of splendour as I have already described; but a day, alas, which "brought back to us the night." In the history of a death—to the survivors—to those who have witnessed its commencement, its course, and its close, there are many days of darkness and distress; to say which is the most so is perhaps not possible. To me it has always appeared that there are two peculiarly so—the day after the death, and the day after the burial. As in the case of a lost battle, and a shipwreck, it is not the day on which we sustain the cal-

amity, that it presses upon us most heavily, it is the day following. The first night, indeed, there is something that sits heavily upon our souls; it may be, however, we are willing to think a phantom the evil imagined in a dream; but the day returns, and this forlorn hope expires, the phantom is a reality—and as such, it rushes with dreadful certainty upon our view. Then all that day we sit calmly down to consider a loss which, at first sustaining, we were so stunned that we could not comprehend its proper nature or its probable issues; during the progress again of the evil, when as yet death has not completed his prey, there is hope—now there is none. You still think it perhaps a wild and dreadful dream; but you enter that darkened room—you look on that white figure—and now you know that all that remains to you of the living and the loved, is the cold, silent, and inanimate clay; yet even that is something—while the clay remains, while the form is there—there is something to fill the void in the affections which death has made—something to kneel by—to gaze on—to touch—to embrace. In four days more, you enter that room, but there is nothing: the darkness is utter—it is a darkness that may be felt—the desolation is complete. For me, the first of these days had dawned; I knew what I had to meet, and I prayed that I might be strengthened to sustain it. I had been made willing, in a manner wonderful to myself, to give her up, and I now prayed that He who had wrought in me this willingness, would preserve and perfect it, I prayed for my bereaved mother. Oh! what a love has God manifested in this matter of intercessory prayer, that though of ourselves utterly unable to benefit or to bless the objects of our

love—the objects for whose sake we would part with worlds, if worlds would avail any thing—these objects we are permitted to bring in the arms of our faith to Him, and ask Him to bless them for us.

Having done this, I arose, and entered the chamber of death. I went up to the bed on which Alison had been laid out in her long white grave-clothes: the change which death makes on the countenance sooner or later, was scarcely yet begun on hers. The colour of her face was, indeed, changed, but the cast of her countenance was the same. She was as beautiful in death as she had been in life. But we deceive ourselves with appearances: why do I say *she*? what lay still and shrouded, and even beautiful, there, was not *her*; it was the casquet, but not the jewel—it was the tabernacle, but not the inhabitant—it was not my sister, the companion of my childhood, and the friend of my youth—*she* was gone. She who had been to her mother, to me, and to the neighbourhood, a sun, “had gone down at noon.”

“Yes, my beloved sister, as the sun enlightens the earth, thou wert a light to us, and to all who came within thy sphere—as the sun guides and directs, so didst thou guide us by thy bright example: thou wert a ‘burning and a shining light,’—as the sun beautifies, so didst thou adorn that corner of the land, and beautify it with thine influence—as the sun cheers and comforts the earth, gilds its hills and vales, woods and streams, and gladdens its children, so didst thou cheer and comfort those who sat in darkness, and in the shadow of death. But thou hast gone down; and instead of the bright noon, it is night in thy mother’s dwelling. Did I say

gone down? No: thou didst not fall from thy sphere: thou wert torn from it by violence. Thou wert a light in a dark place; and they who loved the darkness hated the light, and ceased not till it was quenched, even in its glorious dawn. Thou wert a witness for Christ—his crown and covenant; and therefore wert thou laid low in death. Thou wert the ‘beauty of Israel, and therefore wert thou laid low in thy high places.’ ‘O earth, cover thou not her blood; and let my cry’ for vengeance—vengeance against prince and prelate, till the throne of the one be overturned and the altar of the other be rent in pieces—‘have no place.’

On entering the hall, I found Walter Guthrie and several of the neighbours assembled with him there. They came forward to meet me.

“Have you heard,” said he, “what has happened?”

“What,” said I, “has happened?”

“Mr. Scougal,” he replied, “has last night been summoned to his account.”

“Mr. Scougal dead!” I exclaimed, “how did this happen? not, I hope, by the hand of man.”

“No,” replied Walter, “not by the hand of man, but by the hand of his Maker, and on this wise. Yesterday, soon after the dragoons, he went into Wigton, where he spent the greater part of the evening with Carstairs and Bonshaw, and others, in the Galloway Arms hostelry. They had continued at their carousals till it was late, drinking deep on the head of the expected blood-money. About eleven, Scougal and Carstairs left the inn in company, and were seen taking the road to Kinzeanleugh: it was an awfu’ nicht baith of wind and rain, the burns

were swollen into spates, and the brigs were covered. About twelve they reached the Drumlie-ford: the Dee had overflowed its banks, and was heard for miles roaring like the sea, where it breaks on the bars of Blednoch. Carstairs refused to take the ford, and proposed to the curate that they should return to Wigton. To this he would not listen, his horse snorted and champed, as if warning him not to cross—but they maun ride whom the evil one drives. Striking the rowels into his horse's side, it plunged into the flood. For a while the faithful animal breasted the waters, and appeared to be gaining the bank—but this was only for a moment:—not only had it to contend with the torrent, but with the tempest. An eagle's wing would have been broken by the one; a horse's strength, even, was unable to cope with the other.

“‘God help me,’ said the wretched man, ‘I fear I have been wrong. I must turn back.’”

“He now tried to bring his horse round, and was turning its head to the shore, but in the act of doing this he lost his hold, and shrieking wildly and piteously, but vainly for help, he was carried down. His last words were, ‘I am lost eternally.’ Alarmed by his cries of distress, which they distinguished amid the pauses of the tempest, his servants hurried to the ford, where they learned from Carstairs what had befallen their master. They ran distractedly up and down the bank, but they saw and heard nothing, save the rushing and roaring of the angry waters, which, over the curate of Kinzeanleugh, had closed forever.”

Lionel Scougal was, I fear, a wicked man. That he designed my sister's death by the refined and cruel torture to which, at his instiga-

tion, she was subjected, or that he desired it, I have no means of knowing. I know not either, if, as he sat that evening amidst the companions of his guilt, he was aware that in consequence of that treatment she was dying; he was not on this account, however, the less her destroyer. The guilt of her blood, with that of his other victims, was on his soul as he sank to death in the avenging waters. Yet God is my witness, I rejoiced not at his death; "Myself I lifted not up when evil found him, neither did I suffer my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul."

"Thus, Walter," said I, "do we see that the 'triumphing of the wicked is short.' Little did Lionel Scougal imagine yesterday, that ere another sun rose, the heavens should reveal his iniquity—that the earth should rise up against him—that terrors would take hold on him as waters, and that the tempest would that night hurl him out of his place. Literally 'he has been driven away in his wickedness, and has had no hope in his death.' The words of good men will not hold true, if his patron, the primate of St. Andrews, will not come to his end in a manner equally sudden, and yet more dreadful—"

"*'Ex tua non phareta exiit illa sagitta.'*—That bolt was not shot from your own bow," said a deep-toned voice behind me. I turned round, and the person from whom it proceeded stood before me. He had on a shepherd's dress, but his words, his voice, his manner, proclaimed his rank to be superior to what it seemed.

"That voice," said I, "I have heard before, where, I remember not: it matters not; it is, I am confident, the voice of a friend."

"It is the voice," said the stranger, "of one whom Claverhouse has ridden forty miles in a



winter's night to apprehend, and whose head Lauderdale has valued at £500.

"It is enough," I said, "you need no other introduction to make you welcome to Knockdailie."

"There spoke," said the stranger, "your father's son."

"You knew my father, then," I said.

"What friend of the Kirk and Covenant," said he, "in my young days, did not know Welwood of Knockdailie? His name was familiar to me from a child—as a household word."

At the manner in which the stranger mentioned my father's name, tears rushed to my eyes. The stranger saw it, and said—

"You are in tears—you are pale—I have heard of Knockdailie's death. Do these tears flow for him, or do they flow for others?"

I was silent; I took hold of his hand; I led him to where Ringan Craigie lay in his shroud; I uncovered the face of the dead; I loosened the napkin in which his head was bound up; the blood had been carefully washed from his thin grey hairs—but the openings which the balls had made were distinctly visible.

"Look," I said, "there."

The stranger knelt; he laid aside his shepherd's bonnet; he was now no longer disguised: that pale majestic forehead I would have known among thousands. He who knelt there was the distinguished preacher I had heard at Auchencruive. "Ha!" said he, "Ringan Craigie, hast thou won the martyr's crown? thine was formerly a humble name; it is now ennobled: henceforth it will be enrolled among the names of Scottish worthies; already it is great in heaven. Low as that grey head lies—mangled and marred as

it is by the cursed rage of his murderers—yet a little while and it shall wear a crown of glory. They also shall receive theirs; but the crowns of Sharpe and Lauderdale, Dalzell and Claverhouse, and of him who wears the crown of these lands, shall be crowns of fire.”

“Come with me, Mr. Welsh,” said I, “and I will show you a more affecting proof of their deadly rage than this even. The tempest that shivers the tree, will sometimes spare the flower; but the tempest that broke yesterday on Knockdaile, spared neither tree nor flower.”

“What!” said he inquiringly, “Gilbert Traill, also?”

“No,” I replied; “it is not Mr. Traill that I mean; though he also may soon be called to seal his testimony with his blood, seeing he has been since yesterday a prisoner for the ‘word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ;’ it is one dearer to me than even he—one who was dearer to me than all beneath the sun—it is my sister.” Thus saying, I led him into the chamber of death. “There,” said I, “lies one, who, yesterday at this time, was in the bloom of life—you see what she is now.”

The man of God gazed for a few moments on the young and beautiful being who lay there in death; and then turning to me, said—

“When the Spirit of God said unto me—‘Get thee on this mission,’ I expected to find in Galloway and Ayr, Nithsdale and Clydesdale, many sad and silent hearths, but I was not prepared for this. A bloody sword! a bloody sword! a bloody sword I knew had been drawn in thee, O Scotland! but I expected not to see it drunk and dim with the blood of the mother and her children; I dreamt not that the massacre of the

babes in Bethlehem had been repeated on the mountains of Scotland, and that from its once bright, but now darkened hearths, the winds should carry up to heaven the cry that was heard in Ramah, 'Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not.' Tell me," said he, "how did all this happen?"

I now detailed to him the events of yesterday, with which the reader is already acquainted.

"It was Scougal, then," said he, "of whom you spake when I entered? You spake also," said he, "of Sharpe, and of his coming to a similar end with the wretched curate?"

"I did," I replied. "I remembered to have heard from Mr. Traill, that Principal Wood, of the Old College of St. Andrew's, who had known Sharpe when he was at Crail—met him one day in Edinburgh after his apostacy, and that, looking solemnly and seriously in his face, he said—'O thou Judas, apostate traitor, that hast betrayed the famous Presbyterian Church of Scotland to its utter ruin; if I know anything of the mind of God, thou shalt not die the ordinary and common death of men.'

"My cousin, John Welwood, said also, in a sermon preached by him at Boulter-hall, in Fife—'If that unhappy Prelate, Sharpe, die the death of all men, God never spoke by me!' Seeing a servant of the Primate's in the crowd, he desired him to stand up; whereupon he said to him—'I desire you, before all these witnesses, when you return home, to tell your master, that his treachery, tyranny, and wicked life are near an end; and that his death shall be at once sudden, surprising, and bloody; and as he hath

thirsted after and shed the blood of the saints, he shall not go to his grave in peace!"

"It was in reference to these words that I spoke—words which I am not singular in thinking, will yet be realised; though in what way, and at what time, remains yet to be revealed. But," I continued, "I have forgotten that you seem, and I doubt not in reality are, weary and hungry; let us return to the hall; my mother will perhaps be down to breakfast. God, 'who comforts them that are cast down,' has surely sent you hither to comfort her this day.

On returning to the hall, Mr. Welsh resumed the conversation about the Primate.

"You have no doubt heard," said he, "of his dreams, when a young man at college?"

I said that I had not.

"Lying, it is said, one evening in bed," said he, "with his comrade, he laughed aloud in his sleep; being awakened, and asked why he laughed, he said he had dreamt that the Earl of Crawford had made him minister of Crail. On another night he laughed in his sleep still more loudly; when, being awakened, and asked in like manner, he said he had dreamt the King had made him Archbishop of St. Andrews. Lastly, he dreamed a third time, and was in great agony, and wept bitterly; on being awakened, he said he had dreamed a very sad dream—that he was driving in a coach to hell, and that very fast. Whether or not he dreamed these dreams," continued Mr. Welsh, "I have no means of ascertaining. That Principal Wood, and your cousin John Welwood, used the words you have repeated, is certain; and it is as certain that they HAVE COME TO PASS?"

Had a thunderbolt burst at my feet, it could not have startled me more. I looked in the speaker's face with an air of incredulity and astonishment.

"Judas," said he, solemnly and plainly, "is taken in his own toils; the fowler is snared in his own net; James Sharpe, the betrayer of the Church of Scotland, is dead!"

"Where—when—and how," I asked in one breath, "came this to pass?"

"Four days ago," he replied, "near Kennoway, in Fife, at a place called Magus Moor."

"He has not, I hope," said I, "been murdered?"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Welsh, "that even after taking into consideration his wicked and bloody life—the oppressions of which he was the plotter and the perpetrator, and which it is not wonderful have made wise men mad—that his death must be considered in this light."

"How came you," I asked, "to hear of it?"

"It was known in Edinburgh," he replied, "before I left the town. Here is a narrative, though of course in many respects incorrect, published by authority, and proclaimed in the streets; but the correct account I had from Rathillet, who was present; but not being clear as to the duty of private individuals taking it upon them to redress public wrongs and punishing public enemies, took no part in the transaction."

"What was the account," I inquired, "given by Rathillet?"

"It was," said Mr. Welsh, "shortly this:—The shire of Fife was last year the scene of very great oppressions and cruelties. The agent of these cruelties was one Carmichael, a man broken

in character and condition. This profane and profligate person was some time ago received into the pay of the Primate, and was empowered by him to summon, spoolie, and unlaw all who absented themselves from church, and who were known or suspected to attend conventicles. On the strength of this commission, he rode roughshod over the country. Several individuals whom he had unlawed, who had been reduced to the greatest extremities through hunger and cold, meeting together in the course of their wanderings, resolved to rid themselves of him, even though they should perish for it on the scaffold. Hearing that he was hunting in the fields near Cupar, they traversed the hills for some time in search of him, but did not fall in with him; he had been warned of his danger, and had returned home. They were on the eve of disbanding, and returning to their several hidings, when they learned from a shepherd's boy that the Archbishop himself was in Ceres, and that his coach was expected to pass the place where they were standing. Sullen at their not finding the object of their search, and at the prospect of having to betake themselves again to their wanderings and hidings, a gleam of wild satisfaction flashed from their faces at the intelligence, and one of them exclaimed— 'The Lord hath delivered him into our hands; we have been seeking to discover the stream, the fountain is discovered to us without our seeking. It would be a small matter to break the hammer, let us strike off the hand.' The rest expressed their approbation; Rathillet alone dissented; he attempted to dissuade them against taking vengeance into their own hands, but in vain. They would have chosen him as their

leader, but on his refusing to act in the matter, they made choice of John Balfour of Kinloch, commonly called Burly. Soon after this, the Archbishop's coach, which contained himself and his daughter, drove past. They rode down to overtake it. The Archbishop, conscience struck, suspecting that they were some of the wanderers, and knowing what he had justly to expect, should he fall into their hands, called out, 'Drive! drive!' Balfour of Gilston, Burly's brother, who was the first to come up with the Prelate's retinue, cried out, 'Judas, be taken!' 'Judas, be taken!' He made no answer, but continued to call out to the coachman, whose horses were already at the gallop, 'Drive! drive! drive!' Burly and his party now came up—in a few moments the servants were disarmed—the coach surrounded—the horses cut—and the Prelate was in their power. On discovering that his daughter was with him, they desired him to leave the carriage that they might not hurt her—this he refused. They then fired their pieces into the coach, on which, concluding that they had killed him, they withdrew. One of them, however, who had remained to girth his horse, hearing Miss Sharpe calling to the servants and saying, 'O there is life in yet!' called the others back. This they did. Taking God to witness that it was from no hatred to his person, and from no private revenge that they sought his life, but because he had betrayed the Kirk of Scotland, and embued his hands in the blood of the saints, they command him to come out and prepare for death, judgment, and eternity. He refuses—he offers them money—he entreats for mercy. 'I am,' said he, 'an old man—in the course of nature I have not long to live—

spare my grey hairs—let me not meet death in the presence of my daughter—she has never injured you—I will lay down my office—I will make you rich—only spare my life—I will spare yours—I promise that this shall be forgotten, and that none of you shall be brought to trouble.’

“What effect,’ said Rathillet, ‘this piteous appeal had on the rest, I know not—I was deeply affected. Wretched old man,’ I exclaimed, ‘let him live—spare these grey hairs.’ It was in vain. With a loud and stern voice Burly exclaimed, ‘He shall have judgment without mercy, who hath showed no mercy. When was James Sharpe ever known to pity? whom was he ever known to spare? The blood of God’s saints, with which his hands are red and dripping, cries from the ground for vengeance. He shall die the death.’

“Wounded and bleeding, he now left the coach; and falling down on his knees he prays, but, alas! it is not to God—it is to them. Seeing there was no mercy to be expected at their hands, crawling on his hands and feet towards Rathillet, who had not dismounted, he said, ‘Sir, I know you to be a gentleman, you will spare my life.’

“And made he not,” I asked, “another effort?”

“He might,” said Mr. Welsh, “but he saw it would be in vain.”

“No,” I replied, “not altogether in vain—it might not have saved the life of that wretched old man, but it would have saved his own character—it would have saved the character of the cause in which he and all of us are embarked, and which will be injured and made odious now, not only in the eyes of enemies, but of



friends—not only of contemporaries, but of posterity.”

“Posterity,” said Mr. Welsh, “will distinguish between the principles contended for, and the persons who contended for them; nor will the excellence of the one suffer in their correct estimation and calm account, for the errors of the other.”

“But I have interrupted you,” said I, “let me hear the conclusion of this dreadful tragedy.”

“The conclusion,” said Mr. Welsh, “is all but already come to. Seeing his murderers approaching, he renewed his entreaties for mercy, which he accompanied with hideous and terrible shrieks; these disregarding, said Rathillet, they discharged their pieces, which some of them had loaded with silver, into his body—these failing to deprive him of life, they struck him on the head with their swords, under the numerous and redoubled strokes of which, James Sharpe came to his bloody, long-foretold, and, though no man will justify the men who were its self-elected instruments, his deserved end.”

“That the Primate deserved his fate,” said I, “there can be only one opinion, seeing it is written, ‘whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed.’ Would that the means had been as lawful as the end.”

“He has been compared,” said Mr. Welsh, “to Laud; the parallel is now complete. Like him, he came in like a fox—like him, he reigned like a wolf—and, like him, he has died like a dog. Thus far has God pled the cause of his suffering Kirk, and he will plead it yet further, in spite of the curates and their masters, the prelates—in spite of the prelates and their masters, the council—in spite of the council

and their master, the king—and in spite of the king and his master, the Enemy himself. Oh, Scotland, Scotland!" he continued, in a strain of solemn sorrow that made the blood run cold in my veins, "It has been long a dark and bloody time in thee. Were a poor distressed soul to travel this day from the east sea bank to the west sea bank seeking a minister to whom he might tell his case, or at whom he might ask the mind of the Lord, he would not find one. But the tide is not yet at the height, nor is the darkness yet at the greatest. There are lights now burning which the loosed winds will yet extinguish—there are censers of fire to be cast from the altar to the earth—there are hearths still warm and bright, on which the ashes will yet grow cold and dim. Among the stars which rose last night in the heavens, there was one which shone among the broken clouds in lustre like a lamp, and the colour of which was red like blood. It reminded me of the great star which is called Wormwood, and I wept sore to think it was yet to fall on thee; yea, the winds which wailed among the hills, seemed to roll on their wings the burden of thy coming woes. Yet think not, my young friend," he continued, addressing himself to me, "that though I am a man of a sorrowful, that I am of a despairing spirit. I have had visions, it is true, of darkness, but I have had visions also of light. The evening was first made, and out of it rose the day. God is following the same order with the church as with creation. It is evening now, but it will yet be day. It is coming, it is coming; and far off though it is, I hear the rolling—I see the flashing of its wheels! The spoilers of Christ's Kirk shall themselves be spoiled—

her captors shall themselves become captive. It is not James Sharpe only that shall come to an untimely end ; all—all her desolators shall be made desolate. This they who live shall see : I will not ; you may."

Here my mother entered. " It's long," said she " since I heard that voice before, but it came with too great power upon my soul ever to be forgotten,—it's the voice of John Welsh of Irongray. Mr. Welsh, thou wert ever welcome to Knockdailie, but never more so than on this day of darkness and desolation. God who comforted Paul by the coming of Titus, surely sent thee hither this day to comfort me and mine."

Thus saying, and still holding his hand, she sat down and wept. For a short time Mr. Welsh said nothing, for he saw that " her grief was great." When the violence of her grief had in some measure abated, Mr. Welsh sought to bind up her breaking heart with words of comfort like these :—

" Mrs. Welwood," said he " having been brought into the deep waters of domestic affliction myself—for I too have seen the children who slept in my bosom, laid in their coffins, and in the darkness of the hour have wished to have been laid side by side with them in the grave—I am not surprised, therefore, to find you a woman of a sad countenance and of a sorrowful spirit this day. I do not chide you for these tears—God does not—He who wept at the grave of Lazarus does not—the Comforter himself does not. The tree that loses a branch will bleed, and it is not to be thought strange that a mother's heart should bleed when she loses a child. Tears were given us that they might be shed—though it may be questioned, indeed, if

they were not given us to be shed rather because of our sins, than our sufferings. Whatever cause you have to grieve on your own account, it is great consolation to know that you have no cause to grieve on her's. Her's was indeed an early call—but it was to her elder Brother's house—it was to be for ever with the Lord—seeing and sharing his glory. As the sweet Swan of Anwoth has said, 'surely they love the sea too well who complain of a fair wind and a desirable tide, and a speedy coming ashore—especially a coming ashore on that land where all the inhabitants have everlasting joy upon their heads.' Life is not such silken sailing that we should regret its being soon ended, If we land on the right shore, we cannot land too early. What we want of time, shall be more than made up to us in eternity. When the child falls asleep at night, is the mother sad?—no!—if she did not know what sleep is—if she thought it would never open its eyes more, then indeed she would be grieved—but she knows what sleep is—that it is needful for the weary frame—that her child shall wake with the morning light—and not only wake, but awaken strengthened and refreshed for the day. What sleep is to the child, that death is to the christian. Your beloved daughter is not dead, she has only fallen asleep—she will rise with the morning light,—nor will she awaken as she fell asleep, but strengthened, refreshed, transfigured—her body fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body, and prepared for the duties and the joys of heaven—and its long, eternal day, we should regret its being soon ended. Besides," continued Mr. Welsh, "if few mothers have cause for your sorrow—from all I have heard

from Mr. Traill of Alison Welwood's life, and from what Patrick has told me this morning of her death—few have cause in an hour like this for your consolation. When I think of her sublime steadfastness to the truth—of her heroic fidelity to the crown and cause of Christ—of her glorious confessions, and of her tranquil death, it seems to me as if the days of the early martyrs and confessors had returned. When Melancthon beheld the children of the first protestants on their knees at prayer for the truth, then in peril, he returned to Luther, and some other divines whom he had left under great depression of heart, with a cheerful countenance. Luther saw the change, and inquired the cause.

“ ‘Sirs,’ said Melancthon, ‘we shall prevail. I have just now seen our protectors, who, I will venture to say, are invincible.’ ”

“ ‘And pray, Philip,’ said Luther, ‘who are these powerful heroes?’ ”

“ ‘They are,’ said Melancthon, ‘the wives of our parishioners and their children, whom I have just beheld on their knees in prayer—and whose prayers, I am satisfied, God will hear.’ ”

“ ‘And when, Mrs. Welwood,’ continued Mr. Welsh, “I see the mothers of Scotland not only on their knees with their children in prayer, but when I see them sending forth their children to the prison and the scaffold—when I see these children rushing forth to fill up the ranks thinned by the death of the aged—when I read of them testifying in the fields, at tribunals, and on scaffolds, that they adhere to the work of Reformation in these lands, from Popery and Prelacy, to the Covenants, national and solemn League—leaving their commendation to the cross of Christ, and blessing God for carrying them

through temptations and trials, and enabling them, though but 'babes and sucklings,' to stand before great men and judges; and rather than betray the truth, to embrace death itself—I do not despair, but feel confident that if God intended to destroy us as a church, he would not have accepted these sacrifices at our hands."

Comforted and cheered as we were by the presence, the counsels, and the prayers of Mr. Welsh, acquiescing not only in the truth of what he said, but justifying and glorifying God for what he had done, still it would be wrong to conceal that we felt broken and bewildered. In the language of the Psalmist, we were "desolate and afflicted." A voice of joy, which we were accustomed to hear, had ceased—a presence of beauty, in the light of which we had lived and rejoiced, had fled. That voice indeed we still heard—that presence we still saw in our dreams—but the day returned, and with the day again "came back our night."

Mr. Welsh was at this time on a mission to the friends of the Presbyterian cause, scattered abroad the four counties of Galloway and Nithsdale, Clydesdale and Ayr; and taking Knockdailie on his road, he intended to have remained with us only for a day. Now, however, he consented to abide with us till my sister's funeral should have taken place, when it was agreed that I should accompany him on his mission, my mother having consented to leave Knockdailie, and take up her residence for a short time with a relative of my father's in the Glenkens. This was her own suggestion.

"For," she said, "if Patrick leave me, and I am satisfied that it is not safe for him to remain, my last coal will indeed be quenched,

and the last link that bound me to Knockdailie is broken."

The day appointed for Alison's funeral had now come—for the last time we kneel around her coffin—our long, long, last look is taken—to those pale, cold lips, the last kiss is given—the coffin lid is closed down—and that countenance, on which, even in death, it had been some consolation to look, till the grave give back its dead, is shrouded from our view for ever.

Ringan Craigie was the last of his race. But the followers of Christ, living or dying, shall never want friends. As Alison and he had died in the same cause, they received the same burial. Far and near had the tidings of their death been carried, and from far and near did mourners come to their funeral. As the day was warm and bright, the service was performed out of doors; indeed the throng was so great, no house could have contained them. Mr. Welsh, though for prudential reasons his name was not mentioned, was called upon, according to our simple Scottish custom, to ask over the wine and bread a blessing. As he prayed, all eyes were turned towards him. They gazed on his majestic countenance with wonder and awe—they hung on his lips—their souls were moved at his words—tears were seen stealing down their weather-beaten faces, and while he alluded to the peculiar circumstances in which we had met, portraying the desolations of the broken and afflicted Kirk, and of my father's broken and afflicted family, in his own powerful and pathetic manner, ere he had concluded, numbers testified the depth of their emotions by weeping and sobbing aloud. The coffins were now brought out.

“Who,” said Walter, “is to carry the head of Ringan Craigie.”

Several offered, for they knew that he had no kindred.

“Give that honour to me,” said the wanderer; “to carry the grey head of a Scottish martyr falls, methinks, of right to a Scottish minister.”

All now fell into their places, and, amidst the tears and lamentations of almost the whole assembled parish, we bore our dead to the churchyard, where, side by side, to sleep till the morning of the resurrection, these two Scottish martyrs were laid.

While most of the mourners lingered in the burial-ground, incapable of holding communion with the living, all my thoughts being centred in the dead, her name murmuring on my lips, and her image rising like a star amid the tempests of my soul, along with Mr. Welsh I returned home. Much did she who sat sorrow-stricken there need our presence, and much had we cause to bless God, who had sent one of his servants so well qualified as Mr. Welsh was to comfort us in the day of our visitation, for truly might it be said of him, that he had the tongue of the learned, and knew how to speak a word in season to the weary. What our feelings were as we sat that evening—for the last time, as it has now turned out—around our darkening hearth, may be easily conceived. I leave them, young reader, to your imagination. Over the desolations of my father’s house let the shadow of oblivion fall; let them sleep in silence with her who sleeps in the silent land. If I have dwelt on them so long, or introduced them at all, it was not merely because sorrow is the common lot, and not merely because they were connected with, and flowed



from, our attachment to the public cause, but because they were connected with actions not the least memorable in Scottish history, I mean the battles of Drumclog and of Bothwell Bridge, in both of which I was honoured to appear on the side of the covenanted interest, and not I only, but multitudes more from my native Galloway, who hurried into these fields at the memory of my sister's death, and to fulfil the vows they had taken at her grave.

## CHAPTER XII.

## WE LEAVE KNOCKDAILIE FOR GLASGOW.

LEAVING Knockdailie next morning, two hours before day-break, we set out, intending to reach Glasgow on Saturday, in the neighbourhood of which, at a place called Langside, Mr. Welsh had arranged with Lady Fleming of Ferns, and Mrs. Anderson, wife of the provost of Glasgow, to hold a Conventicle on Sabbath. The south-west of Scotland was at that period what it is at the present day—the scene where the persecution raged with the greatest fury. To me an unknown land, there was not a glen or mountain in the district through which we passed, with which Mr. Welsh was not intimately familiar. This indeed he might well be, for in addition to his having been minister of Irongray, the shires of Galloway, Nithsdale, and Ayr, had been the scene of his wanderings for nearly twenty years.

On my pilgrimage that week, in company with that great man of God, I still look back with pleasure—and several of the anecdotes and incidents connected with his family and personal history, which I heard from his own lips, I still remember.

“My grandfather,” said he, “as you are perhaps aware, was John Welsh, of Ayr. He was born at Collieston, a small paternal estate in Nithsdale, and through life, but especially in his

youth, was a rich example of the grace and mercy of God. When a stripling, it was not enough for him frequently to run away from school, but after he had past his grammar, and was become a youth, he left his father's house, and went and joined himself to the thieves on the English border, with whom he lived for some time, conforming himself to their rude and lawless life. When his clothes were worn out, and he came to be in rags, the prodigal's misery brought him to the prodigal's resolution. He resolved to return to his father's house, but durst not adventure till he should interpose a reconciler. In his return homewards, he took Dumfries in his way, where he had an aunt, and with her he spent some days, earnestly entreating her to intercede for him with his father. While he remained with her, it so fell out that his father came on a visit to her, and after conversing a while, she asked him whether he ever heard any word of his son John? To this he replied, with great grief, 'O cruel woman, how can you name him to me? the first news I expect to hear of him, is that he is hanged for a thief.' She answered him—'many a profligate boy has become a virtuous man'—attempting to comfort him. He insisted, however, in his sad complaint, and asked 'whether she knew if his lost son was yet alive?' She answered, 'Yes—and hoped he would prove a better man than he was a boy,' and with that she called him to his father. He came weeping, and kneeled, beseeching his father, for Christ's sake, to pardon his misconduct, and engaging deeply to be a new man. His father reproached and threatened the wretched prodigal, bidding him begone. Yet at length, by his tears, and his aunt's impor-

tunities, he was persuaded to a reconciliation. The boy entreated his father to send him to college, and there to try his behaviour, and if ever after he should break off, he said he should be content that his father disclaimed him for ever. His father accordingly took him home, and put him to college, and there he became a diligent student, and showed himself a sincere convert—and so he proceeded to the ministry. What a burning and shining light he became at Selkirk, Kirkcudbright, and especially at Ayr, at the last of which places he laboured for sixteen years, from 1590, till his banishment in 1606, is well known. It was during his stay at Ayr that he was married to Elizabeth Knox, daughter of the great Reformer. How worthy Mrs. Welsh was of her father and husband, the following anecdote shows:—‘After having been kept a close prisoner,’ said Mr. Welsh, ‘at Blackness Castle, my grandfather was banished to France. Here he was taken seriously ill, and was permitted to return to England. His friends made application to King James that he might be permitted to repair to Scotland, the physicians having declared that there was no other means to preserve his life but the enjoyment of his native air. To this, however, the king would not accede, protesting that he would be unable to establish episcopacy, if he was permitted to return thither. On these applications failing, Mrs. Welsh, by means of some of her mother’s relatives at court, obtained access to the king, and petitioned him to grant this liberty to her husband. The king, during the interview, asked her who was her father. She replied, ‘Mr. Knox.’ ‘Knox and Welsh!’ exclaimed his Majesty, ‘the devil never made

such a match as that.' 'It's right likely, sir,' said my grandmother, 'for we never speered his advice.' He then asked her how many children her father had left, and if they were lads or lasses? She said 'three, and they were all lasses.' 'God be thanked!' cried the king, lifting up both his hands, 'for an had they been three lads, I had ne'er bruiked my three kingdoms in peace.' She again urged her request, 'that he would give her husband his native air.' 'Give him his native air!' replied the king, 'give him the devil'—a morsel which James had often in his mouth. 'Give that to your hungry courtiers,' said she, offended at his profaneness. He told her at last, that 'if she would persuade her husband to submit to the bishops, he would allow him to return to Scotland.' Mrs. Welsh, lifting up her apron, and holding it towards the king, replied, 'please your majesty, I'd rather kep his head there.' Here the interview ceased, and it is needless to add, her request was not granted. My grandfather soon afterwards died, having completed the fifty-second year of his age. He left three sons, of whom Josias, the youngest, was my father, of whom I was bereaved in childhood. My father, I have been told, for alas! I have no remembrance even of his appearance, was a mild and gentle being, and during his short ministry, though it was followed with remarkable success, was troubled with dark doubts of his personal interest in Christ, and was often heard to say, 'that minister was much to be pitied who was called to comfort weak saints, and had no comfort himself.' As for myself," continued Mr. Welsh, "though bereaved in childhood of my father, I was blessed with a pious mother, by whom I was

trained up in the faith of my forefathers, and in their steps I have continued, by the grace of God, to walk until this day."

As we drew near Dumfries, pointing out to me the kirk and manse of Irongray, he said—

"The days spent under yon roof, if not the best, were the brightest and happiest of my life. You see nothing around you but a few scattered and mean-looking cottages. I think only of the inmates. Often have I crossed their thresholds, and never, whether in joy or in sorrow, but their faces brightened at my presence. It was among that people I began my ministry, having received a unanimous call to take the pastoral oversight of their souls; and never can I forget their kindness. I was deeply attached to them, and their attachment was equally great to me. This they evinced on the day of my ejection. On that day, though it is more than twenty years since, it seems like yesterday, the whole parish was convened before the manse door to convey my family and myself on our way. This they did to the water of Cluden, where it was with great difficulty that we got from them, they being almost distracted, and crying ruefully with tears. Many indeed crossed the water on foot, and followed us a good space, with bitter mourning and lamentation. Blessed were those days to me and mine, how little did we think they were soon to end. Even yet I think of Irongray as Jacob must have done of the spot on which, having alighted to tarry for the night, when the air around him was brightened with the visions, and peopled with the hosts of God. The Presbytery of Dumfries consisted of nineteen ministers, of whom only two conformed, the rest, rather than sacrifice their principles, preferred to sacrifice their

livings, and became wanderers on the earth like myself. The neighbouring parish of Irongray was Troqueer, with the minister of which, Mr. Blackader, I lived on terms of the most intimate and endearing friendship, which, through all our wanderings and sufferings, has continued uninterrupted, and has been to me a source of no small comfort."

"Can you tell me," I inquired, "where Mr. Blackader is at present."

"The last time," said Mr. Welsh, "I heard of him, he was at Lilliesleaf in Selkirkshire, where he preached to a great concourse of people. The Sheriff and a party of soldiers came upon them about the middle of the afternoon sermon with the intention of taking him prisoner. Seeing them approaching, Mr. Blackader closed the Bible, and gave the people a word of composure against fear. Two horses were brought to him that he might fly for his life, but he refused, and came in among the people, who gathered around him; one of them having cast a grey cloak about him, and placed a broad bonnet on his head, hoping, that being thus disguised, he might escape detection. The soldiers now kept riding furiously around the people with drawn swords. The Sheriff meanwhile coming close to them, cried out—

"'I charge you to dismiss in the king's name.'

"To which a voice replied, 'We are met here in the name of the King of heaven, and not for harm to any man.'

"The Sheriff, who was the Laird of Heriot, seeing their confidence, was greatly damped. His own sister, who was present at the meeting, stepped forth, and, taking his horse by the bridle, cried out, clapping her hands—

“ ‘Fie on ye, man, fie on ye; the vengeance of God will overtake you for marring so good a work.’

“Whereat the Sheriff stood like a man astonished. The meeting was allowed to break up in peace. Mr. Blackader, I am told, returned that evening to Edinburgh, in the neighbourhood of which, I have reason to believe, he is at present.”

He had numerous anecdotes to tell of other wanderers and outed ministers, as well as of himself.

“It was,” said he, “in the year that we were broken at Pentland hills, that, riding together with Mr. Peden and the Laird of Glerover, we fell in one day with a party of the enemy’s horse, whom there was no eviting. The Laird fainted, fearing they should be taken. Mr. Peden, seeing this, said—

“ ‘Keep up your courage and confidence, for God hath laid an arrest upon these men, that they shall do us no harm.’

“When they met, they were courteous, and asked the way. Mr. Peden went off the road, and showed them the ford of the water of Tilt. When he returned, the Laird said—

“ ‘Why did you go; you might have let the lad go with them.’

“ ‘No,’ said Mr. Peden, ‘they might have asked questions of the lad, which might have discovered us; but as for me, I knew they would be like Egyptian dogs—they could not move a tongue against me, my time not being yet come.’

“On another occasion, being with some others hotly pursued, and seeing there was no hope of escape, he knelt down among the heather and prayed—‘Twine them about the hill, Lord, and st the lap of thy cloak over these poor things,



and we will keep it in remembrance, and tell it to the commendation of thy goodness, pity, and compassion, what thou didst for us at such a time.' His prayer was heard and answered, for no sooner had he risen from his knees than a cloud of mist came rolling down from the surrounding mountains, which so screened them from their pursuers, that they escaped."

As we were passing the house of Craigdarrach, in Glencairn, so well known for its attachment to the covenanting interest, and for the shelter it afforded to the wanderers, he told me of many wonderful escapes that he and others had made in that neighbourhood. The following, the object of his telling which was to show the unlawfulness of having recourse to the slightest deviation from truth, to save the lives even of ourselves or others, and how unnecessary it is, as well as sinful, I select from among others, to inscribe all of which would require a volume.

"A countryman returning from a prayer-meeting in Glendyne, was pursued by several troopers; he fled into a farm-house, and implored the goodwife to conceal him. This she did;—the troopers entering, asked if she had seen him or granted him shelter; she said that she had done neither. Knowing that she was not a favourer of the cause, they believed her, and withdrew. The countryman now came out of his concealment, but instead of thanking her for what she had done, he reprov'd her for her sin, and told her that if it was the will of God to protect him, that he could do so without her being guilty of falsehood, and that to save him from his pursuers she had exposed herself to the wrath of God, it being written that 'all liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with

fire and brimstone.' At this the woman was enraged, and told him she would make him see whether God would protect him or not. So, going out, she ran after the soldiers, and told them that he was in the house. Hereupon, one of them turning round, told her to begone, or he would send a ball after her—that if he had been indeed in her house, she would not be so forward to tell it. Thus was the woman confounded, and the countryman escaped."

Among his own adventures, I was much struck with the following.

"Some years ago," said he, "I had agreed to preach at Dals-kairth, in Nithsdale. I arrived within a few miles of it on Saturday evening. I was faint with fatigue and long fasting, and I knew no friendly house where I might venture to seek the refreshment and the repose I was so much in want of. The only house at hand was occupied by a gentleman of known hostility to our cause, and to myself. Depending, however, on old Scottish hospitality, and above all, on the providence of God, I resolved to seek lodgings there for the night, as a destitute stranger: I called, and was kindly received. In the course of conversation my own name was mentioned, and how difficult it was to apprehend me.

"Sir, said I, I know where this Mr. Welsh is to preach to-morrow, and promise, if you will go with me, to give you him by the hand.

"At this the gentleman was delighted, and the evening was spent with great cordiality. Next morning we set out together. A great concourse had assembled. I went right in; the gentleman followed; all made way for us; a chair was placed in the centre for me; I desired the gentleman to take possession of it, which he

did. The services of the day I immediately commenced. You may judge his surprise: he remained, however, and during the sermon appeared to be greatly affected.

“At the close of the day I gave him my hand according to promise, which he cordially grasped, and said, ‘Sir, you said you were sent to apprehend rebels, and I, a rebellious sinner, have been apprehended this day.’”

Numerous instances of conversion were effected by his means. Among others he instanced the Countess of Crawford, daughter to the Earl of Annandale, and sister to the Duke of Hamilton.

“That,” said he, “took place at Duraqhair, near Cupar. That was a memorable Sabbath in Fife: besides the one held by me at Duraqhair, there were three conventicles in different parts of the country. Mr. Lockhart had one at Kirkaldy, Mr. Blackader another near Dunfermline, and your cousin, Mr. John Welwood, a third on the Lomonds—so that it was computed that no fewer than sixteen thousand people were assembled in the fields that day, in Fife alone.

“During these twenty years,” continued Mr. Welsh, “many have thirsted for my life, and none more earnestly than the Prelate of St. Andrews—but by the good hand of God I have hitherto escaped. My time, in the course of nature, cannot now be long, but longer or shorter, I desire to spend it in the Lord’s service. To my friends, who have frequently urged me to give up my work, my answer has been that of an old Scottish minister when entreated to take rest, ‘I shall rest in eternity.’”

We were now on the moors of Eaglesham, above Eastwood, from which we beheld the vale

of Clyde, and on its banks the ancient city of Glasgow. As Eastwood was my mother's native parish, and as several of her kindred were still living, I was desirous to have paid them a visit, but this, as it was Saturday, and the day was far spent, and we were anxious to be in Glasgow ere the evening had set in, I could not accomplish.

On reaching Glasgow, we went to the house of one Bryce Kerr, who lived in the Stockwell, by whom we were received kindly. Here we found several of the ejected ministers and persecuted wanderers assembled; among others, Messrs. Kid and King, Hume, Douglas, and Cargil, to whom I was introduced, and by whom I was cordially welcomed. Having spent the evening in conversation, and concluded it with worship, which was conducted by Mr. Welsh, Messrs. Kid and King, Hume, Douglas, and Cargil, withdrew to their own lodgings in the town, to prepare for the duties of the Sabbath, now at hand. Mr. Welsh and I took up our abode with Bryce Kerr, with whom I remained during a stay of several weeks in Glasgow. Early on Sabbath morning we went out to Langside. The day was threatening, yet the audience was large. Several of the higher ranks, in and about Glasgow, were present, among whom, Sir George Maxwell of Pollok was conspicuous. The meeting was held on the Camp hill, so called from its being the site of the Regent's camp, at the battle fought here a hundred years before, between Mary and her Protestant subjects, under the good Regent. The Regent's army consisted chiefly of the citizens of Glasgow, to whose good conduct he was indebted, in a great measure, for the victory which crowned, on that day, the Protestant cause.

As we sat on that green hill on which our fathers shed their blood, to secure for themselves and their children the right to read and hear the word of God according to their own conscience, how melancholy was it to reflect, that the victory won then had been thrown away; that for exercising this right which our fathers purchased for us with their lives, and secured to us, as they thought, by their laws, we who sat there were reputed of as rebels and traitors; were put beyond the protection of law; were driven beyond the pale of society; and, like so many beasts of prey, might be taken and slain. Such, however, is the mystery of Popery. When swept away from a land by the breath of indignation, it changes its form, it casts its skin, it becomes bland, and even beautiful, and on the strength of this change it entreats for itself permission to return. It seeks nothing but a simple toleration. This is granted. Now it puts forth all its power to deceive, and to seduce; its spells and its sorceries succeed; it is restored to its old places and its old power; and now that it has won over to itself the power of the kingdom, it becomes as invasive, intolerant, bloody, and exterminating as before.

Such has been, and such will ever be, the history of this system of spiritual sorcery, till the cup of its enchantments, by the vengeance of heaven, is broken in pieces.

The sermon this day was peculiarly impressive and eloquent. Having removed all impediments that might hinder the worst of sinners from receiving Christ and his salvation, the preacher said—

“ I offer a whole Christ to all who hear me— a great Saviour to great sinners;—none are ex-

cluded from receiving him, unless they exclude themselves; none can be saved without him;—all may be saved by him;—who is willing to close with the offer? I ask—I wait. Are there any who are not willing? In my Master's name, against all such I lift up—I tender my protest, and call on them to answer for their refusal on the day when He will come in the glory of his Father, and with all the holy angels."

Here a woman of the company cried out, "Hold your hand, Sir, do it; withhold their consent who may, I give mine."

This, I have no doubt, on that day, did many more.

The services being brought to a peaceable conclusion, we returned to Glasgow.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## BATTLE OF DRUMCLOG.

DURING my stay in Glasgow, I heard from the Rowallans, and, to my great grief, that Quentin was dangerously ill. He had been at a field-meeting in Fife, and, the day being wet, had caught cold. I also learned from them that Mr. Traill had been sent bound to Edinburgh, where he was to be put on his trial. Quentin Rowallan had seen him in prison, and had found him resigned as to whatever might befall himself, but overwhelmed with grief for the desolations that had come upon my father's house, and of which he regarded himself as the innocent cause. On hearing of Quentin's illness, I resolved to return to Edinburgh. Instead, however, of taking the direct road, I was persuaded by Mr. Douglas to return by Lanark, and to attend a conventicle that was to be held on the first of June, at Loudonhill, near Hamilton, where he was to preach.

Providing myself with a sword and pistols, I left Glasgow on the evening of Friday, and reached Avendale on Saturday. Here I found numbers of the leading Covenanters: Hackston of Rathillet, Hall of Haughhead, Balfour, commonly called Burley, and Cleland; Mr. Robert Hamilton, brother to Sir Robert Hamilton of Preston, Mr. Douglas, and others. Mr. King had come with them as far as Hamilton, but had remained there, intending to preach in the neigh-

bourhood to-morrow. The evening was spent in conversation and prayer. The conversation turned chiefly on the judgment-like state of the times,—the profligacies of the king and his courtiers, which, in the history of this kingdom never had, and, it is to be hoped, never again will have a parallel,—the abounding of error, and the utter dissoluteness, throughout the whole land, of morals. It turned, also, on the different and difficult questions which in my time have unhappily needed to be so frequently discussed, *viz.* the duty of resisting tyrants, of wearing defensive arms, of refusing oaths, and of the extraordinary execution of judgment on public enemies by private men. The last topic was suggested by the Primate's recent death, with which the country at this time rang. On these points there was a diversity of opinion. The sentiments of Mr. Hamilton, and others who seemed to agree with him, I could not but consider as rash, wild, and unpresbyterian; and I did not hesitate to state my convictions, even in the presence of such men as Hamilton and Burley, Rathillet, and Hall, that they were so. Whatever difference of opinion might exist on these points, it was refreshing to find, that in attachment to the cause of the Kirk and Covenant—the cause of civil and religious freedom—we were one.

It is now the morning of the Lord's day. At sunrise there is a thick mist in the sky, and along the vale of Aven. In a short time the sun breaks through, and the mist retires, and the day promises to be one of unusual beauty. Such it was. Multitudes are now seen descending from the hills, issuing from the vale, and wending their way in groups to Loudon-hill. So calm is the air, we hear from the surrounding parishes the



sound of their Sabbath bells—once a joyful sound in Scotland, but now a knell of sorrow, proclaiming that from its Sabbaths and its sanctuaries the glory is departed. The number assembled might be about two thousand; of these the half at least were women and children. The congregation, as at Auchencruive and Langside, sat in rows on the face of the hill, while a rude and temporary pulpit for the minister was erected beneath. While the same seriousness and solemnity sat in their faces that had struck me at Auchencruive, it seemed to me that in those on which I now looked, there was a deeper shade of sadness and sternness. And when it is considered what they had suffered—that numbers of them had wandered on mountains and in moors for years, enduring hunger and thirst, nakedness and cold, and having no certain dwelling-place, the wonder is, not that they were sad and stern in their aspect, but that they were not savage and ferocious, both in their looks and their dispositions. Nothing but Christianity could have preserved, in these circumstances, the forms and the feelings of humanity unchanged and uncorrupted. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that many—indeed, most of the men had come armed. Watchers, also, were placed on the summit of the hill, from which the country on all sides was open to their observation. Thus secured against surprise, the services commenced. We had sung the opening psalm and offered the opening prayer, and were now listening with deep, devout, and delighted attention, to the discourse, when the report of the watchers' carabines on the heights announced the approach of the enemy. The preacher paused, and closing the Bible, said:

“ For this day, all is *said*; it now remains for

us to consider what is to be *done*. But first let us pray."

We rose to our feet. Mr. Douglas prayed. His words were few, but well chosen. They were chiefly for light and direction, and were addressed to God, as the "Sun and Shield" of his saints.

The watchers now stood beside the pulpit.

"In what direction," said Mr Douglas, "is the enemy coming?"

"From Hamilton," said one of the watchers.

"Then," said Burley "it is Claverhouse, and God send me a meeting with that bloody chief this day."

"The enemy," said Mr. Douglas, "is advancing from Hamilton, let the women and children, the aged and the unarmed retire; let them make for their homes, such as have them; let the rest make for the hills; but let all who are armed with staff or spear remain, for this day promises to be a day of battle."

The women and children, and aged men, and numbers who had come unarmed, now withdrew. This they did slowly, and in bands.

"What," said Mr. Douglas, who still kept his place in the pulpit, "do you now advise,—is it fighting or fleeing that the day demands. If any man have a word let him say on."

Several now spoke. No one spoke of flight.

"The hour," said each, "is come when we must conquer or die."

"Battle then," said Mr. Douglas, "let it be, and may God defend the head, inspire the heart, and direct the hand of every man who shall this day strike a blow for Kirk and Covenant."

"Is Nisbet not here," said Cleland; "would that he were; for stroke or skill, counsel or courage, Hardhill is worth a host of ordinary men."

“Something,” said Hamilton, “must have detained him. Is there any one here swift of foot, who will run to Hardhill and tell him that the enemy is at hand, and that we have resolved to give battle.—This will bring him if aught will.”

A young man, and who, as I afterwards learned, was William Woodburn, of Mains, offered his services, which were gratefully accepted.

We now made choice of our captains; Hamilton was chosen commander-in-chief, Burley and Cleland took command of the cavalry, of which there might be about fifty; Hackston and Hall commanded the footmen, of which we mustered two hundred. We formed on the spot; Burley on the left, Cleland on the right, the foot consisting of three lines, the command of the second of which fell to me, in the centre.

While thus forming, the voice of psalms burst from the heights. We looked up, and there beheld the women, the children, the aged men, and the unarmed, collected into one company, and praising God. I could distinguish the psalm, it was the 68th,—

“Let God arise, and scattered  
let all his en'mies be;  
And let all those that do him hate  
before his presence flee.

As smoke is driven, so drive thou them;  
as fire melts wax away,  
Before God's face let wicked men  
so perish and decay.”

When they had ended, we replied with shouts, and, in the array of battle which I have described, marched forth to meet the enemy, whom we now beheld descending the opposite mountain, Between us there lay a deep and long morass.

on the edge of which we halted, and there resolved to give and to abide the battle.

As the enemy approached, Hamilton rode along the line and gave his orders, which were few and simple. On the soldiers presenting their pieces we were to fall to the ground on our faces, and having in this position received their fire, the front rank was then to fire and kneel, the second in like manner, and then the third. The cavalry were to prevent our flanks from being turned, and none were to leave their ranks, or to attempt crossing the ditch till orders to this effect were given. As the enemy continued to approach we surveyed their appearance, and estimated, as nearly as we could, their numbers. They consisted of two separate troops of horse and a small detachment of foot, and might amount in all to two hundred and fifty. Their clothing being new, and being completely armed, their appearance was dazzling. I was anxious to discover their dreadful chief, which, by his black horse and white plume, I easily did. On approaching within a few paces of the edge of the morass the enemy halted. Claverhouse was now seen reconnoitering with his eagle eye our strength and disposition of battle. It was evident he was surprised and disappointed. He had expected to find us broken and scattered by the mere terror of his approach, but he found us in his very presence drawn up in an order that even a soldier like himself could not but admire, and presenting a front which even he could not contemplate without fear. To attempt crossing the morass in the face of the fire which we stood prepared to pour upon his troops, he saw would be madness; yet to retreat from an enemy of whom, in court or camp, he had never spoken but

in terms of the most unmeasured contempt, was an alternative too humiliating to be adopted or even for a moment entertained. We could now see that he summoned a council of his captains; what opinions they gave, I never knew, but in a few minutes an officer approached to the edge of the morass with a flag of truce. Hamilton and Rathillet, Burley and Cleland, stepped to the front to learn the purport of this movement.

"From whom," said Hamilton, "comes that flag, and for what?"

"From my commanding officer, Colonel Grahame," said the flag-bearer, "who, in the king's name, and in his own, has commissioned me to offer all who are here met in arms a free pardon, on condition that they lay down their arms, and deliver up their leaders."

"Return to them that sent thee," said Hamilton, in a voice loud enough to be heard by both armies, "and tell them that we understand not their language. Who are they that on this Lord's day dare to disturb His worship? Who are they that offer to pardon men who have committed no crime? tell them that the innocent sue not, treat not for pardon,—this is the work of the guilty. Return; thou hast had my answer: again I say unto thee, we understand not thy words."

"I will return, then," said the astonished truce-bringer, "but be assured the next terms that Colonel Grahame sends will be more intelligible."

"Is it John Grahame of Claverhouse," said the impetuous Burley, "that has sent thee on this errand?"

"It is Colonel Grahame of the king's life guards," said the officer.

"Has he said," continued Burley, "that he

has the power to pardon those who comply with the conditions you bring."

"He has so said," replied the officer.

"Go and tell him from me," said Burley, "that for aught we know he may have the power, but that we know, and that every child in Scotland knows, he has not the heart."

Our men testified their approbation of this stinging remark by a loud shout of applause, which was replied to from the opposite side by a blast of trumpets and the roll of drums. Thus this attempt to treat with us ended. The flag officer returned, and we stood prepared to fight, and, if it was the will of God, to fall; but resolved neither to yield or flee. The word on the enemy's side, it is said, with what truth I know not, was "No quarter." It has been also asserted that this was the word on ours. Now, it is true that Hamilton, at one period of the day, did give out this word. This he did, however, of his own accord, and on his own responsibility. Though given by him, it was not accepted by us; in our souls it awakened no sympathy; it ran not along the line like an electric spark, as watchwords generally do, and as a more noble and generous watchword would have done. It fell to the ground as soon as it was spoken—it was in fact a dead word, and, save by himself, by none other of the brave men who fought in the cause of freedom that day, at least by none known to me was it acted on or remembered; each of the captains had a watchword of his own; that given by me was, "God and our country." Scarcely had it run along the line when the action commenced. The enemy opened their fire; falling flat on our faces, as we had been directed, it passed harmlessly

over us. In an instant the first rank rose, fired, and was upon its knees—we followed the example, and the third followed ours. Twenty, if not more, of the enemy, by these three successive fires, reeled in their saddles, and fell. The effect of our fire in a moral sense was electrical: the enemy were confounded; blind with rage, they broke loose from their ranks, and, deaf to the voice of their leader, who was as cool as he was courageous, they rushed into the morass, and attempted to cross it. A few succeeded, but wo to those who did, they either fell beneath our carabines, or by the sabres of the horsemen.

While engaged with the centre, an attempt was made by two detachments to cross the bog, and to take us on the flanks. The attempt failed. Burley defeated it on the left, Cleland on the right. A few succeeded in crossing, but were cut down; the rest, dispirited, abandoned the attempt, and returned.

Hitherto the fighting had been distant, now it was to be hand to hand. At the moment when the centre and two wings of the enemy had been repulsed, and were returning as fast as the boggy and swampy nature of the ground would permit, a trumpet was heard in our rear, a voice followed:—"God and our country." It was Nisbet and his guide, young Woodburn.

"Thank God," said he, "I am in time to strike a blow for the good old cause. The defeat of Pentland hills shall this day be retrieved; the blood of God's dear saints, which then and since has been poured out like water, shall this day be avenged. Cross the ditch! the day is our own."

He led the way. Hamilton and Hackston,

Hall and I, at the head of our men, followed, and though not without imminent risk of sinking and sticking fast in the swamp, which several of the enemy, both horse and foot, had done, we reached the opposite bank; here we formed into a square, the front rank of which presented their spears.

The enemy now came down upon us, led on by Claverhouse in person. We received their fire, beneath which Morton of Broomhall, and two others of our men, fell mortally wounded. Beneath our fire several of the enemy fell, and, among the rest, two officers of distinction, who I afterwards learned, were Cornet Crawford and Captain Blythe. At this instant Burley and Cleland, having crossed the morass, came up. The enemy reeled under their attack, and were thrown into disorder, from which they did not that day recover. All was now confusion; it was no longer a regular battle, but so many personal combats,—Claverhouse and Burley, Nisbet and Arrol, captain with captain, man with man.

Several of our men had taken aim at Claverhouse, but, such was the rapidity of his movements, the best directed bullet had misgiven.

“It is but wasting shot,” said a west countryman, as he struck the ground with the stock of his carbine, “he is shot proof.”

“What lead has failed to do,” said I, “steel may do,” so, sheathing my sword, and grasping in both hands the spear that lay idle now, but still fixed in the death-hand of poor Morton, I rushed into the thickest of the fray. I looked for the white plume of Claverhouse, but in vain; the helm to which it belonged, by a blow of Burley’s had been cleft in twain; that blow which was



designed to be mortal, and which, but for the thickness of his steel-cap, would have been so, did not, however, pass unrewarded. Superior to his antagonist in strength, Burley was yet greatly his inferior in the use of his weapon; and when, in a contest like this, could strength contend with skill? Stung with rage at the indignity he considered to have been done him in being thus unhelmed, and well nigh slain by the stroke of one whom he affected to consider as a contemptible churl, yet preserving the coolness, and putting forth all the skill of which he was master, his sword waved over Burley's head, and was apparently descending, when, by a movement quick as thought, changing its direction, he struck him cross the brow, making a deep gash out of which the blood spouted like a stream. Stunned by the blow and blinded with the blood that flowed from his forehead, Burley was thus placed at the mercy of his antagonist, whose sword a second time was descending, when, by a desperate effort, I caught it on my spear, but for the timely interposition of which, the head of Burley would have been cleft in twain, even as he had cloven his adversary's steel-helmet. Claverhouse, thus baffled and balked, his countenance livid with rage, turned his ferocious looks, and, almost at the same instant, his sword, red with the blood of Burley, upon me. If even the stalwart Burley was less than a match for this terrible antagonist, much less, it is evident, was I, who had neither his strength, nor, in the use of the weapons of war, his skill; I bethought me, however, of Him who "covers the head" of his people in the day of battle,—I remembered also that the "race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;

and I reflected that He who enabled David, without either sword or spear, to slay the monster warrior of the Philistines, could enable me to slay one who, like that uncircumcised Philistine, had defied both the armies of God, and the God of armies; and instead of shunning the attack which Claverhouse now made upon me, in less time even than these thoughts took to pass through my mind, I sought and embraced it. The more effectually to have the command of my weapon, and to place myself at the same time out of Claverhouse's sword-reach, I had stepped back a few paces. Reining his horse up till it almost stood erect, the fiery animal, as if endowed with reason, and as if animated with the malign passions of its master, made a desperate leap towards where I stood, as if to trample me beneath its feet. Starting suddenly aside I escaped both the feet of the horse, and the sword of its rider. Wheeling his horse round, and returning to the attack, I drove my spear against him, thinking to have plunged it into his side; instead, however, of his, it entered the side of his horse, which it laid open. Frantic with pain, the wounded animal reared, plunged, and at last rushed from the field, bearing Claverhouse along with it for nearly a mile, when it fell down dead. Seeing their leader borne from the field bare-headed, pale, and ghastly, and many of them ignorant of the true reason, his men followed, and the route now became general. Claverhouse returning to the scene of conflict, met his troops flying in all directions. He attempted to rally them, but in vain. His exhortations, commands, and threats, were alike ineffectual. Mounting a horse he then fled along them, taking, it is but fair to ad-

mit, his place in the rear. Burley, who had by this time bound up his wound, and succeeded in stanching the blood, joined in the pursuit, and like a destroying angel, hung on the broken rear of the enemy. Several fell in the flight, and many were taken prisoners. We continued the pursuit for two miles, when Hamilton, who had during the action displayed signal bravery, riding to the front, commanded a "halt;" and calling his officers around him, held a council of war as to what was to be done. Several, among whom were Burley and Cleland, Hackston and Hall, Nisbet and myself, were for continuing the pursuit even to the gates of Glasgow.

"The villages," said Burley, "will rise—we shall be joined by thousands—Claverhouse will be cut off—let us only pursue, and the signal success with which God has crowned the cause of Kirk and Kingdom, ere that sun sets behind the mountains, will be complete."

It was argued on the other hand, that our men were wearied out with their exertions already—that as they consisted chiefly of foot, they could not overtake the flying cavalry of Claverhouse—that rumour would do much for our cause—that to-morrow we would be joined by great numbers, and that, recruited in numbers and strength, we might then fall upon the troops in Glasgow with the certain prospect of their being driven out of the city, or destroyed in it.

We were not convinced, but we were silenced. We were now joined by Mr. King and a few others, at whose appearance we were not a little surprised. It was soon explained. Claverhouse had been apprised of Mr. King's intention to preach at Hamilton, and had seized him in his lodgings at an early hour in the morning. It

was proposed to shoot him and the rest on the spot. This Claverhouse overruled.

"They can be shot," said he, "with their brethren in the evening; in the meantime let them be bound in two's, and carried along with the troops."

This they according were. They had witnessed the action. Their anxiety during it, and their joy at its triumphant issue may be easily conceived.

When Claverhouse, borne along by the broken mass of his troops, passed the hill on which they stood, Mr. King called out to him, in bitter irony—"You had better stay and take the afternoon's preaching." This Claverhouse either did not hear, or was too proud to notice it, and it was not a time to resent it.

Mr. King and his companions were now set at liberty, and returned with us to the scene of action, the ground around which was rent with the struggle, red with the blood, and strewn with garments, weapons, and the bodies of the slain. Our first impulse was to return thanks to God, who had crowned our efforts with such brilliant and unhop'd for success. Mr. Douglas did this in a short, but suitable prayer. He then gave out these words of the 76th Psalm, which we sung as we stood among the slain—

There arrows of the bow he brake,  
the shield, the sword, the war,  
More glorious thou than hills of prey,  
more excellent art far.

Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,  
they slept their sleep outright;  
And none of those their hands did find,  
that were the men of might.

When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,  
had forth against them past,  
When horses and their chariots both,  
were in a dead sleep cast.

Resolving to abide together in arms till we should see what was to come out of the mercy wherewith God had crowned our cause, we left the field of battle, and marched on Hamilton, where in suitable exercises we spent the evening of that eventful day.

## CHAPTER XIV.

I RETURN TO EDINBURGH, WHERE QUENTIN  
ROWALLAN DIES.

ON Monday, the day after the victory at Drumclog, we marched upon Glasgow, the headquarters of the Royal army. Hamilton kept the command he had received at Drumclog, and which his conduct there justified us in conferring upon him. On this day, however, his conduct was unworthy both of his office and his reputation. On reaching the Gallowgate port, which we did about ten of the clock, we learned that Claverhouse, Lord Ross, and Major White, had erected strong defences at the Cross, behind which they had entrenched the main body of their troops—that they had lined the houses with the rest, so that any attempt to take the town was not only certain to fail, but to be attended with great loss of life. In these circumstances, it would have been our wisdom to have returned, or to have blockaded the town at the different ports. Instead, however, of doing either, Hamilton issued the order for us to advance to the cross. We did so, and were defeated with the loss of several of our men, whose dead bodies were left on the streets. On returning to the Gallowgate port, we drew up there in order of battle: but no soldiers appearing, we returned to our quarters at Hamilton Park.

The effect of this rash and ill-concerted at-

tempt, was to dishearten our men not a little. The numbers, however, that had begun already to flock to us from all parts of the country whither the news of our victory at Drumclog, and of our being in arms at Hamilton, had been carried, soon made it forgotten.

Having had a company of our small army placed under my command, it was Thursday ere I could complete my arrangements for resuming my journey to Edinburgh, which, having disguised myself as a countryman, I reached on the evening of that day in safety. Threading my way through lanes and wynds, I proceeded to Rowallan Place.

"You are come," said Mrs. Rowallan, "but it is to see Quentin die."

"Is there no hope," I inquired.

"None," Mrs. Rowallan replied, "none; he is fast dying."

Isobel and Beatrice now entered the room. They were much altered since I had last seen them. They were thin and pale, and bore on their faces the seal of deep and seated sorrow. Never do we gaze, however, with more interest on the faces of those we love, than when they bear the traces of affliction—never do they appear to us so beautiful. If we have given them pain, never are our hearts more likely to upbraid us; if our love has grown cold, never is it more likely to rekindle. While grief had thinned and paled the faces of these two lovely sisters, it seemed to have beautified, and, if I may so speak, spiritualised them. Mrs. Rowallan having left the room to apprise Quentin of my return, she entered shortly, when I followed her into his sick chamber. He was lying on a couch almost level with the floor. At his re-

quest he had been raised up; and was supported with pillows. He was wasted to a shadow. The moment my eye met his, I saw that he was indeed dying. The warning of death was on his countenance—his large dark eye shone with more than even its former lustre, but it had that peculiar look which cannot be described, but which can as little be mistaken—the look of the dying. On my entering, he smiled, and, stretching out his hand, said—

“Patrick, I have long looked for you—I am so glad you have come at last.”

“Dear Quentin,” I replied, “I expected to have been here long before this, but have been prevented by events of which you have no doubt heard; but I did not expect to find you thus—you are very ill.”

“Yes,” he replied, “I am ill, but the worse I become, I shall be the sooner well. It is night with me, as you see; but the night is already far spent, and the day is at hand; I shall soon be where the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick.”

“You think then,” I said, “that you are dying.”

“I have thought so,” he replied “from the first, nor have I any desire to live. Since I was laid here, I have indeed had such desires. Often have I made the prayer of the Psalmist mine—‘Let my soul live and it shall praise thee, and let thy judgments help me.’ This prayer I have often made in relation to temporal life; now, I use it only in relation to the life that is to come. God knows what is best; the potter knows best what the vessel he has moulded can stand. He has I think no need for me here. Patrick, you were made to redress evils, I could only bewail them. I have loved the truth—I would



have bought it at any price—I could have died for it—but I fear I was not made to contend for it. I was early made to feel that life was a fight, in the strife and struggle of which I was also made to feel that I was not fitted to mingle. In the society of some, whose names I need not name, I was reconciled to life and mankind; I felt and said, it is good to be here; but when I was thrown into the society of others, and when I saw what manner of spirit they were of,—when, instead of finding them moving in the element of charity, the vital air of christianity, I found them living and moving in the element of selfishness, of self-loving, self-seeking, and self-lauding, my heart has sunk within me, and I have said, ‘Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest.’ God has heard my prayer, He has granted me my request. I am weary of the strife and the violence of this world, and in mercy He is calling me away—He is hiding me in the grave, where the prisoners rest together, and I shall no more hear the voice of the oppressor. In my admiration, indeed, of the model of Christian virtue, I may have expected too much from the copy. If I have erred in this,—if I have murmured at my post,—if I have expected too much from others, and done too little myself,—if I have satisfied myself with sitting down to suffer, when I should have stood up to serve—God will forgive me for Christ’s sake, to the foot of whose cross I am now bringing all my sins, and this among the rest.”

When his mother spake of his dying young, and said that she did not expect to be called upon to close his eyes, and to see him carried to the grave, he said,—

“Mother, you remember what I have read to

you from the Greek stories—'Whom the gods love, die young.' Yes, I am not afraid to say—God has loved me with an everlasting love, and with loving kindness does he now draw me. Had I been driven away, then you might have wept, ay, wept tears of blood; but now, that instead of driving me away in His wrath, He is drawing me in His love, you should rejoice. The merchant does not weep when he hears that his cargo and its rich cargo has reached the harbour or that it has reached it soon; neither ought you to weep that I am entering the harbour of heaven." Seeing us weep, he said, "Weep not, lest with your tears you wet my flowing sail, and retard my progress; pray rather that the gales of the Spirit may be given to waft me swiftly to Emanuel's shore."

One evening awaking out of what seemed to us a gentle slumber, he said, "You think, perhaps, that I have been asleep, I have not: I have had a view of the glory and the grace of God such as I never had before, and such as, had I the tongues of the highest of angels, and the most eloquent of men, I could not describe. O! it is in the glory of God that we behold his grace, and it is in his grace that we behold his glory. Why is it,—oh! why is it that we are so blind to this absorbing glory? that we are so insensible to this amazing grace? If God be so glorious, what an honour is it that we should be permitted to serve Him? If God be so gracious as to have redeemed us by the death of his Son, for this end, what obligations are we not under to seek it? I have not lived long: were I to live for ever I could do little to advance His glory. I have lived long enough: I have lived to behold Him. He to whom God has revealed Himself as

He has done to me, may well be willing to die. Yet what is all that I have seen to that which remains unseen; it is but a drop to the ocean—it is but a ray to the sun—it is but a look from behind the lattice—it is but a glimpse of glory.”

At his request I read frequently to him passages from the word of God; his favourite parts were the Psalms, the eighth chapter of the Romans, the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, and the concluding verses of the seventh chapter of the Revelations. How highly he valued the Psalms may be learned from the following remarks on their excellence, written on a blank leaf of his pocket Bible, and which seem to have been partly the composition of an old Latin author, and partly his own.

“The Psalms are a cluster of jewels made up of the gold of doctrine, the pearls of comfort, and the gems of prayer. They are a field of promises—a paradise of fruits and heavenly delights—a sea wherein tempest tossed souls find pearls of consolation—they are the flower and quintessence of scripture—a mirror of divine grace representing the countenance of God in Christ—the anatomy of a heavenly soul delineating most accurately its exercises and affections, its joys and sorrows, its temptations and perplexities, with their proper remedy. They are an emblem of the character and condition of the Christian; many of them, almost all of them, beginning with prayer, and ending with praise. With a cry of sorrow out of the depths, and ending with a song of joy upon the heights.”

This is specially the character of the 130th, which was one of his favourite psalms. Often as we sat around his dying bed, here we heard:

him repeating it slowly and mournfully; and from the appropriate emphasis he placed on its several verses, showing how thoroughly he understood its meaning, and felt its suitableness as a "song in the night." While the real ground of his dependance for acceptance and salvation, was the mercy of God, reigning and rejoicing through the merits of Christ, the formal object of his dependance, was the word of God. Hence, the frequency and the fervour with which he would exclaim in the language of the Psalmist, "Remember the word on which thou hast caused me to hope: let thy mercies come also unto me O Lord, even thy salvation according to thy word; my soul fainteth for thy salvation, but I hope in thy word." The words most frequently on his lips, in the almost constant ejaculations which he continued to utter, were these from the same Psalm: "Let my soul live and it shall praise thee, and let thy judgments help me." And these thus altered: "Lord remember me now that thou hast gone into thy kingdom." The exercises of his soul as he passed through the dark valley, were seldom those of triumph, but they were always those of trust; they were scarcely, if ever, those of extatic rapture, but they were almost constantly those of perfect peace and repose. In the idea of death as a dissolution of nature—a disembodiement of the spirit—the passing as a disembodied spirit into a world of spirits—into the presence of God the Father of spirits, though clothed with the righteousness of his Redeemer—he confessed there was to him something awful and overwhelming.

"I knew something before," said he, "of the meaning of the words—'These all died in the faith.' I knew it was a great thing to die in

the faith. I now feel it. But for the faith in which the patriarchs died, oh, what would become of me at this moment. There are but three states, methinks, in which it is possible for one to die—in 'faith, in delusion, or in despair.' Were it not for the faith in which I have lived, and in which I am now dying—were it not that I believe in God and in Christ—were it not that I hope in his mercy—were it not for the light shed on the celestial world by these few but cheering words—words which reconcile me to death itself—'the spirits of just men made perfect,' and these, 'I heard a voice from heaven saying, write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,' and others of the like nature, I should die out of my very dread of death—I should die in horror and despair. But with these assurances, that they who die in the Lord are blessed, that death is to them neither a curse nor a calamity, but a change merely—a change inconceivably for the better—I wait for it without terror; yea, I long for it as for the 'breaking of the day.'" It will be perceived, that like Hezekiah, who, when told that he was to die, "turned his face to the wall and wept sore;" that—like Paul who contemplated his being unclothed—his laying aside the garments of the flesh with something like perturbation and fear—Quentin Rowellan had an instinctive dread of death. This is a common feeling, and is neither strange nor sinful. The waters of Jordan are cold waters, and of the mighty host of pilgrims which, during all ages, has continued to cross them, there is perhaps not one whose flesh did not shrink, if his spirit did not shudder, as his foot first touched them. Nor is there one who, if left to his choice, rather than be "unclothed;"

would not prefer, like Enoch and Elijah, to be transfigured and translated into heaven.

His fear of death, however, as we have seen, was countervailed by the power of faith. His sufferings were occasionally severe, but no murmur was ever heard to cross his lips. Once, when large and cold drops of sweat trickled down his forehead, and it may be said that he "was in an agony," smiling faintly, he said to the weeping bystanders, "It is all nothing—nothing to what sin deserves, and nothing to what but for his love in being wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, in being made a curse for us, I should, at this moment, have been enduring in the place of wo. Oh the misery, the misery," he exclaimed, "of lost souls—the darkest night will come to an end, and be succeeded by the wished for day; the fiercest tempest that ever swept the ocean will cease, and the storm be succeeded by a calm; the longest journey will terminate, and the traveller will reach his home; but on the long night of eternity no day will dawn—the tempest of the wrath of God will never cease—the journeyings of lost sinners will never terminate. Methinks, after wandering for ages through those doleful regions, seeking rest but finding none, giving way to incontrollable despair, they will lift up their voices and exclaim, 'lost, lost,' for ever. Oh, what am I that I should not at this moment have been their companion in misery, and swelling with my voice that sad chorus of lamentation, and mourning, and wo—its all of mercy, its all of mercy—of which now broken, in the place of dragons though I be, and covered with the shadow of death—I desire to sing, yea, to sing for ever."

Seeing his sisters continuing to weep, he said, "What mean you, thus to weep and to break my heart. I will not say, if you loved me—I know how you have loved me. My poor Beatrice, it needed not these midnight watchings—those tears and prayers, seen and heard by me, when you thought I was asleep; it needed not that pale cheek, that wasted frame, to tell a dying brother of his sister's love—the remembrance of which he will carry with him into eternity;—but if you loved me as He does who died for us, you would rejoice that I am so early taken to be with Him. Many a proof has He given of his love for, and his delight in, his people; but even He has given none higher than this, His desire that they should be where He is, and as He is, seeing and sharing his glory. Till which desire be realised—his joy, his state, his happiness, will not be complete; for then only will heaven itself contain his 'Hephzibah and Beulah, those in whom is 'all his delight.'"

While it was painful to witness the outward man growing daily and hourly weaker, it was cheering to observe how the "inward man" grew "stronger and stronger." While passing through the dark and deep defile of death, there were few moments in which he did not enjoy a sight of the bright regions to which it led. Frequently, too, was his tongue loosened, and, in glowing language, did he expatiate on the glories of the world into which he was about to enter.

"Many," said he, "would think it a brave sight to see the face of an earthly king; in a few hours I shall see the King of heaven—see him in his beauty, surrounded with his fair company of saints and angels, and reigning with his

ancients gloriously—the peers, nobles, and high estates of eternity. O, what lofty intelligences, what loving hearts shall be there—what high discourse—what deep and dear communion;—and oh, what am I that I should be admitted into such society, I who have ‘lain among the pots,’ that I should walk with them in white, be eligible to their dignities, and join them in their high ministries—it passeth knowledge, it passeth knowledge.”

He now lay for a long time quiet, absorbed in thought, and wrapt in wonder at the love of God. His slumber sank into a stupor, in which he moaned heavily and piteously. On a sudden his moaning ceased, or rather was changed into a chant of music. No words were uttered that we could, at least, discover; but the sounds were of the richest and most ravishing melody. We were astonished—we gazed in each other’s faces in silence. It was midnight—we were in the chamber of death, but it seemed to us as if the sounds to which we listened were airs from heaven, and as if we were surrounded by the bright, though viewless hosts of God. These sounds were the song of the dying swan; they were the tones of the harp, occasioned by the breaking of its strings. Shortly after they had ceased, he opened his eyes, he called me to his side.

“Patrick,” said he, in a low but distinct tone, “receive from me this New Testament—it is the dying gift of my dying love—I shall need it no more—it is the Word of God—I go to the God of the Word. You will find a passage marked, it is this, ‘Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.’ That crown is worth winning—it is worth waiting for.



Mine waits for me, and from his hand who bought it with his blood, I go to receive it."

It was even so as he said. Having addressed to Mrs. Rowallan, and to each of his sisters, a few comforting and cheering words, he fell into a gentle sleep, in which he departed about the breaking of the day.

Quentin Rowallan was neither kith nor kin of mine; but how deeply I was affected by his death, words are wanting to express. I wept aloud,—not less deep, but more subdued, was the grief of his mother and his sisters. Kissing the pale lips of the departed, each of them rose up from his side in tears, but in silence.

"Dear, dear Quentin," I exclaimed, "there are losses which may be made up on earth; but, till the dead return to life, not such a loss as ours."

"Mine," said Mrs. Rowallan, "never can; yet when I reflect on the evil days that have come, and that are coming, on this country—when I think that I might have lived to have seen him driven from his mother's dwelling, and to have heard of his wandering in deserts and on mountains, destitute and afflicted, and having no refuge on the earth but in its dens, and in its caves—that like the mother of the Maccabees, I might have seen him cruelly tortured, and at last perishing on the scaffold—that I might have lived to have seen that fair head, and these hands, fixed on the city gates—I am reconciled to his death. And when I think of his tranquil, his triumphant end—desolate, and afflicted, and stricken to the dust though I be—I am filled with joy. Many a tear have I shed, and many a bitter tear I may have to shed still, on my own account, but I shall never need to shed a tear on

his—he is safe; ‘the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.’ He hath put out the light of my tabernacle—my beloved boy is dead, but he died on his mother’s bosom. He fell asleep in the Lord; ‘Blessed be his name.’”

Such, in that bitter hour, was the language of this excellent woman—this bereaved mother. Thus in patience did she possess her soul; and thus, when walking in the fires, did she glorify the Lord. Such is the power of religion: thus it sweetens the bitterest cup of life—kindles a light in its darkest hour, making

“A sunshine in its shady place.”

Thus does it gather together the strings of the soul, and makes them pour forth the richest tones, when to human appearance they are scattered and broken for ever.

Quentin Rowallan was buried in the Greyfriars’ churchyard, where “he sleeps well.”

“So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head;  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore,  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.  
In the blest kingdoms, meek of joy and love,  
There entertain him, all the saints above,  
In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.”

Having assisted in performing the last offices of love to the mortal remains of my departed friend, and spent a few days in the sad, but sweet society of his bereaved mother and sisters, I returned to Hamilton, and joined the army, which I found encamped on Shawfield Moor.

## CHAPTER XV.

## BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

ON returning to the camp, I found the army considerably increased. What was of more importance than mere numbers, it had been joined by several men of note and influence. Among those were Mr. Welsh with the Kyle and Carrick forces, headed by the young laird of Blachan, Alexander Gordon, younger of Earlston; with the men of Galloway, Captain John Paton of Meadowhead, an officer who had served in the wars in High Germany, under Gustavus Adolphus, in those of Montrose and the covenanters, and who, as the reader may remember, had fought with distinguished bravery at the battle of Rullion-Green. Along with Captain Paton came a troop of horsemen, which he had raised in Fenwick and Galston. Among the Galloway men were Ruthven of Tinnergarth, Hay of Ardwallan, Ferguson of Caitloch, and Macdowal of Freugh, all of whom were from the neighbourhood of Knockdailie, and had been my father's intimate friends; with them came numbers of their retainers. Hearing of my arrival, Ruthven of Tinnergarth hastened immediately to my quarters.

"Ah, Patrick," said he as he entered, "Knockdailie used to tell us it would come to this, but 'his words seemed to us as idle tales,' and we believed him not."

"Tinnergarth," I replied, "you were not singular in your incredulity, but the most incredulous will, I think, believe him now."

"No thanks to us for that either," he replied, "when our hearths are dark, and our thresholds red with blood."

"You have come," I said, "to cast in your lot with us in good time; I that trust we are in the way to teach our persecutors, ere long, that ancient spirit of Scotland is not extinct."

"Patrick," said the stout hillsman solemnly and sternly, kindling at my words, "Patrick, our fathers were free—free to go out and to come in—free to read the word of God, and to hear it preached by the ministers of their own persuasion, and of their own choice. This freedom they bequeathed to us; it is now denied us: we have been spoiled of our birth-rights. It was bought for us by the blood of our fathers; it is worthy of being bought with our own. That I have attended the curate, I confess with shame and sorrow, but my heart was even then at the conventicle, and when I heard that you had risen for the cause, I determined to rise also. So throwing aside the sheep-hook, I took my father's sword from the wall, where it had hung in its scabbard for more than twenty years, and came off with Ardwallan and Caitloch, to lend you a helping hand, whenever it may be required."

"That helping hand," I replied, "will be required, and that ere long. In coming up to 'the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty,' cost what it may, you have done well. The cause is worthy all that we may be called to do or to suffer on its account."

"The cost," replied Tinnergarth, "I have

counted, and am prepared to pay it, should it be life itself. The morning I left home for Hamilton-muir, I parted with my wife and children, in the spirit of one who might never see them again, and my last words to them were those of Mr. Guthrie to his daughter, previously to his martyrdom—'Should any one ask you why your father lost his life, say it was in a good cause.'

Cheering, however, as it was to see the old spirit thus reviving,—cheering as it was to see the people assembling in troops,—at the sight of the banner now waving in the winds on Shawhead-moor, as in the days of our fathers it had waved on Dunsehill, and the victorious field of Philiphaugh,—there was one circumstance which I soon discovered, which of itself was sufficient to awaken the most painful apprehensions, and to fill the most sanguine heart with serious misgivings. Division was in the camp. Having risen in arms, it was judged expedient to state to the world the reasons and objects of our rising. The leaders having met, among whom were Hamilton, Hall, Paton, Rathillet, Burley, with Cargil, King, Douglas, and Welsh, ministers, their difference of opinion was made painfully manifest. Hamilton and Douglas contended that in the declaration they were about to publish, the defections of church and state should be detailed fully, that the indulgence should be condemned as sinful,—an encroachment upon the privileges of Christ, as the sole King and Head of the church. That as the king, contrary to his coronation oath, had overturned the covenanted work of reformation, invaded the liberties both of kirk and kingdom, and had put to death the asserters of both; his

authority, if not condemned, at least should not be owned. Among eighteen ministers who were present at this conference, two only, Messrs. Douglas and Cargil, espoused and defended these sentiments. This they did, however, with great violence. Mr. Welsh and his brethren, on the other hand, contended that nothing but what was in itself a ground of rising in arms, should be stated as such, as this, while it seemed to strengthen their cause, in reality weakened and undermined it. The king's authority in things religious, his claim of the supremacy, he said, ought to be denied and resisted, but his authority in things civil, and his being a lawful magistrate, whom in all things lawful they were bound and willing to obey, should be admitted and asserted, and that sinful though the indulgence was, instead of introducing its condemnation into the declaration, it would, in his opinion, be wiser and safer to leave it to the decision of the kirk in her lawful assemblies. In short, he contended, that leaving out of view all minor grievances and objects, they should state as the main object of their rising,—liberty to worship God according to their conscience, and the constitution of the protestant, presbyterian, and covenanted Kirk of Scotland. That this object would be universally understood; that its avowal would serve at once to justify their rising, and by rallying all the presbyterians in the kingdom around it as a centre, would, under God, secure its end. Reasonable, however, though these sentiments were, and though, moreover, entertained by the great majority of the army, now amounting to nearly six thousand men, and though enforced with all the power and eloquence, for which Mr. Welsh

was remarkable, they did not appear in this light to Hamilton and his party, who declared that if such was to be the ground taken by the council, they could not join any more with them, nor could they expect the Lord any farther to prosper them. A statement to the above effect, however, after great debates, was at last carried, and was published at Glasgow under the title of the *Hamilton Declaration*, to distinguish it from the testimony which sometime before this had been published at Rutherglen, wherein the king's authority was disowned, and which was known as the *Rutherglen Testimony*.

Another cause of dissension was the remodeling of the army, and the choice of officers. Hamilton, like, alas! too many more, was a vain man, one who, like Diotrephes, loved to have the pre-eminence.

. His success at Drumclog seemed to point him out as the individual best qualified to assume the chief command, but his conduct in the march and attack upon Glasgow, and since that in the council, had convinced all but his personal friends that it was a situation for which he had neither talent nor temper.

At a council of war where this subject was debated, he offered to resign the chief command, but on one condition alone, that their cause should be re-stated in a new declaration. This was refused by the council, which, without coming to any conclusion, and after great heats and divisions, broke up in such confusion, as was piteous to witness. Nor was this dissension confined to the officers, it raged among the ministers, who set up altar against altar—accusing each other from the pulpit as Achans, and “troublers in Israel.” Dissatisfaction and dis-

traction at the same time prevailed in the camp. Disgusted with the mad discord of their leaders, and foreseeing the disasters in which it was likely to issue, multitudes with sorrowful hearts left us, and others who were on the way to join us, hearing how matters went, returned home. Such was the state of things up to June 21st, the day following that on which I rejoined the Covenanting army. Hearing that the enemy were approaching, a council of war was again summoned, which was attended by the leading men on both sides. The old debates were now renewed, and ran higher than ever. Hitherto the fire of discord may be said to have existed in smouldering embers, or emitted solitary flashes—now it burst forth into a wide devouring flame. Refusing to yield to the majority of the council—refusing even to listen to a proposal for the accommodation of differences, and refusing to resign his command—followed by Paton and Hall, Cleland and Burley, Cargil and Douglas, more, however, perhaps, out of regard to his person, than because they approved altogether of his conduct—Hamilton rose and left the council, to which neither he nor his friends ever returned.

Many things were now proposed; only one thing, however, was agreed upon, this was, that a statement of grievances, and a supplication for their redress, should be made to the Duke of Monmouth, the commander-in-chief of the Royal army, now advancing on Bothwell Moor, by a deputation of our number, who, besides explaining to him the true nature of our rising, were to stipulate for the following things:—"That we should be allowed the free exercise of religion, and to attend the ordinances



of the gospel, dispensed by Presbyterian ministers, without molestation; that a free Parliament and a free General Assembly should be allowed to meet for settling affairs, both in Church and State; and that all who now were, or had been in arms for the same, should be indemnified." The deputation named were Ferguson of Caitloch, Mr. Welsh, and Mr. Hume. Upon which, and having appointed Rathillet and Nisbet, Earlston, and myself, to the command of the advanced guard for the night, the Council dissolved. On the memorable evening of June 21st, 1679, twenty days after the victory of Drumclog, while the main body of the army lay encamped in Hamilton Moor, with a party of sixty men, along with Rathillet, Nisbet, and Earlston, I kept the advanced guard at Bothwell Bridge. The night was one of great outward beauty. The sun, which had set behind the Highland mountains in a flood of gold, continued during the few hours that his orb was below the horizon, to mark his course eastward by long streaks of light, which sparkled and shot up behind him, like foam in the wake of a ship. Few stars were visible; but, as if to compensate for their absence, the sky was starred with numerous and beautiful stripes of clouds. While all was calm above, the only sound heard beneath was the soft and rushing noise of the majestic Clyde, as its waters broke on the arches of the bridge, or rolled along between its banks. Beautiful, however, as that evening was, there were few, I am afraid, in all the host, by whom its beauty was observed, and fewer still, by whom it was enjoyed. I observed it indeed, but, alas! I was in no mood of mind to enjoy it. That night mine was not only a thoughtful and anxious, but

a sorrowful heart. This, many things had conspired to produce; things belonging to the past and the future—the memories of the one, and the anticipations of the other.

The enemy, consisting of ten thousand men, the flower of the troops in both kingdoms, commanded by Monmouth and Livingstone, Dalzell and Claverhouse, all officers of skill; and the last of whom, burning with desire for an opportunity to retrieve his lost reputation, and to revenge his defeat at Drumclog, lay encamped on Bothwell-hill, two miles distant. To an army like this, formidable for its leaders, its numbers, its discipline, its cavalry and artillery, and above all for its unity, what had we to oppose? An army of only four thousand men, without leaders, without discipline, without artillery, weak in cavalry, deficient in ammunition, and, worse than all, rent in pieces by the insane dissensions of those on whose councils, courage, and harmony, under God, the safety and success of all depended.

Placed, as I wished to be, in the fore-front, I looked upon it as all but certain that I would fall in battle, I had witnessed the sun sink beneath the western hills with the feelings of one who was never to behold that glorious luminary set again. So far as consistent with my military duties, I spent the greater part of the evening in exercises suitable to the solemnity of my prospects. I wrote a few hurried words to my mother. I wrote also to Mrs. Rowallan.

For Beatrice Rowallan, while in Edinburgh, almost unknown to myself, I had been cherishing a deep affection. In the tempest of my feelings I had imagined this affection had been torn up. Alas! the tempest had but rooted it

the deeper. Hitherto I had revealed it to none. Should I reveal it now? "No," I said, "let it die with myself. I will not cast a cloud over the sunshine of her soul. If the calm of her existence is ruffled, let it not be by a thought of me. I shall speak of the dead. I shall speak of him to whom I am going; but I may not, I must not speak of her whom I am leaving, and who, if even I were to live, could perhaps be nothing to me." I did so. I wrote also to Mr. Traill, who had been put to the torture before the council, and sent to the Bass. I knew not if ever it might reach him. It was but a word,—a farewell word; and I could not think of passing away from the world without saying it. "Now," said I, "I have done with this world, let me think of the next;—of that world of which I know so little now; but of which in a few hours I may know so much." I renewed my personal covenant with God. I claimed Him as *my* God on the ground of His own grant and gift of Himself to sinners in His word. I devoted myself to Him,—to be His wholly, only, and for ever. As His servant, I said unto him, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Show me thy will, and through thy promised grace I will do it. Let me live or die, only let me live and die unto thee. I am in thy hand; it is well: were I not, I would fall, even as yon glittering star, if not guided and upheld by thee, would fall from its sphere. The bird knows not its path through the trackless air, and over the pathless sea; but with a fearless heart and a joyous wing it wanders forth, and arrives at its distant home, because it hears thy voice, obeys thy call, and is in thy hand; and, though I know not the way of the soul from earth to heaven,

from time to eternity, I know that thou hast redeemed and sanctified it for thyself and thy service here and hereafter, and, knowing this, I know that I am as safe in death as in life, in journeying beyond yon suns, stars, and constellations, as on this world. Strengthen me but in this my faith, and, Lord, in life and death, without fainting or fearing, I will follow Thee.

If my heart was dark and my reflections bitter, the reader will see that this was not owing altogether to personal, but to public considerations. I could but die, and I was willing to die for my country. I saw, however, that through our own melancholy and miserable feuds, our lives even would be sacrificed in vain;—that instead of forming, as we might have done, a breakwater on which the waves of bloody tyranny would break themselves in pieces, we had become a bank of sand which would be swept away, while the waters collected for this end would roll themselves over the land, heavier and bloodier even than before. We were few in number: that was nothing. We were deficient in arms and in skill: that was nothing. Had we only been united in heart and hand—had we been as full of faith as we were of faction—had we gone forth as Jehoshaphat, saying, O God, we have no might against this great host, but our eyes are upon thee,—that look, that prayer of faith would have brought omnipotence to our aid. We had then been as David's mighty threes; as Gideon's three hundred men that lapped the waters, and who overcame not by force, but by faith; what then would have become of the railing Rabshakehs, of the plumed warriors, of the helmed captains, and of the mailed chivalry they sent out against

us. The stars in their courses would have fought against them as against Sisera; the river of Kishon would have swept them away. But there were divisions in Reuben, and for these divisions not only were there great searchings of heart, but as we shall see, on their account, "Zebulun and Naphtali jeopardied their lives unto the death in vain, in the high places of the field." In reflections and exercises like these the evening wore away.

It was now the morning of the 22d. It was the Sabbath. No Sabbath bell was to summon us that morning to the house of prayer; but trumpet and drum were to summon us to the work of death. While it was yet early, Mr. Welsh, Mr. Hume, and the Laird of Caitloch left the camp with a flag of truce, and with the Supplication to the Duke. In a short time they returned. Monmouth had received them graciously—he had listened to their statements patiently and attentively—he treated them courteously and even kindly—it was his nature to do so, for no man was more generous, and, by nature, more averse to cruelty and oppression. In all respects he was the reverse of Dalzell and Claverhouse, his companions in arms. Our demands, he admitted, were reasonable: he would represent them as such, he said, to the king; "but that he could not engage to do anything, not even to treat with us, till we laid down our arms and threw ourselves on the king's mercy. That these terms he would give us half-an-hour to consider."

With these terms the commissioners returned to the camp, and delivered them to the council. Momentous, but melancholy half-hour! It was spent in debates which ended where they began.

Hamilton was against all accommodation, as he had been against the supplication. Others who were inclined to trust the duke, were suspicious of his colleagues; and could not brook the humiliating, if not dangerous condition of throwing down their arms.

Had these debates and dissensions been confined to the council, it would have been less; but, alas, they had filled the camp as well as the council. Thus distracted and irresolute, unprepared alike for peace and for war, they continue to debate their points of difference, each party striving to justify itself, and to throw the blame of their broken and divided state on the other, till the banners of the enemy, blazing in the air, burst upon their view. Filled with doubt and distraction before, now they are smitten with dismay. Rathillet, Earlston, Paton, and I are all this time at the bridge. We send for orders, but receive none. The enemy have now reached the opposite bank of the river, on which they form and take up their ground. Claverhouse commands the cavalry, lord Livingstone the foot guards, Dalzell the Highlanders, and Lumley the artillery. Monmouth, with his staff, takes up his position on a knoll in the rear.

The half-hour expires: no answer has been returned; and, as if burning for the fight, the enemy move to the attack. Lord Livingstone takes the van,—the guards forming into column, rush towards the bridge. We open upon them our fire at the same moment from battery, cannon, and small arms. Several fall: undismayed and undeterred, they rush on to the barricades, which, during the night, we had raised across the centre of the bridge. These they assail,

but in vain. Finding them stronger than they expected, and having lost several of their men by the fire which we continue to pour upon them through the openings and loopholes, they retreat, and deploy along the banks of the river, from which they open upon us their fire. Their artillery is now brought to play upon the barricade, beam after beam of which is rent and broken, till the whole falls with a crash. The guards once more attempt the passage. We allow them to advance to the broken barricades, by the ruins of which the bridge is blocked up.

"Now!" said the stern voice of Rathillet. At that word a storm of shot pours along the bridge full in the face of the enemy. They reel—they hesitate—they return—leaving the passage choked, not only with the broken barricades, but with numbers of the slain.

This conflict at the bridge we had maintained for upwards of an hour, during which Rathillet, Paton, Earlston, and Ruthven, who, though wounded and bleeding, had never left my side, and, indeed, every man of our number, had displayed the most heroic courage. Several had fallen, but not one had fled or flinched, and all were prepared to defend the post or die. At this critical moment we discovered that our ammunition is nearly expended. We apply for more; a single barrel is sent. We break it open; but judge of our surprise and grief—it is not powder, it is raisins! We look in each other's faces, while the cry that bursts from the lips of all is, "We are betrayed!"

"Welwood," said the astonished but undaunted Paton, "run and inform the general of this strange mistake—explain to him our situation—implore him to reinforce our numbers;

tell him that our men are exhausted, that every thing, success, safety, depends on the bridge's being defended. If he cannot spare us the troops, implore him to send at least a supply of ammunition, tell him that for lack of it the battery is silent, and that we are at our last round."

I did as I was desired. I hastened to the heights, all there was a scene of confusion. No orders had as yet been issued, and no preparation made to deliver battle. The debates still continued, and were carried on among the men, who were collected into little knots, over the whole field. Mr. Welsh was running from place to place, imploring them to forget their differences, and to think only of the enemy, their danger, and their duty. His appeals were earnest and thrilling, and at last, even over the most obstinate, were evidently beginning to be successful, as appeared from their crying out for their officers, and lamenting that they had none to lead them on.

Hamilton I found surrounded by Burley and Cleland, and other officers. He was sullen and evidently ill at ease, and seemed to be watching the state of things it was his duty to have directed and controlled. In a few words I delivered to him my message.

"Return," said he, "to Captain Paton, and tell him that I have neither men nor ammunition to spare, and that if he cannot hold the bridge any longer, he must fall back on the main body of the army."

"Are these," said Paton in astonishment, "the general's orders!"

"They are," I replied.

"Then," said Paton, "the game is up, we are undone. I thought this day to have heard the



old shout of victory. Alas! ere another hour we shall hear from the infatuated host on these heights the shriek of slaughter. Rathillet," he continued, "you have heard the general's message; what do you advise?"

"Our time, methinks," said the brave Rathillet, "is short. Whom God designs to destroy, he first dements. What has kept the army stationary on the heights, while for a whole hour they have seen us fighting here? Why have they withheld from us both men and ammunition? Where are Cleland, and Nisbet, and Burley, who were wont ever to be in the battle's front? Why these orders to quit the bridge, which, with four hundred men, might be kept against the enemy with their ten thousand? These are things which posterity will not credit, and for which I cannot account, save in this way, that God has left us to ourselves. We have rode on the high horses of our vain imaginations; we have been driving the chariots of our unsanctified wills; we have said to the work of our own hands, 'Ye are our gods.' We have joined ourselves to our idols, and, as the consequence and the curse of our self-seeking, of our preferring private gratification to public good, God has said, 'Let them alone.' But see," he continued, "the enemy are moving; they are pushing forward their cannon, under cover of which they are preparing to cross. Let such as have a shot, fire it and let us retire. If by remaining to contest the passage, we could hope either to prevent or to retard it, I would say, 'Let us remain;' but as that is now impossible, and as we would only devote ourselves to destruction, without attaining any object, my voice is that we retire."

This, with hearts burning with indignation, and breaking with grief, we did. Scarcely had we left the bridge, when the King's army began to defile across it. To receive the enemy, Hamilton meanwhile had made his disposition of battle, which was much the same as that which he had made at Drumclog. The infantry were placed in the centre; the cavalry, under Burley and Cleland, were on the right and left wings.

The action began by the enemy directing its artillery on the left wing. Galled by the fire, the horse on this wing wheeled round, intending to take up a higher position. This movement being awkwardly made, they fell upon the foot, who were thrown into confusion. Claverhouse by this time was rushing on the right wing. Dalzell, at the head of the wild Highlanders, who rent the air with their war-cries, and Livingstone, with the guards, were advancing on the centre. Seeing the confusion on the left, and terror-struck at what they saw and heard in front, the flashing of the sabres—the shouts of the soldiers—the yells of the Highlanders—the roaring and blazing of the canon—and beneath, the tread of a thousand horsemen rushing to the onset, the earth itself shaking—the right wing, and the centre itself, without abiding the approaching shock, and without firing a single shot, turned and fled. Burley and Cleland, Nisbet and Hall, as if now awakened from a dream, sought by every effort in their power to retrieve their lost honour, and the lost day. They rode among their men—they implored them to turn and face the enemy; it was in vain: a few rallied round them at the old watchword—"God and our Country;" but

the great mass, horse and foot, were thrown into irretrievable confusion.

It never had been a battle; now it was a massacre. Like an eagle wheeling round the victim on which it is about to dart, Claverhouse, making a short circuit, fell on the flank of the flying army. He rode into the centre, and divided them into two parts. Throwing, by this manœuvre, the rear half on the bayonets of the guards and the broad swords of the Highlanders, he rode at the head of his own men into the midst of the other, hewing them down, and cutting them to pieces. Every where now rose the shouts of the victors, and the shrieks of the vanquished. But above every sound that rose from that field of death, was heard the voice of Claverhouse himself, exclaiming—"No quarter, kill, kill, kill!" Multitudes threw down their arms, and on their knees pleaded for quarter. They pleaded in vain. The bayonets of the foot guards indeed might spare, but the sabres of the bloody life guards, the broad swords of the barbarous Highlanders spared none. Every where the white plume of the cruel Claverhouse waved—every where his sword flashed—and every where his raven voice screamed—"Kill! kill!" The gentle and generous Monmouth repeatedly ordered Dalzell to stop the slaughter, but that hoary hell-hound pretended not to hear him; and when he did order the pursuit to cease, it was with evident chagrin and regret; his sword, and the swords of his wild savages, were not only dim, they were dripping with blood; but they thirsted for more. Claverhouse still urged the pursuit; the bugle sounding the recall, he either did not hear, or did not regard.

Hackston and Paton, Ruthven and Hay, and

myself, with about twenty more of the Galloway men who had fought under us at the bridge, had left the field together.

"See," cried Paton, "where the banner floats; ha! it wavers, it sinks; again it rises; it is down; it will be taken; no, that must not be; it is a stout hand that bears it up—John Howie's of Lochgoin; but, were it a giant's, in yon crushing and cleaving it would fail. Friends, Hackston, Hay, Ruthven, and Welwood, you have shown this day what you can do; if you would not see that banner, beneath which your fathers fought and conquered, fall into the enemy's hands, follow me."

"Lead on," we exclaimed with one voice, "we will save it or perish."

Finding our way through friends, and hewing it out through foes, we at last discover the heroic Lochgoin surrounded by a number of the enemy, in the midst of whom he is fighting with the energy of despair. We shout, and, shouting, rush to his rescue. After a short but sanguinary ruffle, in which I receive a wound on the head, the memory and the mark of which I will carry to the grave, and am saved from death by the timely aid of Tinnergarth, who slew the trooper at a stroke who was in the act of cutting me down, and after two more of the enemy, amidst horrid oaths and imprecations, have given up their souls to God, the rest fly, and the banner is saved. Raising it from the ground to which, in the struggle, it has fallen, breathless with his almost super-human efforts, and bleeding at several wounds, the undaunted Howie unfurls it once more to the winds; cheering, we rally round it, and thus, while it continued to wave in the centre, and to display upon its bloody

scroll these words, "Christ's Crown and Covenant," asserting that cause amid defeat and death, we fought our way, step by step, from the fatal field of Bothwell Bridge.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## MY APPREHENSION.

To describe the desolations which now rolled themselves in waves of blood and fire over the bleeding face of Scotland, would require volumes. If every hand that wielded sword for Kirk and Kingdom at Bothwell Bridge, were to take up the pen, all even then would not be told. For the task I have neither heart nor hand. They can never all live on the page of history, but they are written in the Books of God. And if they should be buried in the memories of men, as I believe they will not, they will rise up before their eyes in the GREAT DAY. But what I myself saw and suffered, ere I throw aside the pen, let me hasten to describe.

The night after the battle we spent in wanderings on the moors. Faint with fatigue, and famishing for want of food, a morsel of which none of us had tasted for a night and day; at day-break we came in sight of a farm-house, at which two of our number procured for us bread and milk, to which we sat down under a rock. It was now agreed that we should separate, and shift as we best might for ourselves. Before this we engaged in prayer; and having sung a mournful melody—the words of which were expressive at once of the desolation of our state, and of the determinations and desires of our souls—we embraced not only as brothers in arms, but in the

highest and truest sense—brothers in Christ and “companions in tribulation,” and then parted.

Tinnergarth and I kept together for two days, when we arrived at the Glenkenns. Ill news, it is said, travel fast; but the news of our defeat had not yet reached the secluded Glenkenns.

“Patrick,” said my mother, as I entered, “you are wounded—you are sad—these things speak for themselves—the cause is lost.”

“Mother,” I replied, “it is lost.” I now told her what had taken place.

“Here at least,” said my mother, “you will be safe. Twice you have been restored to me from the dead—twice have I been made to say, ‘This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found.’ God may have mercy for us yet in store. My last coal it may be, He will not quench.”

“Mother,” I replied, “the mercy of God is great—it reacheth unto the clouds. <sup>7</sup> Of that mercy I am this day a monument. He who covered my head twice in the day of battle may cover it again; we are in his hand; but we must not expect him to work miracles on our account; and yet, unless he were to work one, there is no safety for me—nor, I fear much, for Tinnergarth either, even here. The waves of persecution will reach us even here. Were it myself only they would reach, it would concern me less; but were I either taken under this roof, or known to have been harboured under it, Mrs. Borthwick and yourself also would not only be brought to trouble, but might be put to the torture itself; rather than expose you to which, I would die a thousand deaths. This night, therefore, I leave the Glenkenns for Knockdailie, after which, my purpose is to cross the seas, and seek in a foreign

land, the liberty and the ordinances, denied us in this."

"Alas, my poor boy," said my mother, "whither would you go: and where will you find this?"

"Dear mother," I replied, "the waters of tyranny are indeed forth in this country, and there is no place for the sole of our foot to find rest. But there are regions wide and fair both in the old world and in the new, which they have not reached—where tyrants, papists, and atheists, do not hold their reign of terror as they do here—where vile men are not exalted, and the wicked are not great in power—where the rights of conscience are not proscribed—where the fear of God is not a crime—where his worshippers are not pining in dungeons, or seeking for refuge in dens and caves—where the voice of prayer and praise is not like a sound of guilt, uttered in fear—but where men walk in the light of truth as free and fearless as in the light of day. Where liberty like this is enjoyed, whether in the swamps of Holland, or in the woods of America, it matters little. Thither I would go, and abide there till better days return to this poor afflicted and down-trodden country."

At hearing these words, and seeing me steadfastly minded to go, my mother wept; but at last, grace prevailing over nature, she said:—

"Patrick, what you have spoken is of the Lord; let Him do unto me what seemeth Him good."

Having pressed upon me silver and gold, and her personal jewels, and having committed me to the Lord, she said:—

"Go, my son, and the God of your father, and of your father's fathers go with you. You will



yet, I trust, return to Knockdailie, but you will then have no longer a mother.

At these words my heart filled.

Blinded with tears, I exclaimed, "I cannot go—I will remain and die with you."

My mother was now, however, as clear that I should depart the land, as I, but a few moments before, had been resolute. She saw it to be the path of safety and duty. So, remaining a few days, during which I learned that, along with Ardwallen, and Caitloch, and Tinnergarth, I had been proclaimed, at the mercat cross of Wigton, a traitor—that ten thousand merks were set upon my head—that Knockdailie was forfeited—and that Claverhouse was marching direct upon Galloway, armed with absolute power to summon, seize and slay,—I bade my mother and friends a long and sad farewell, and went on my way.

Disguised as a countryman, I reached Edinburgh in safety. Though, to avoid attracting attention on entering the city, I avoided the public streets, it was easy to see that it was in a state of unusual excitement. The inhabitants, as usual in cases of extraordinary interest, were every where assembled in groups. The subjects of their conversations—fearing that my looks or speech might betray me—I forbore to inquire what they were. Indeed, I was at no loss to conjecture. While multitudes were assembled in groups, there were others who, like myself, afraid of being entangled in their talk, not knowing whom to trust, were passing on in silence—and as if the city had been smitten with the plague—in fear. I proceeded directly to Rowallan Place; where I was received like one from the dead, for the Rowallan's had heard that I had been

wounded, and had begun to consider me as lost. I found them subdued and serene, but their countenances bearing the impress of rooted and settled sorrow. When the emotions excited by my appearance had subsided, in answer to their eager inquiries, I detailed to them the events narrated in the previous chapter. While I described to them the fatal battle, on bloody Bothwell—in return I learned from them its disastrous issues. The number who fell in the battle, I now learned, was reckoned to be four hundred; several hundreds more, however, were slain in the pursuit, which was continued for miles,—so that the whole of the surrounding country, and especially the banks of the river, both above and below the bridge, in the hollows and bushes of which the fugitives had sought shelter, were strewn with the bodies of the slain. Alexander Gordon younger of Earlston, who left the field along with Rathillet, Tinnergarth, and myself, escaped the enemy, but his father fell into their hands; he was not in the action, and was hastening forwards to join us, when he was met by a party of English dragoons by whom he was killed. Twelve hundred were taken prisoners, who, having been disarmed, spoiled and stripped, even of almost all their clothing, were made to lie flat on the ground, the whole of the night following the battle; several raising their heads, and others seeking only to change their posture, were shot dead. Next morning, tied two and two, they were marched to Edinburgh, where, after having endured cruel mockings by the way, they were shut up in the Inner Greyfriars' church-yard; where they were at this moment, in a state of the greatest wretchedness, regarded and reserved as sheep for the slaughter. The prisons also

were crowded, and, as I had dreaded, the borders and seaports were guarded. Mr. King, after having escaped from Bothwell, was taken at Dalry, a village west from Glasgow. One of the troopers mounting Mr. King's horse said:—

“Many a mile have I rode after thee, but I shall now ride upon thee.”

As his captors were entering Edinburgh, by the Stablegreen Port, one of them having turned to drink with some comrades, was asked whither he was going, he replied,—

“To carry King to hell.”

This wicked wretch, however, had not proceeded far, whistling and singing, when his carbine accidentally went off, and killed him on the spot. Lauderdale and Dalzell had received a commission to preside at the trials, which, under their management, were now proceeding.

“Of the ferocity of the latter,” said Mrs. Rowallan, “and what they have to expect who fall into his hands, you may judge by the following incident, which I have just heard. One of the prisoners enduring the torture with great magnanimity, Dalzell complained that the executioner did not strike the wedges with sufficient force; the executioner replied, that he had struck with his strength; and offering him the hammer, told him if he was not satisfied, to use it himself.”

“I have seen,” I added, “too many instances of his ferocity, to be surprised at even this. Should I fall into his hands, I know what I have to expect; and seeing no likelihood of escaping in any other way, I have resolved to go forth the kingdom, and have come ere I depart, perhaps never to return, to see you once more, and to bid you farewell.”

For this Mrs. Rowallan was not prepared, nor of my resolution did she altogether approve. Dangerous as it was to remain in the country, now that all the seaports of the kingdom were so strictly guarded, she was afraid it might be attended with greater danger were I to attempt leaving it. A vessel was to sail from Leith for Rotterdam in a few days, and in it I had intended to embark. This I saw was likely to be attended with danger; so giving up the idea of embarking at Leith, I resolved to travel eastward, and trust to finding a vessel bound for Holland leaving some of the smaller ports on the coast, where, the watch being less strict, the danger of being discovered would be less. Though fully alive to the dangers by which I was surrounded, and which were every moment thickening around me, instead of going forth in quest of a vessel on a mere venture, in the expectation of hearing of one about to sail soon, I was easily persuaded to postpone for a few days my departure from Rowallan Place.

The few days that I spent on this occasion in the bosom of this holy and happy family, were days of as pure and perfect happiness as it is perhaps possible for man "that is born to trouble as the spark flieth upwards," to enjoy. Like the Israelites, once more I had come to Elim—once more I sat under the spreading palm, and drank of the sparkling fountain. Like the three disciples on Mount Tabor, I said, "It is good to be here." During even these days of dream-like joy, however, I had moments and moods of overwhelming misery. By the palm trees and the wells of Elim, the Israelites could not stay for ever; neither could the disciples take up their abode on Mount Tabor. The Israelites, now

surrounding the wells, and rejoicing beneath the palms of the desert, were soon afterwards summoned to swelter beneath its sun, and to struggle amid its sands. The sunshine of Tabor was soon succeeded by the shadow of Gethsemane. A like experience, I had a dark presentiment, would ere long be mine.

While the woes of a bleeding Kirk and of a wasted kingdom, night after night, like a pallid phantom, rose and stood before me, there was in my ears the sound, and on my soul a sense of coming evil. These presentiments of evil, which all, I am persuaded, have experienced, who shall explain? This I seek not to do: life has its mysteries—this is one. Let me only add, my presentiment was soon realised—the hunter was already on the trail, into whose snares I was to fall: the blood-hounds were already loosened from the leash—their voices were already on the winds.

Thinking that true to the instinct by which, like the dove of the deluge, when finding no rest for the sole of our foot elsewhere, we turn to the ark of our early days, even when it lies in ruins, or has passed into other hands, I would, after the defeat at Bothwell, return to Knockdailie, Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg had lain in wait for me there for several days, when, finding that I did not return, and hearing that one supposed to be me had been seen passing to the east, and suspecting my design to leave the country, sending notices to the authorities at the different seaports, he himself hastened towards Edinburgh.

On the evening of the third day after my arrival in Edinburgh, desirous of seeing and consulting with Mr. Innes, trusting to the partial darkness and to my disguise, I was on my way

towards Holyrood, in the neighbourhood of which Mr. Innes was residing. As I descended the High Street, the reader may judge of my feelings as I listened to the ballad-singers chaunting to crowds a "song composed in honour of the great victory obtained by the king's troops at Bothwell Bridge," of which the following stanza, may serve as a specimen, and which is the only one indeed that I remember.

"But when their foot did take the flight,  
To make escape with all their might,  
Some ran to holes, some to the height,  
With many a wallaway.

The Highlanders did quickly follow,  
In victory them up to swallow,  
Caused many in their blood to wallow,  
Crying, alack that day."

Having listened for a few moments, I passed on. I had reached the foot of the Canongate. My steps, I began to suspect, were dogged. An evil eye was upon me. Should I turn back? this would confirm suspicion. I kept moving on. I was now at St. Mary's Wynd. I had reached Gowrie Place, the residence of Mr. Innes. My hand was on the latch of the garden door. It was bolted. The sound of steps was behind. I turned round. Two men rushed upon me. One of them was Captain Carstairs. To contend with both, unarmed as I was, I saw would be madness. Our struggle, besides, would bring the soldiers, who were on duty at the palace, to their aid. Suddenly I slipped to the ground. Seizing the foremost by the feet, I brought him to the ground with a heavy crash. I darted from the hands of the other. He pursued. I heard the click of his carabine. He fired. The bullet grazed my ear as it fled whizzing past. He

fired again. It was not the will of God that I should escape. The aim of the second shot was surer; it entered my side; I sank to the pavement, which was soon dyed with my blood. My pursuer came up; it was the trooper Cotterel. On seeing me he was surprised.

"Ha," said he, "Mr. Welwood! Carstairs has deceived me; he told me you were Burley. Had I known, I would have seen my right hand blasted to the shoulder-blade ere I had fired that shot. Carstairs is a villain. I am a fool. You will bleed to death. Blood! blood! blood! who is to answer for this? A cup of ale will wash the memory of this down, but what will wash the guilt of it away."

"The blood of Jesus Christ," I exclaimed, "it cleanseth from all sin."

"No, no, Mr. Welwood," said the wretched trooper, "it cannot cleanse mine. Jack Cotterel is a lost man. Mr. Welwood, forgive me. I shall soon be in hell."

Ere I had time to reply, Carstairs came up with a party of soldiers. The brutal persecutor could not conceal his delight.

"Taken at last, taken at last, Mr. Welwood," he exclaimed, "where is your God, your Kirk, and your Covenant now? My bones are yet sore with the fall you gave me, but ten thousand merks will heal all sores. Won't it, Cotterel? besides, in return, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, my young chick of the Covenant, face the sun at the Netherbow. Here, Cotterel, there's money for you to drink. Why, man, you seem as dull as if your carabine had missed fire. Away, man, no more ale, for one night at least let it be canary; the ten thousand merks will pay all."

Cotterel took the money, but said nothing. On receiving it, he went off to a public-house, where, with several of his comrades, he spent the greater part of the evening. On rising to return to his quarters, one of them asked him, "Whither he was going?"

With a voice that startled them, the conscience-stricken trooper replied—

"I am going to the General—I am sick of this eternal searching and shooting. I am resolved to ask my discharge—if he refuse, he may tie me up to the halberts, and shoot me like a dog—he has done so to many a better man. I will not dye my hands deeper in blood to please him and his master the Evil One any longer. I have done so too long already."

"Never fear Cotterel," said Howatson, "but the General will see you shot. If he be in a tender mood, and have a particular favour for you, as I think he ought, he may serve you as he did old Richard Rynd, who was killed by the Whigs at Bothwell Bridge."

"How was that, Howatson?" said his comrades.'

"Richard," said Howatson, "feeling the infirmities of old age, was anxious to be discharged the service—so going up to the General, he said,—'General Dalzell, I am an old man, and unfit for service—may it please you to grant me my discharge.' Had you but seen how he looked at poor old Richard—but his looks were nothing to his words, and his words were nothing to his blows. 'If you are too old,' said he, 'to serve, you are not too old to hang—so if you wish not to be hung up at your tent door, get you gone,'—saying which he brought the pommel of his sword across Richard's mouth, till the blood sprang. Believe me, comrades, it was a bitter blow."



"The General," said Osborne, "is not a man to be trifled with—keep me from the tender mercies of Muscovy Tom."

"Hush—hush, Osborne," said one of his comrades, in an under tone,—if the Whigs speak true, it is neither distance nor stone walls that will prevent the words now spoken from being carried to his ears."

"But perhaps, Cotterel," said Rivalton, "you are about to turn Whig-a-more yourself. Why man, you are the very picture of one. Well, comrades, let us fill up our cups—if Jack Cotterel does finish with a psalm in the Grassmarket, why, then the world is coming to an end, that's all—

'Givanni—Givanni, 'tis very strange,  
In the world to see so sudden a change.'

Without regarding the gibes of his comrade, and the shouts of laughter which his attempt at wit awakened, while the rest were draining their cups, Cotterel left the room—Haliday followed him to the door.

"Cotterel," said his comrade "are you in earnest—are you in reality bent on going to the General?"

"Haliday," replied Cotterel, "I neither know where to go, nor what to do. I am a gone man—I am a lost soul."

"Comrade," said Haliday, "I am surprised to hear you speak so. You were once a different man."

"Ay, Haliday," replied Cotterel, "you have spoken truly. I was once indeed a different man—it is ten years, this very day, since I came to Edinburgh—ten years!—it seems as if it were yesterday. Well do I remember when I

first came in sight of the Castle and Arthur's Seat—how I prayed to be kept from the temptations to which I knew I should be exposed in the city on which I was entering—and how I resolved, that if sinners enticed me I should consent not. Alas! my prayers, my resolutions were alike insincere—I was tempted—the warnings, the advices, the example of pious parents—thank God, they are in their graves, *they* at least have not seen my fall—were all in vain. I fell—you know what I have been—what I have done. I knew better things—I have no excuse—I have no hope—the revisiting Spirit of God has long abandoned me. Haliday," said he, with deep and desperate energy, "I repeat it,—where to go—what to do, I know not. All that I know is, and of this I am certain, of this I am as conscious as of my existence—I am a lost soul."

Haliday was astonished. Ere he could reply, his comrade was gone. As he stood, not knowing whether to follow him, or re-enter the house, the report of a carabine roused him from his reverie—it was Cotterel's. Whether it had gone off accidentally, or whether he had turned it against himself, was never known. Haliday found him leaning against a wall, mortally wounded. He caught him in his arms.

"Cotterel!" said he, "how is this?"

The wounded trooper made no reply. He was carried to the guard-house—his wound was pronounced mortal.

Being asked, during the night, by Haliday—who was really attached to him, and who watched his dying couch when all others fled from it—how he did—

"Haliday," said he, "Is it you?—I have sown the wind, I am reaping the whirlwind—I have

been a wicked wretch. 'The bloody and deceitful man,' it is written, 'shall not live out half his days.' I have not lived the half of mine—I am a dying man."

Lying silent for a short time, he said—

"You remember the farm-house of Kirklee, which we searched by the General's orders. Walter Beaton made his escape. He had a son—he was blindfolded, and made to kneel on the green, and told, that unless he would discover his father, he would be shot. We fired, as you remember, several pistols at his ear. The General then, with his own hand, shot him through the head. We left him weltering in his blood. Haliday! did the boy recover?—was he here?—say that he was."

"If I did say that he recovered," said Haliday, "or that he was here, I should say what was not true. No, Cotterel, he was shot dead."

"Then," said the dying man, "it has been a delusion. I thought I saw that fair-haired boy standing at my side, in the bloom of youth and beauty—he spoke, too, and assured me that he had recovered, and that he had come to forgive me. Wo is me—it has been a dream. I thought too, that once more I was a child—that the scenes of Knockdailie, Muirkirk, the sands of Wigton, Drumclog, Bothwell, the Canongate, were no realities, but delusions of the imagination—that my hands were not red with blood—and that the guilt of torturing and slaying the people of God was not lying like a mountain of fire upon my soul. I was for a moment happy, and shed tears of joy—all this too was a dream. I know it was—I am again awake to the only feeling I can ever be conscious of—a sense of my utter hatefulness—of being reprobated and lost for ever."

Clinging to his comrade, whom, as he afterwards informed me, he warned to abandon his evil crimes, and to flee from his wicked companions even to the ends of the earth—as his thoughts wandered back to the past, or shot forward to the future—uttering lamentations over mis-spent time, and his apprehensions of a coming and undone eternity—the wretched Cotterel fell back and died.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## MY TRIAL AND SENTENCE.

DANGEROUSLY wounded and weak though I was through loss of blood, the next day after my apprehension, I was carried from the tolbooth before the privy council. The members who sat this day at that dreadful board, were Perth and Lauderdale, Balzell and Paterson bishop of Edinburgh. On being placed at the foot of the table between two halberdiers, and on my name being proclaimed aloud by the clerk, I was thus addressed and interrogated by the chancellor.

“Mr. Welwood, I am grieved to see a person of your rank and education at this table. The lords of his majesty’s council are willing, however, to believe that you have been drawn into this horrid and wicked rebellion partly through the rashness and inexperience of youth, and mainly through the bad counsels of others, and being satisfied, from the place you held in the rebel army, that you are in a condition to open up the secret springs and source of this rebellion, and to make important disclosures respecting those who have had an active hand in promoting it, they are desirous of stating, through me, that if you will frankly and fully declare what you know on these points, your life will be spared.”

“My Lord,” I replied, “as to the springs of what your Lordship is pleased to term a rebel-

lion, I know only one, which I shall state to the council, if it is their pleasure to hear it."

"By all means," said Lauderdale, "let us hear it."

"Twenty long years," I replied, "of intolerable tyranny, persecution, and oppression, ——"

"The prisoner, my Lords," said Lauderdale, throwing himself back on his seat, "is mad!"

"No, my Lord," I replied, "I am not mad; but if wanderings on moors and mountains for days without food, and nights without sleep, till at last, faint and exhausted, sinking helpless to the earth; if having the flesh mangled by instruments of horrid cruelty,—if the sight of a sister murdered in the bloom and beauty of her days—of the grey hairs of a beloved mother brought down with sorrow to the grave—of a father's house ruined, his name, memory, and honours, with all my own hopes and prospects about to perish,—if calamities like these, not to speak of others, could have made me mad—mad I should have been; but I thank God, that when my heart and flesh have fainted, my reason has not failed."

"Well, well," said Perth, "be it so; there is, however, you would do well to remember, a practical as well as a mental madness, of which it grieves me to say, that in thus undervaluing the favour of the council, and in thus abusing the liberty of speech by special favour granted to you, you have given a melancholy illustration. Once more, Mr. Welwood, I desire to say, that if you will make the disclosures of what you cannot but know, your life will be spared."

"The real origin of the rising in arms at Drumclog and Bothwell," I replied, "however

displeasing my answer may have been to your lordships, and however injurious it may prove afterwards to myself, I have given; as to the individuals associated with me in these two attempts to assert and reclaim the laws and liberties of the Scottish Kirk and Kingdom, I am here to answer for myself, not to accuse them."

"You persist, then," said Paterson, "in throwing your life away."

"Life," I replied, "is sweet—how sweet a thing it is, those only know who are about to lay it down. But, as a minister of Christ's gospel, you know it is written—'He that loveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'"

"It is so written," said the bishop, "but the application you have made of it, shows only how easily the plainest scripture may be perverted."

"I am not," I replied, "in a condition to argue points of law or theology with my judges; but the day that decides all things shall decide this."

I was now remanded to prison for fourteen days. At the expiry of these fourteen days, during which, except Mr. Innes, no one had been permitted to see or to speak with me; I was again summoned to appear before the council. The object of this second citation, I was told by Mr. Innes, was to obtain materials for an indictment, and if my answers to their interrogatories were sufficient to condemn me, to prevent the necessity of going into proof. Their interrogatories, he informed me, I might waive, which would put them upon probation; in which case, old and infirm though he was, he offered, with the aid of a younger counsel, at whatever hazard it might be to himself and family, to

undertake my defence. This, however, I declined.

“No, Mr. Innes,” I said, “in defending my life, no man—no friend, with my consent, shall peril his. Whatever concerns myself—whatever does not involve the safety of my companions in tribulations and brothers in arms, I will answer frankly and fully, without evasion and without reserve. If, on the strength of these answers, they bring me in guilty, as I foresee they will, I must abide my doom, and they must answer for their decision.”

“After all,” said Mr. Innes, “this may be the most prudential step you could take. A frank and full confession, or avowal if you will, may disarm and conciliate the council—to force them into probation might irritate and enrage them.”

The principles in which I had been bred and which hitherto I had openly professed—the principles of the Covenanted Kirk of Scotland—I was resolved to avow at the council table, not for the reasons stated by Mr. Innes, but because I believed them to be true. This resolution, through grace, I was enabled to keep. What needs it to say what followed? My confession was put in writ, and given me to sign. It was as follows:—

EDINBURGH, *August 30th*, 1679.

Mr. Patrick Welwood of Knockdailie, being interrogate before the Privy Council, confesses that he was at Drumclog and Bothwell, at both of which he held a command in the rebel army,—confesses that he left the field in company with several of the rebels,—that he has harboured and held intercourse with the intercom-



muned,—that he attended conventicles,—that he holds the binding obligations of the Covenants, National and Solemn League,—that in religious matters he disowns the King's supremacy, which, as now exercised, he declares to be an impious invasion of the rights of Christ, who is the only King and Head of the Church,—declares, farther, that it is the duty of subjects to wear and wield defensive weapons.

PATRICK WELWOOD.

Three days after I had signed the above, I was brought before the Court of Justiciary, when it was produced by the king's advocate, who asked if I continued to abide by the same as my confession. I said that though it was a partial and very imperfect setting forth of the declarations I had made before the council—that though it left out many precious truths which I had there avowed, yet, so far as it went, it was a confession of my faith, which I was willing not only to sign with my hand, but to seal with my blood.

“The case, then, my Lords,” said Sir George Mackenzie, the king's advocate, in a voice which seemed to indicate disappointment at his being deprived of an opportunity of exercising his savage legal ingenuity, in which this able lawyer, but wicked man, delighted—“the case is closed.”

The sentence which I had long expected, and for which, I trust, I was in some measure prepared, was now pronounced.—As a rebel and traitor I was adjudged “to be taken from the bar to the Tolbooth, and from thence to the market cross of Edinburgh, on the first day of September, between the hours of two and four

in the afternoon, and there to be hanged on a gibbet till dead; that my head and hands should be then stricken off and fixed on the port of the Netherbow; that houses and lands, goods and gear, pertaining to me, be forfeit and inbrought for his Majesty's use; and that my name and memory become extinct," &c.

"Which," said a cadaverous and ghastly looking man, who, like a phantom from another world, rose, and with a hollow sepulchral voice, repeated the words of the sentence—"I pronounce for doom."

"Such, my Lords," I now rose and said, "is the judgment pronounced upon me, at your bar this day, the unrighteousness of which I despair of making your Lordships see, and will not, therefore, make the attempt. Against its unrighteousness, however, I lift up my protest. From this bar I appeal to one at which your Lordships shall stand side by side with him whom you have now—it being your hour and power of darkness—adjudged to death. I appeal to Truth and Time; Truth that will ultimately judge righteous judgment; Time, that has reversed other judgments, and erased other censures, will, I am confident, reverse and erase this. The verdict of guilty returned against me, posterity will bring in against my judges. It may not be pronounced on your persons, it will be pronounced against your memories. It may not be pronounced this day by the lips of men, but it is written, I believe, in their souls. But should judgment never return to righteousness on the earth, it will in heaven. To that tribunal of truth I make my last appeal. By its decision on the cause for which I suffer, I am prepared to abide. My Lords, ARE YOU?"

I now sat down. For some moments there was in the court a deep and solemn silence. Several of the Lords whispered to each other and smiled. Some of them, however, less hardened, looked thoughtful, as if, in its own court, conscience, re-asserting for a moment its long lost ascendancy, and awakening its dormant thunders, was antedating in their souls the assize and judgment of the Almighty on themselves.

His tongue lolling from his mouth, and panting like that of a beast of prey, his brow darkening even deeper than usual, Lauderdale threw himself back on the bench, and muttered one of his usual hideous oaths; while Mackenzie, in a voice almost inarticulate with passion, said, "Let the prisoner be removed."

This I accordingly was. Nor was I ever more grateful to God, nor did I ever shed tears of sincerer delight than when once more I found myself alone with God in the silence and solitude of my cell. On its cold floor I threw myself on my knees, and expressed to God my gratitude for having, so wondrously to myself, borne me up, and so far carried me through. Truly I had found Him to be the Lord my Righteousness and my strength; a present help in the time of trouble. My strength He had been for duty and difficulty, and my strength I was assured He would be for dying.

That evening Mr. Innes obtained permission to see me.

"Patrick," said he, "this is what I expected, but your case is not hopeless. I have seen the Chancellor; he is inclined to mercy. He has consented to put off the day of execution till the 24th. I have been of service to the council. The obligations they are under to me it is not

necessary that I explain to you. They are known to themselves. I have friends at court. This night, with Mr. Monnypenny, I leave Edinburgh for London. Till I return hope,—farewell.”

He was gone. Heavily the iron-bound door turned on its hinges, and once more I was alone.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A RESPITE.

POWERFUL though I knew the interest of Mr. Innes to be with the council and court, and sanguine though he was that the application he was about to make to the latter would be successful, I had not the least hope that it would. Life had now ceased, indeed, in a great measure with me to be desirable, and death had long ceased to be dreadful. Now that, in one of its most appalling aspects, it was actually confronting me, it was even less so than ever. Nor in all my life, even when sleeping in childhood beneath the sunshine of a mother's smile, had I enjoyed greater serenity of soul than I did that evening, when, with heavy irons on my limbs, I lay down on the cold floor of my dungeon, and slept under the sentence and the shadow of death. Let none then, into whose hands this memorial of a sufferer for Christ's crown and covenant may come, scar at any service, suffering, and sacrifice they may be summoned to undergo and endure for Christ's sake. It is not the water that surrounds the ship, and in which it swims, that sinks it, it is what enters it. It is not the chains on the prisoner's limbs—it is not his dark and damp dungeon—it is not his wretched garb or his meagre fare—it is not the loathsome spectacles that he sees, or the polluted air that he breathes,—it is not these things that

can make him miserable; let him be but innocent—give him but the consciousness of this, that he is suffering for “righteousness sake”—that he is not a malefactor but a martyr—then though his eye may grow dim, and his head droop, and his flesh waste, till the very irons themselves fall from around him, this consciousness will sustain him—it will bear him up—it will carry him through—yea, on its wings of power, like an eagle, he will mount up in spirit, so that while outwardly he appears to be struggling amid clouds and storms, in reality he is dwelling amid the calm and sunshine of heaven.

Such has been the experience of those who have suffered for the sake of truth and righteousness in all ages, and never more than at this present day, as the clefts and the caves in which God’s broken and bleeding remnant in Scotland for these twenty years have lain concealed, the moors and mountains on which they have wandered, the dungeons in which they have pined, and the scaffolds on which they have perished, had they tongues, in a voice loud as thunder, would proclaim. Such, I can testify, has been mine; and so long as it is written, “As thy day is, so shall thy strength be,” and so long as there is any harmony between the sayings of the Scriptures and the findings of the saints, such will be their experience—an experience that shall never cease to be uttered by the living, and to break from the pale triumphant lips of the dying.

My time was now spent in preparation for death. Conformably to the practice of other sufferers, I drew up a paper entitled my “Dying Testimony,” in which I declared my adherence to God’s holy and eternal Word, as the only rule of faith and manners—to the Westminster Con-

fession of Faith—Catechisms, Larger and Shorter—the Covenants, National and Solemn League, with their binding and descending obligations on posterity—the Acts of the free and reforming General Assemblies, and all the faithful contendings of the period for a covenanted work of reformation—and to all the truths of doctrine, worship, government, and discipline, contained in the standards of the Church of Scotland, which have been struggled for on fields, confessed and sealed with blood, at stakes and on scaffolds. I recorded my protest against Popery and Prelacy, and the claim of supremacy as a sacrilegious invasion of the rights of Christ, the sole King and Head of the Church; for the daring and blasphemous assertion of which, I recorded my belief that God would cut off the name of Stuart, and give the crown and sceptre of these lands to another. In fine, I recorded my witness for the cross of Christ, declaring—a declaration, after years of solitary confinement, amidst this waste of waters, I am as willing to make in the Bass Rock as I was in the tolbooth of Edinburgh—that his cause was well worth the quitting every thing for; and that, if I had as many lives as there are hairs on my head, I would willingly lay them all down for his sake. In the composition of this paper, which is drawn up at considerable length, and in exercises suitable to a dying man, day after day passed away, and to all human appearance my time on earth was fast drawing to a close.

Mr. Innes had not yet returned, nor had Mrs. Rowallan heard from him, though he had promised to write her from London, a few days after his arrival there. From his silence, what could be inferred but that his application in my

behalf had failed. My friends, indeed, Mrs. Rowallan, Mrs. Bethune, and my mother, who, with Mrs. Borthwick, had a few days before arrived from Galloway, were still sanguine, and continued to hope on, though, as their agitated looks and faltering voices testified, it was against hope. It was the evening of the twenty-first day after Mr. Innes had left Edinburgh; the deep-toned bell of St. Giles had tolled the hour of ten; the streets were deserted, dark, and silent; I had kindled my lamp, and, seated at a small oaken table, had finished reading a portion of the Scriptures. The place where I had been reading was in Isaiah, where Hezekiah receives this message from the prophet, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." Leaning my face on my hands, I repeated the king's words of sorrow—"I too shall go to the gates of the grave; I am deprived of the residue of my years; I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living; I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world." My thoughts naturally reverted to the past. Pictures of other days and other scenes rose up and floated before me, in the bright light of the soul. I thought of the martyrdom of Hugh MacKail, which took place the day on which I first entered Edinburgh, and the impressions which it made upon me—impressions which no succeeding scenes had effaced—and that the vast crowd which I beheld with such awe, assembled to witness his execution, would ere long be seen assembling to witness my own. I thought of the dead; I thought also of the living—the living whom I deeply loved, and from whom, by the dark decrees of the "wicked great in power," I was about to be severed, as to earth and time, for ever. It was a moment



of weakness: I wept sore. It was, I fear, a moment also of wrath. In the bitterness of my spirit I cried aloud, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth." Better thoughts, however, soon succeeded. The storm, in which my frame shook like a reed in the blast, ceased, and there was a great calm. Life seemed to me a vast and gloomy prison, and death an out-gate into the open air, and bright fields of day. While thus engaged, and while these various feelings, like sunshine and shadow, swept across my mind, the bolt of my dungeon door was suddenly drawn, the door thrown open, and a young man of elegant appearance introduced. I rose and bowed.

"Mr. Welwood," said the stranger, "have you forgotten your old desk companion, Frank Wedderburne?"

"Mr. Wedderburne," I replied, "I had indeed forgotten you. It is now so long since we have met, we were of such different sentiments then, we have followed such different paths since—I have had many unexpected visits since I was consigned to this cell, but none has surprised me more than one from the gay and glittering Francis Wedderburne."

"That my being here," said Mr. Wedderburne, "would occasion some surprise, and create some ridicule were it known to the wits of the Parliament House, I admit, Patrick; but why should it surprise you? Your covenant-taking and your conventicle-going I never loved. That I made merry with you oftentimes on these accounts I confess; but I respected and loved you notwithstanding;—and you cannot, I think, have forgot how I stood up for you against Threip-

land and Monnypenny, and how I forced them to refrain from breaking their fool-born jests on you, lest I should break their heads. Methinks, then, that my visit to you within the walls even of a prison, should not, after all, be so surprising."

"Your generous interposition, Mr. Wedderburne," I replied, "I have not forgotten; but neither can I forget that I see before me the private secretary of the Duke of Lauderdale, a man who——"

"Hush, hush," said Mr. Wedderburne, "stone walls have ears and tongues. But," lowering his voice, "what if the Duke be a bad man, as you say he is, I am not responsible for his acts: in his hand I am nothing else and nothing more than the pen is in mine. I see you don't agree with me—I know what you would say; let this, however, pass, and let me say, that had I not been the Duke's secretary I had not been here."

"How that," I inquired.

"You are not aware, perhaps," said he, "that the Duke is at this moment in London."

"In London!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes," said Mr. Wedderburne, "in London, from which I am now arrived, and on your account. You are surprised, but a few words will explain all:—By his severities, as you are aware, the Duke has made himself unpopular in the country. The English House of Commons have presented an address to the king, praying for his removal from the administration of affairs. A party of Scottish whigs, with the Duke of Hamilton, Sir John Cochran, Sir George Lockhart, and Sir John Cunningham, two of our ablest lawyers, have been at court for several weeks, where they have, with the same design,

presented to the king a paper entitled, 'Some particular Matters of Fact relating to the Administration of Affairs in Scotland under the Duke of Lauderdale.' That paper contains a long detail of what they call, and, I am afraid, justly, his 'oppressions and cruelties.' To watch their movements I left Edinburgh a few weeks ago. They had an interview with the king, which lasted eight hours—from ten to one, and from four to nine in the evening. It was there I met Mr. Innes, and learned from him the occasion of his being at court. The result of all which is, for I hasten over details which you will hear from Mr. Innes, that Lauderdale retains his place, the king having been heard to say—'that he had done nothing contrary to his interest and prerogative;' but will find it expedient to pursue a milder policy towards your party. Several of his recent decisions are ordered to be rescinded. Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, and Lord Cardross are to be set at liberty, and to announce which I have travelled from London without halting night or day—dear Welwood, YOUR LIFE IS TO BE SPARED."

They only who have been in my circumstances can understand the feelings which this unlooked for intelligence awakened. The least reflective reader, however, will feel, that on receiving it, I was in no condition to converse with him even who brought it—he will understand my feelings when I say, that I longed to be left alone, that unseen and unheard I might pour forth the emotions of my overburdened heart in the ear of God.

Mr. Wedderburne saw this, and after I had expressed to him, in a few broken words, my sense of his unexpected, and never to be for-

gotten kindness, and promising to carry the intelligence of my respite to my mother and my friends at Rowallan Place, he withdrew, and left me to my own meditations.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE BASS.

Two days after Mr. Wedderburne, Mr. Innes arrived.

“Patrick,” said the old man, who was evidently worn out with anxiety and fatigue, “I have been long absent—you must have suffered much. I had greater difficulties to contend with than I imagined. Lauderdale I knew was bent on your destruction. He had said as much to the Chancellor. ‘It is necessary,’ said he, ‘to strike new terrors into the heart of the nation—we have hitherto been lopping off the hands, let us strike off the head. The time is now come when, by making a few examples, the cause of the Kirk and Covenant may be crushed for ever.’ Even after he had reached London, and saw the storm that was rising against him, he persisted in justifying his policy, and in demanding your death. At length, however, judging it unwise to persist in the face of the address from the English Commons, and of the complaints of the Scottish whigs, and knowing that if he did, I had it in my power to bring to light instances of his guilt darker than any that had yet been divulged, he gave way, and consented, as you have heard from Mr. Wedderburne, that you should be reprieved. I pled hard that your pardon should be made absolute, that your estate should be restored, and that

you should be set at liberty. I am grieved to say that I did not succeed. You will see from the pardon itself—here it is, sealed with the king's seal—that you are respited only 'until his majesty's pleasure shall be farther made known;' and that you are to 'be sent prisoner to the Bass.' But we have a common saying—'A case delayed is a case gained.' And I have the greatest confidence that ere long I shall have the pleasure of seeing the son of Josiah Welwood restored not only to life, but to liberty and lands."

"Of that, Mr. Innes," I replied, "I have little hope. I am not the less indebted to you, however, for your wishes, and for all that you have done. On my own account life has ceased very much to be an object of delight or desire. There is one, however—my aged, and heart-broken mother—on whose account it is an object of both. When I think what you have been instrumental in saving *her* from, my sense of your kindness, my gratitude to you, and to Him who has turned your heart towards me for all this good, words are wanting to express. If prayer avail anything at the throne of God, I despair not to see the time when one who has done all this for a sufferer in the cause of Christ in these lands, will do as much for that cause itself."

Mr. Innes said nothing, but having embraced me affectionately, with the purpose of lodging my respite in the hands of the proper authorities, and promising to return soon, he withdrew.

Shortly after this I was conveyed from the tolbooth of Edinburgh to the Bass—at this time the principal State prison in Scotland—in one of whose dark and damp cells, after three years'

imprisonment, I am now writing this brief memorial of one, whose only apology for recording his sufferings at all is, that they were endured in contending .

“ For Zion’s King and Zion’s cause,  
And Scotland’s Covenanted cause,”

—a cause which he is confident will one day be as glorious in the eyes of the world, as it is now “ small and despised.”

Previously to my being sent hither, I had heard much of the Bass from others. All that I had heard, however, of its grandeur and sublimity as a work of nature, or of its forlornness and horrors as a habitation for human beings, fell far short of reality. On reaching North Berwick, the weather being broken and boisterous, and judging it unsafe to attempt reaching the rock, we halted there for two days. The wind lulling, on the third day we made the attempt. As we drew near the rock, I was anxious, of course, to survey its appearance, but I thought less of the savage grandeur with which it frowned over the deep, than of the noble hearts who, within its desolate holds, were enduring the horrors of captivity. Though the wind too had ceased, the sea still wrought and was troubled, so that our approach was attended with imminent danger. In attempting to make for the only place at which it is possible to land, we drifted past it, and were driven against the rugged sides of the rock with such fury, that I looked every moment for the boat to be dashed in pieces. To add to our distress, we found ourselves beneath immense over-hanging cliffs, which darkened the light of day, while the hissing and splashing noise caused by water falling over them in tor-

rents, and the sea rolling with a soun liked thunder through what appeared a gulf or rent from side to side in the rock, inspired us with increasing alarm and terror. By strenuous exertions, however, we wore the boat round, and, by the aid of ropes thrown to us by the soldiers of the garrison, we reached the landing-place, which consisted of a stair cut out in the rock, and were one by one pulled ashore.

Among the sufferers imprisoned here, at the time of my landing, were, Mr. Traill, Mr. Blackader, Major Learmont, Mr. Henry Erskine, the two brothers, Sir George and Sir Hugh Campbell of Cessnock, Mr. Archibald Riddle, brother to Sir Walter Riddle, and Mr. Patrick Anderson, minister of Walston, all of whom, with numbers who have arrived after me, are my companions in tribulation still.

We are divided into two classes—"prisoners at large," and "close prisoners." The privileges of the former are greater than those of the latter. Two of them, at the same time, are permitted, "by orders of council," to enjoy the liberty of the island, above the walls and fortifications, betwixt sun-rise and sun-down; these two, however, are to be shut up in their cells before other two come out. Being a "close prisoner," this privilege I am denied—the company and the communion of my fellow-prisoners I have never been permitted to enjoy. My room is on the east side of the rock, from which nothing meets my view but one wide waste of ocean, and no sound meets my ear but its gentle ripple in the time of calm, or when wakened by the tempest, its loud and angry roar. The cells of Mr. Blackader and Mr. Traill are not far from mine, but they are so situated, that though



there be but a few feet of stone between us, we have no more communication with each other than if we were the inhabitants of different worlds. Every effort, and every scheme to maintain a correspondence with them have failed. At times, indeed, I fancy that I hear their voices—I listen—alas! it is but the wailing of the sea, or the whisper of the wind.

Cut off from communication with man, I trust I have been taught to seek, and have found communion with God. Though my body be confined within the narrow dimensions of a dungeon, my soul is free,—“my thoughts wander through eternity.” Cut off from secular pursuits, I have at least more leisure for sacred studies. I have not many books, but I have One which is the best; I have another, “The Letters of Mr. Samuel Rutherford,” of which, said an eminent English Divine, “hold off the Bible, the world never saw the like,”—and with these I am content.

Often, indeed, as I witness the vessel outward bound, spreading her snow-white canvass to the breeze, and speeding majestically on her way, am I tempted to wish that I were on her deck; and often do I sit, following with my eye her slowly receding form, till even her tall mast vanishing from the view, I withdraw my gaze in sorrow. And often too, as I witness during the day, the sea-bird cleaving the air, or floating on the crest of the waves, or during the night hear its shrill cry on the winds, I am tempted to say with the Psalmist, “O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest.” And when I think of those who are still displaying a banner for the truth on the mountains, often do I long to be at their side, for

gladly there once more would I jeopard my life  
on the high places of the field. I ought, however,  
to remember, that—

“ God doth not need  
Man's work or gifts—who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.  
His state  
Is kingly—thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post on land and ocean without rest ;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

To “endure hardness” is the duty of a good  
soldier, as well as to fight bravely. To this I  
am now called, and, till released by Him under  
whom I serve, by this post I must, and, so He  
grant me grace, will abide.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE CONCLUSION.

THOUGH I have not, since being brought a prisoner here, seen my mother, who is again in the Glenkenns, nor the Rowallans, I have had letters frequently from them. These, previously to being delivered, by the orders of council, are opened by the Governor and read. They are thus neither so full of information nor of interest as, but for this, they would be. They have been to me, however, a source of unspeakable gratification. By means of them I have been enabled to keep up a communication, not only with home, but with the world, from which I should otherwise have been almost entirely cut off. They have acted on my sinking spirits like the sight of a sail or the sound of the oar to the shipwrecked and rock-bound mariner. Yet, too frequently have the tidings they have brought, as to the state of kirk and kingdom, served only to depress and sadden me. The accounts which I continue to receive of the state of both, are darker, and more deplorable, if possible, than ever. The expectations that Lauderdale would alter his policy towards the suffering, and now scattered remnant of witnesses, have not been realized. Of the prisoners taken at Bothwell—two hundred and fifty-seven—after having been kept in the Greyfriars' church-yard, for nearly twelve months, with no covering but the skies,

and no resting-place but the ground, were shipped at Leith, to be conveyed to the plantations, and to be sold for slaves. This, however, they never reached—the ship, when off the Orkneys, in a dark and tempestuous night, and in as wild a sea as is perhaps in the world, struck upon a rock. The sailors escaped with their lives, but the helpless prisoners, being locked under hatches, with a few exceptions, all miserably perished.

Those who have hitherto escaped apprehension, have had their possessions seized—their families have been turned adrift on the wide world, while they themselves are wandering as outlaws on the mountains, none permitted to supply them with food, shelter, or raiment, or even to converse with them, under pain of death.

Of my companions in battle, some, Hay and Ferguson, Hume, Burley and Hamilton, have escaped beyond seas, and are now in Holland. Mr. Welsh is in hidings on the border. The greater part, alas! have not been so fortunate. Disdaining to flee from his native hills, Ruthven of Tinnergarth, on parting with me, returned home, whither, by a party of troopers under Claverhouse himself, he was soon followed, and without even form of trial, in the presence of his wife and family, was shot at his own door. Thus my generous preserver, the leal and lion-hearted Ruthven, died. Hall has been slain in a scuffle in the fields, in which Kerr of Hayhope, one of his nearest intimates, coming to his assistance, also fell. Paton, the hero of Kilsyth and Philliphaugh—the good and grey-haired Nisbet—and Cargil, the venerable Cargil, have perished on the scaffold, which, at the moment I am writing, reeks with their blood.

A skirmish, I have learned, has been fought at Airmoss, in which Cameron, with eight others, have fallen, and Rathillet had been wounded and taken prisoner. Before receiving the enemy, who were commanded by Bruce of Earlsball, Cameron, it is said, prayed thrice aloud, in these few, but remarkable and prophetic words, "Lord, spare the green and take the ripe." Turning then to his friends and brethren, he thus addressed that small but heroic band of the Covenant's warrior-saints,—“Come, since it must needs be so, let us fight it out to the last. This is the day I have longed for, and the day I have prayed for; fighting against the Lord's enemies, to die: the day when we shall win to our crown is come.” His last words were, “Be encouraged all of you to fight it out valiantly; for all of you that shall fall this day, I see heaven's gates open to receive you.” Cameron, as I have said, fell. He was killed in the flower of his youth—green in years, but ripe in grace. His head and hands were cut off in the field, and taken to Edinburgh, through the streets of which they were carried on the points of halberts.

“These,” said one of his enemies, “are the head and hands of one who lived praying and preaching, and who died praying and fighting.”

His father being in Edinburgh at the time, a prisoner for the same cause, they carried them to him, and asked him if he knew them. The old man took them in his hands, and kissing them, said—

“I know—I know them; they are my son's, my dear son Richard's; it is the Lord—good is His will who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days.”

They have been fixed upon the port of the Netherbow. Rathillet, the noble-minded Rathillet, whose form and mind, and all whose actions were those of a hero, has been executed. His barbarous treatment, posterity will scarcely credit: the blood runs cold in my veins to think of it. On being led out to the scaffold, his hands were struck off by the axe of the executioner, which he bore without a cry or murmur. Thus maimed and bleeding, he was drawn up to the top of the gallows, where, having hung for a few moments, he was then lowered till within the executioner's reach, who, laying open his breast, cut out his heart, and threw it, still warm and quivering, on the scaffold. Thrusting his knife into it, he held it up to the spectators, exclaiming, "Here is the heart of a traitor." It was then thrown into a fire. His body was next quartered, and sent to different places of the kingdom, where they were fixed, and remain the monuments of a courage, constancy, and devotion to the cause of Christ, rarely exemplified by men in any rank of life, and still more rarely by men in his own, he being related by birth to the best in the kingdom; and where they remain, too, the monuments of the remorseless cruelty which rages unappeased and unappeasable in the bosoms of our Popish and Prelatic persecutors.

But it is not on the scaffold only that such terrible spectacles are exhibited. The whole land seems to be converted into one vast shambles. A new oath called the Test is framed, the substance of which is, the king's supremacy in all matters, civil and religious—the real object of which is to pave the way for the coming of the Duke of York to the throne, and for the restoration of Popery. It is entrusted to Claver-

house and Dalzell in the south and west, and to their subordinates in the east and north, who are authorised to impose it at the sword's point. It is their method to divide the counties into districts, the inhabitants of which, of all ages and sexes, are collected at an appointed place, where the oath is administered under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and, if the tribunes of tyranny choose to inflict it, of death. All who decline appearing at the tribunals, are considered as refusing the Test, and denounced as rebels and outlaws accordingly. Persecution, like a destroying pestilence, walks abroad the land, which rings with violence and is dyed with blood. I have heard of houses being surrounded, amid the innocent festivities of a birth or a bridal, and one or more of the party, perhaps the father of the family, whose wife, forgetting her anguish, is rejoicing that a man is born into the world—perhaps the husband of the new made bride is dragged to the door, and, giving him time only to commend his soul to God in prayer, is shot, and the rejoicings of life are turned into the wailings of death.

While cruelties like these are committed by Claverhouse and Dalzell in the houses of the defenceless peasantry, on the highways, and in the fields, cruelties equally crying, though committed under the colour of law and the forms of justice, are being committed in the courts by the Duke of York, who has succeeded Lauderdale, and by his fit instrument, the bloody Sir George Mackenzie. The Duke has not only sanctioned the use of the boot, as an instrument of torture, but has waited to see it applied, and has looked calmly on while the hall has rung with the shrieks of its victims. It is not against

the common people only that the rage of the persecutor is directed. Of the few of Scotland's once renowned gentry and nobles who are walking in the steps of their ancestors, and who, for the sake of court honours and the favour of kings, have not renounced the cause of Christ's truth and free kingdom, several have been singled out for destruction. For refusing, or rather for attempting to put an explanation on the Test-oath consistent with his principles as a Protestant and a Presbyterian, the Earl of Argyle has been found guilty of high treason, and is condemned to suffer death. Jerviswood is in prison, and is about to be brought to trial. O, woful Scotland! well indeed is it with them whose eyes have not seen, and whose ears have not heard the desolations that have now come to the uttermost on thee! Well might the weary-hearted Peden, as in the course of his wanderings he sat down on the green hillock beneath which lay the mangled remains of Cameron, lift his meek eyes to heaven and sigh, "O, to be wi' Ritchie!" Truly, the days which he foresaw, and the desolations which he foretold, "when a man should wander forty miles, and see neither a reeking house, nor hear a cock crow," have come; but are these days and these desolations to last for ever? No: I am confident they are not. During these years in which I have pined here in captivity, I have had dim hauntings of fear, but I have had also fair visions of hope—visions both of the Kirk's and the Kingdom's deliverance have rushed upon me above the brightness of the day. It's a day of darkness and of gloominess, and of fear; but as the swan of Anwoth has said—"Scotland's day will yet clear up, and there will be glory upon the top of the moun-



tains, and joy at the noise of the married wife once again." That fallen star, the Prince of the bottomless pit, knoweth it is near the time when he shall be tormented, and now in his evening he hath gathered his armies to win one battle or two, in the edge of the evening, at the sun's going down; but his defeat is decreed—it is only for a time delayed. Our rightful King shall yet return, and by all ranks shall be brought home with joy. The "Stone of Israel shall not be broken, and the burning kirk shall not be consumed." As for its enemies and persecutors, who have silenced her ministers and slain her people—her grey-haired fathers—her men in the prime and vigour of manhood—her sons in the bloom and beauty of youth—her aged women, her tender maidens, and my long-lost, my beautiful, my beloved sister, that spared not thee—a gigantic hand like that which came forth and wrote on the wall the doom of Belshazzar, I have beheld writing theirs, "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," it is written, it is written, and it shall comè—a voice like that of the prophet who cried in Bethel against the altar and its sacrilegious king—like that of the blood of Abel, crying against his murderer from the ground—I have heard crying on the midnight winds,

"Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scattered on the mountains cold."

That cry shall be heard. Yet a little while, and the Lord shall "give thee rest from thy sorrow," and thy fear, and thy hard bondage, wherein thou hast been made to serve; then shall thy children no more be doomed to wander as exiles on a foreign shore, or as outlaws

on the moors and mountains of their native land; then they shall sit under their vines and their fig-trees, none daring to make them afraid. Then, at the sound of the Sabbath bell, they shall be glad, and say, Let us go up to the house of the Lord. Then shall they take up this proverb, and say, "How hath the OPPRESSOR ceased!" "Is this the man that made the land to tremble, that destroyed cities, that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house; but thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch: thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land and slain thy people. The seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned." Yea, the whole land which shall "be at rest and be quiet," its cottages and cities—its Sabbaths and sanctuaries—its glens and mountains—its woods and waters—at the downfall of thy oppressors—at thy emancipation from the creed and the chains, the superstition and the slavery of Popery—at the return of Protestant law, liberty, and religion—at the sight of a FREE KIRK and a FREE KINGDOM—shall break out into songs of joy.

This triumphant outgate to the Kirk of Scotland from her sufferings, and this glorious upshot to her struggles I may not live to witness—others will. In the full assurance of the truth of her covenanted cause I have lived, and to contribute to its triumph I AM WILLING TO DIE.

PATRICK WELWOOD.

## NOTE.

A FRIEND, at present assistant to the minister of Dron, has transmitted to the author the following Inscription and Lines on a Monument erected in the Church-yard of that parish, to the memory of the Rev. John Welwood, whose name occurs in the preceding pages:—

“ Here lyes the Rev. Mr. John Welwood, Minister of the Gospel in the Church of Scotland, who died at Perth, April 1679, about the 30th year of his age.

“ Here lyes a follower of the Lamb,  
Through many tribulations came—  
For long time of his christian race,  
Was persecute from place to place.  
A Scottish prophet here behold,  
Judgment and mercy who foretold,  
The Gospel Banner did display,  
Condemned the sins of that sad day,  
And valiantly for truth contended,  
Until by death his days were ended.”

When drawing near his end, this young minister, as is recorded in the “Lives of the Scottish Worthies,” said, “I have no more doubt of my interest in Christ, than if I were already in

heaven." The morning of the day on which he died, observing the light of day, he said, "Now eternal light, and no more darkness to me." When it became known that an intercommuned minister was dead in town, the magistrates issued an order, forbidding him to be buried in Perth. His friends having obtained leave to carry his corpse out of town, they sent two men before them to Dron, to prepare a grave in the church-yard of that place. The men went to Mr. Pitcairn, the minister, and requested the keys of the church-yard, but he refused to give them. They went over the church-yard dyke, however, and digged a grave, and there the remains of this servant of God, and sufferer for the Crown and Covenant of Christ, rest in peace.

Better days succeeded the "evil ones" on which his lot was cast, and in these, by some of the good christian people of the place—

"Mindful of the unhonoured dead"—

the stone above alluded to seems to have been erected—and which still remains to implore, rather for the times in which the sufferer lived, than the sufferer himself,

"The passing tribute of a sigh."

John Welwood had two brothers, Andrew and James, both of whom outlived the period of per-

secution, and became eminent physicians in London. Both were favourably known as authors—James as a historian, and Andrew as the author of the well-known, and among the Scottish peasantry, admired work, entitled a “Glimpse of Glory.”

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